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THE

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CONTENTS OF VOL. VII.

Essays, Sketches, &c.

	PAGE
A Growl	64
A Visit to Portland Gaol	145
About Coal	139
An Odd Fish	19
Bellew (Rev. J. M.): by J. Ewing Ritchie	138
Bournemouth: by Godfrey Turner	39
Bright (John, Esq.): by J. Ewing Ritchie	108
Canterbury (Archbishop of): „ „	249
Cobden (Richard, Esq.): „ „	164
Commons, House of, and Early Closing	33
Concerning Cabs	148
Croly (Rev. G.): by J. Ewing Ritchie	17
Down among the Factories	69
Down Sto'port way	288
Friendly Societies	193
Frightful Impressions	189
Gladstone (Right Hon. W. E.): by J. Ewing Ritchie	276
Gunpowder, Manufacture of	172
Harris (Rev. T. L.): by J. Ewing Ritchie	194
Heart of Commerce	118
Highgate	225
Kingsley (Rev. C.): by J. Ewing Ritchie	79
Macaulay (Lord)	187
Matrimony	205
Methodism	266
Palmerston (Lord): by J. Ewing Ritchie	2
Progress of Science	47, 103, 159, 215, 271, 323
Rifles, and Bows and Arrows	81
Roebuck (J. A., Esq.): by J. Ewing Ritchie	220
Russell (Lord John): „ „	51
Shoeblacks in the Provinces	61
The London Bakers	296
The New People's Palace	321
The Poetical Thresher	40
The Unbidden Guest	193
Tom Tiddler's Ground	247
"Used up" Civilization	285
Why don't the Men Propose?	233
Wisdom, Little Words of	90, 136
Woman and Art	175
Work for Women	251

Tales.

Adele Dupassier: W. C. Stokes	10
Bad Temper	132
Christmas Eve	77
Harry Lechmere's Lost Love: E. Branthwayt	56
Legend of the Lotus	35
Lost and Found	6
My Margate Serenade	4
My Uncle's Will: E. Branthwayt	167
Mark Mardyke	199
Misconception	223
My First Love and My Last: E. Branthwayt	279
Retrospect	209
Sundown: Edward Copping	22, 94, 125, 181, 253, 312
The Fisherman Caught: E. Branthwayt	111
The Monarch of Metals	87
The Obelisk of Luxor	229
The Shadow in the House: John Saunders	237
The Story of the Syren	150

Poetry.

A Life Picture	83
Blood is Thicker than Water	76
Dante to Beatrice	61
Death in Life	252
Death of the Seasons	278
December, 1859	121
Fancy	188
Home Mission	175
Resurgam	16
The Blind Girl's Vision	149
The Bull Fight	156
The Ocean Wave	247
The Return from the Pic-nic	299
To Italy and the Italians	222

26217

Reviews and Notices of Books.

	PAGE
Anderson's Discourses	158
Art, and How to Enjoy it	214
Crayda: by Ernest Jones	270
Claudius	102
Divine Life in Man	158
Favourite Modern Ballads	102
Fiji and the Fijians	269
Harry Birkett	320
Hinchbridge Haunted	157
Here and There in London	46
Japanese Empire: its Physical, Political, and Social Condition Illustrated	320
Lichtenstein	214
Many Happy Returns o' the Day	270
Mary Ann Schennelpennick	44
Metrical Version of the Psalms	320
Notes from the Life of Antonio Amenny, the Syrian	320
Pariser Bilder	101
Pearls of Shakspeare	102
Peden the Prophet	214
Routledge's Shakspeare	214
Social Religion Exemplified	380
Stories of Inventions	158
Theodore Parker	214
The Minister's Wooing	73
The Divine Life in Man	158
The Song of Hiawatha	157
The Marquis d' Hauteville	214
The Village Lad	270
Under-currents	101

List of the Engravings.

A Noble Animal	59
A Pleasant Way Home	235
A Winter Scene	123
An Incident in the Reformation at Paris	150
Breaking-up	66
Careless Boys	244
Christmas Eve	77
Charlemagne and the Saxons	32
Cromwell House	227
Dentatus	6
Errors on Errors	133
Frightful Impressions	189
"Give Him a Penny"	170
Grandpapa	142
Hiawatha's Sailing	114
Hospitality	96
James Watt	253
"Lisette," I cried out, "This is a Child!"	8
Marvel's House	226
Maternal Education	106
"One can imagine the joy of Madame his Mother"	9
Orphan Working School	300
Pau-Puk-Keewis	115
Pascal at his Studies	197
Paternal Education	162
Posterity of Banquo	264
Prince Henry, believing his Father dead, assumes the Crown	179
Shipwreck of Sinbad	41
St. Louis	208
"Stand Still"	132
The Alchemist	219
The Breaking up	67
The Burial of Harold	84
The Crucifixion	274
The Herdsman of the Atlas	291
The Three Fishermen	213
The Lord of Misrule	40
The Magic Lantern	90
The Sleep of Argyle	310
Youth	1
Waller's Oak	319
Winter Scene	122

YOUTH.

THE NATIONAL MAGAZINE.

YOUTH.

WHAT the artists can make of youth we see in the preceding page. The theme is inexhaustible. Youth has been described, and painted, and sung in a thousand different ways. A nation cannot too highly estimate the value of its youth—the fathers and mothers, the statesmen and teachers, the poets and divines, of an age to come. "Youth," says Robert Nicoll, "Scotland's second Burns," as Ebenezer Elliot wrote,

"Youth, is thy boyhood gone?
The fever-hour of life at length hath come,
And Passion sits in Reason's golden throne,
While Sorrow's voice is dumb.

Be glad—it is thy hour
Of love ungrudging, faith without reserve,
And from the right Ill hath not yet the power
To make thy footsteps swerve.

Now is thy time to know
How much of trusting goodness lies on earth,
And, rich in pure sincerity, to go
Rejoicing in thy birth."

Brave words these—but truly worthy of the subject. Shakspere speaks of "Flat treason against the kingly state of youth;" and, indeed, a kingly state it is. Youth has a hope bright and beautiful, often denied to the wearer of purple robes and golden crowns. Wordsworth is not more true than poetical when he says:

"The youth who daily further from the east
Must travel, still is Nature's priest,
And by the vision splendid
Is on his way attended;
At length the man perceives it die away,
And fade into the light of common day."

The world lies stretched at the foot of youth. Its laughter and song—its fame and name—its stores of honour and its boundless wealth—its principalities and powers—seem all within his grasp as he lies, like the gods of Epicurus, "careless of mankind." Youth dreams not of disappointment—that hope may "tell a flattering tale"—that the gorgeous vision may fade away—that the evil days may draw nigh. "Oh, the days when we were young!" exclaims mournfully the wearied man of the world. "No young man believes," says Hazlitt, "he shall ever die. There is a feeling of eternity in youth which makes us amends for everything." To be young is to be as one of the Immortals. One half of time indeed is spent, the other half remains in store for us, with all its countless treasures; for there is no line drawn, and we see no limit to our hopes and wishes. We make the coming age our own. "The vast, the unbounded prospect lies before us." Death—old age—are words without a meaning; a dream, a fiction, with which we have nothing to do; others may have undergone or still undergo them; we bear a charmed life, which laughs to scorn all such idle fancies. As in setting out on a delightful journey we strain our eager sight forward,

"Bidding the lovely scene at distance hail,"

and see no end to prospect after prospect, new objects presenting themselves as we advance; as in the outset of life we see no end to our desires nor to the opportunities of gratifying them. "What volumes can be written on the morn and liquid noon of youth!" Even in that very quotation what scope do we find for reflection and thought! The hero of Locksley Hall cherishes "a youth sublime." The misanthropist in the *Vision of Sin* remembers when he thinks that his "youth was half divine." "Youth," says Cicero, in his treatise on old age, "is the vernal season of life, and the blossoms it then puts forth are indications of the future fruits, which are to be gathered in succeeding periods. "Once more," exclaims Byron, "who would not be a boy?" "To carry the feelings of childhood into the powers of manhood," writes Coleridge, "is the prerogative of genius." Campbell speaks of "joyous youth," and Barry Cornwall says:

"O ye thoughts of youth,
Long since flown away,
What ye want in truth,
Ye in love repay.
Though in shadowy forests hidden,
Like the bird that's lost and chidden,
Back again with all your songs
Ye do come, and soothe our wrongs,
Till the unburthen'd heart doth soar
Wiser than before!"

And Aurora Leigh, when came the morn she stood upon the brink of twenty years, says:

"I was glad that day,
For June was in me, with its multitudes
Of nightingales all singing in the dark,
And rosebuds reddening where the calyx split.
I felt so strong, so young, so sure of God."

All our poets—all our essayists—all our moralists—write in a similar strain. The longer that we live, the greyer grow our hairs and the drier becomes our heart, the more we are lost in wonder at the store of health which youth can boast, and the reckless prodigality with which it can spend. And now for one grave word. The late Professor Brown, in his *Lectures on the Philosophy of the Human Mind*, told his young class, "The season of your life is not that which gathers the harvest, it is that which prepares the soil by diligent cultivation for the fruits which are to adorn and enrich it." The language of the Hebrew king is still more emphatic and severe: "Rejoice, O young man, in thy youth; and let thy heart cheer thee in the days of thy youth, and walk in the ways of thine heart, and in the sight of thine eyes: but know thou, that for all these things God will bring thee to into judgment. Therefore remove sorrow from thy heart, and put away evil from thy flesh: for childhood and youth are vanity."

LORD PALMERSTON.

A PARLIAMENTARY SKETCH.

By J. EWING RITCHIE.

This is a great, free, self-governed country. I must believe it, for I read it in the newspapers every day. The aristocracy tell us this when they condescend to adorn our public dinners, and popular lecturers at Mechanics' Institutions and Athenæums repeat it. Our Constitution is the growth of ages, and has attained a perfection of which Hobbes despaired and of which Locke never dreamt. The franchise, we are told, is a trust; that trust is put into the most trustworthy hands. (Cato was the old original ten-pound householder.) Our elections are the envy of surrounding nations. There is at them a studious abstinence from beer; no one is solicited for a vote. The great manufacturer, or railway contractor, or the neighbouring peer, always retire to the Continent when an election takes place, in order that the honest voter may act in accordance with the dictates of his conscience. The religious feel that it is a solemn event, and sermons appropriate to the occasion are preached in chapel and church alike. The ablest men of the community, irrespective of their wealth or want of it, are selected as candidates. On the day of nomination, in the plain garb of citizens—without music or flags, or demonstrations of party feeling—they appear upon the platform. Their speeches, in unadorned but plain language, comment upon the men and movements of the day. They declare the principles upon which they act, and upon which they deem the government of Great Britain and its imperial dependencies should be carried on. These speeches, with the exception of a few immaculate boroughs, such as Gloucester and Wakefield, are listened to by an audience fresh from the perusal of Bacon, Bentham, and Mill. A show of hands then takes place. The best man has invariably the majority, the others immediately retire, and the constituents, satisfied that they have done their duty, return home; the representative, in his turn, becomes a constituent in another assembly, where he meets some similarly-minded six hundred and odd gentlemen. They select from themselves, in order to form a cabinet, the ablest and wisest men. These invariably are peers, or sons of peers. They, again, select the ablest and wisest as their head. He was, till the Crimean war destroyed our European reputation, the first man in the universe, and remotest regions learned to bless his name. Happily, in our day the system has arrived at a blessed fruition, and we have as Premier the Right Honourable Viscount Palmerston, G.C.B., a veteran official while the present generation bewailed or rejoiced in long clothes.

So much for theory, now for actual fact. Is it not singular that statesmanship as a rule is the only thing monopolised in this country by a class, and that class one which has invariably broken down when it has come into contact with men without grandfathers? From the days of the Huntingdon brewer—not forgetting him who was emphatically "the Great Commoner"—to those of Gladstone and Disraeli, our chief orators and statesmen have sprung from the middle ranks. If Fox belonged to the aristocracy, he confessed that he owed his noblest aspirations to Burke. If England's rulers accepted the services of Canning, they could prey upon his genius and prematurely exhaust his life. In our day we see the Earl of Derby honoured with the Garter on his retirement from the Premiership, while the man without whom his party could not have remained a day in office leaves it, and retires to Hanghenden Manor undecorated and without reward. There may be great advantages attending this state of things, but an evident disadvantage is, that this system compels us to accept a kind of Hobson's choice. Hence, when Lord John Russell is sent for, and confesses that he cannot carry on the Queen's Government, and Lord Derby has confessed the same—if Lord Palmerston does not condescend to be our saviour, we are plunged into the horrors of a parliamentary dead-lock. This is the reason of Palmerston's premiership. He is Premier just as men are villains by necessity and fools by a divine thrusting on. We read in Luther's *Table Talk*, "Maximilian one day burst into a great laugh. On being asked the cause, 'Truly,' he said, 'I laughed to think that God should have trusted the spiritual government of the world to a drunken priest like Pope Julius, and the government of the empire to a chamois-hunter like me.'" We have it in evidence that an idea of this kind used to flash through Lord Althorp's honest brain. In his retirement at Broadlands, Lord Palmerston may indulge in a similar laugh. If we may judge from a public life of unusual extent, the last thing he aspired to was the Premiership. It was offered him, and he could not well refuse it. No man has less gone out of his way to attract or retain the admiration of the people than Lord Palmerston. When he upset Lord John Russell—and, in the language of the turf, began to make a good running—the novelty of the idea was quite refreshing. Palmerston Premier! the thought was absurd. Who were his followers? who would march through Coventry with such a ragged regiment? What ability, save that of consistently sticking to office, had he ever shown? The clever men of a past age—Wilberforce, Plumer Ward, Dean Milner, Canning, and others—it is true, always spoke and wrote of Palmerston as a man of great promise. In the House of Commons, the general opinion was that Palmerston was a man possibly to be laughed at for his juvenile airs, but certainly not to be despised; but the outside multitude—"the people, the only source of political power"—had no other idea of Palmerston than that he was always in office, that he was one of the best horsemen in Europe, and that he bore a *sobriquet* supposed to indicate an amorous temperament and personal charms. Even writing so recently as 1837, Mr. James Grant, in his *Random Recollections*, could say, "Of Lord Palmerston, Foreign Secretary and Member for Tiverton, I have but little to say. The situation he fills in the cabinet gives him a certain degree of prominence in the eyes of the country, which he certainly does not possess in Parliament. His talents are by no means of a high order. Assuredly they would never, by their own natural energy, have raised him to a distinguished position in the councils of his Sovereign, in which a variety of accidental circumstances have placed him. He is an indifferent speaker." This monstrous criticism was accepted at the time as honest and fair.

How little do the public know of the men of whom they entertain such decided opinions! Since 1837, Palmerston's career has been a continued triumph: he put on the armour just as other men are putting it off. As a sexagenarian he descended into the political arena, and exhibited all the ardour and vivacity of a youth. Men were first astonished, then enraptured. All England swore by Lord Palmerston. Even the professors of the refined science of cookery — the disciples of Ude, Carême, Soyer—caught the enthusiasm, and a Palmerston sauce became *en vogue*. In the four quarters of the globe the name of Palmerston was a tower of strength. There was rejoicing at Vienna when Palmerston fell in 1851. In the troubled years of 1848–9 a German popular couplet intimated that if the devil had a son, that favoured mortal was our facetious Premier. "*Suda Palmerston see chas*" (Hither Palmerston, forthwith!), we are told, was during the Crimean war the cry with which the Cossack of the Ukraine stilled his steed when restive, or urged it on when weary. Nay, more, at dinners at Damascus Mr. Disraeli makes an Eastern emir pettishly exclaim, "I cannot endure this eternal chatter about Palmerston: are there no other statesmen in the world besides Palmerston?"

It cannot be that such a man as this is the nonentity so flippantly described by Mr. Grant; the captain of shams, described by Mr. Bright and his pupil Mr. Wilks; or the arch-traitor sold to Russia, as Mr. Urquhart will be happy to show you any day. Five years ago the writer, meeting with one of the numerous agitators with which the metropolis abounds, requested the enthusiast referred to to explain his movements. "Oh," said he, "we are going to impeach Palmerston!" We suggested the desirability of losing no time if such a course were resolved on. "Oh!" said our informant, "Palmerston will live ten years longer: Russia calculates that he will do so too." Palmerston lives on, but who is guilty of the folly of talking of impeaching him now?

Voltaire says, men succeed less by their talents than their character. As an instance, he compares Mazarin and De Retz. In quoting the passage in a letter to the Bishop of Llandaff, the late Lord Dudley said, "Walpole and Bolingbroke make a similar pair in the next century. Castlereagh and Canning are remarkable examples of the truth of the maxim which our days have furnished." The list might have been extended so as to embrace the career of Lord Palmerston. Undoubtedly the noble lord's talents are of a high order. "We are all proud of him!" said Sir Robert Peel, and the words were caught up and re-echoed all over the land; but it is the character he has acquired that has placed him where he is. It would be the height of absurdity to deny Lord Palmerston the possession of great talent. He has made brilliant speeches; his pro-Catholic orations were republished; and the way in which he put down Julian Harney at Tiverton tickled every midriff in Great Britain. His five-hours' speech in vindication of himself in the House of Commons was a masterpiece; yet our Premier has never scaled the heights of oratory; he has never attained to the utterance of new and pregnant truths; genius has never thrown around him her robe of dazzling light; he has been a dexterous debater, skilful at fence, nothing more. Palmerston is but a man of the time, while Pitt and Fox, Burke and Canning, were men for all times. He even ranks below Sir Robert Peel, whose speeches are still quoted, and occasionally read. He leaves on you the impression that he is adroit; that he is liberal in profession where Austria and Italy are concerned; that he is grand at bullying little states; and that it is true of him what the first Napoleon said of Providence, that it was always on the side that had the strongest legions. Glance at his Lordship's administrative career, and this is manifest. Toryism was popular, and Palmerston began life as a Tory; Reform was popular, and he turned Reformer; war with Russia was popular in 1855, and he became a furious war-minister. In some quarters people are talking of a further parliamentary reform, and an extension of the suffrage, and Lord Palmerston, who resigned office not long since rather than accede to anything of the kind, is now about to introduce a comprehensive and satisfactory measure of reform. This readiness to swim with the stream is a great thing in a statesman. Indeed, in spite of what men may say to the contrary, it is a virtue, if the stream flows in a right direction. But this is not the sole secret of the Premier's popularity. There is another and more potent cause. An anecdote will best illustrate our meaning:—

Once upon a time two gentlemen went to dine at a noble mansion; on their departure, according to the fashion of the age, the servants were ranged in the hall waiting with extended palm the expected honorarium. The guest who first departed was seen to produce a smile on every countenance as he passed. His friend interrogated him as to the cause. "I gave them nothing," was the reply. "I merely tickled their hands." In a precisely similar manner has Palmerston tickled Englishmen. Undeniably, John Bull is very vain—not of himself, like a Frenchman, but of his nation. The Chinese slave, writing to the Lord of the Sun and the Brother of the Moon of the recent encounter at Peiho, says, "the barbarians attacked us with their usual insolence and audacity." Well, we have a similar way of speaking of foreigners. "It is a grand country this," exclaims the enthusiastic but grumbling Briton, while he abuses its laws, its customs, its institutions, and its climate. Our aged Premier has spent nearly half a century in repeating this cry for the edification of foreign courts. England has been the model which he has asked France, Spain, Portugal, Austria, Russia, to say nothing of countless smaller principalities and powers — no matter the difference of religion, of custom, and of race — to imitate and admire. If, occasionally, the parties thus addressed have shown a little irritation; if, occasionally, an indiscreet Italian, or Polish, or Hungarian patriot, has in consequence appealed to the sword, believing that England's arm will uphold him in his application of English principles; the fault, of course, is not the noble Viscount's, and the English nation hugs itself into the belief, that the dislike and suspicion of foreign courts and peoples (for the singularity of the Palmerston, or rather the English foreign policy, is, that whilst it is too democratic for foreign courts it is too aristocratic for foreign peoples),

is the measure of their respect and fear. Hence the national enthusiasm for Palmerston has placed him on the very topmost pinnacle. Abroad the cry has been, "Palmerston and Constitutionalism!" at home, "Palmerston and the Vindication of the National Honour!" John Bull, even now, when an adventurer and the son of an adventurer, with an audacity almost sublime, has climbed up the steep ascent of empire, and with his armed legions bids all Europe tremble, flatters himself that England sustains to the modern the relation Rome sustained to the ancient world. Under the broad sun of heaven he sees no more exalted personage than himself; he insists upon his rights in the remotest corner of the globe: in the presence of the Pope, whom he deems little better than one of the wicked, under the shadow of the gigantic despot who holds France in his mailed hand, before Austrian Kaiser, Russian Czar, Yankee backwoodsman, or astonished citizen of Timbuctoo, he exclaims, "*Civis Romanus sum!*" In his own opinion, it is his proud prerogative wherever he wanders to break all laws, to violate all customs, to pour contempt on all prejudices, and to run all risks. Now, in such circumstances Palmerston always backs his countrymen, even when, like Sir John Bowring, he rushes wildly into war; and this mischievous John-Bullism we all appreciate and admire. Again: under Palmerston's direction we settled the succession in Spain and Portugal, drove away from Syria Mehemet Ali, and blockaded the African coast to put down slavery. People who do not examine matters very closely, think it a fine thing to read what an English fleet has been doing at the Tagus, or on the Douro, or on the coast of Africa; or how an English minister has lectured the Bourbons and Hapsburgs, or insulted the representatives of the great republic of the West, or succeeded in lowering the flag of France. That Palmerston has not precipitated the nation into war, argues not so much his discretion as his luck; but the nation that does not see the danger, admires the spirit, and forgets how Palmerston suffered Poland to be blotted out, disdained to assist Hungary, betrayed Sicily, hastened to congratulate Napoleon for erecting an iron despotism on the ruins of a republic, and twice since he was Premier was brow-beaten and bullied by the late idiot King of Naples. But, perhaps, the great secret of the popularity of the Palmerston foreign policy is its utter unintelligibility. Non-interference in what does not concern us is clearly our duty; Lord Palmerston accepts this, yet he interferes. We are not in a position to go lecturing, yet Palmerston is never happy unless so employed. The Palmerston foreign policy—in reality very much like that of Lord Aberdeen, for since the time of Canning the policy of the Foreign Office has differed but little—has this good about it, that it must weary people of sense of secret diplomacy. The world will move on, its dark places will be made light, its crooked places will be made straight; but if we may judge from the past, not by the manœuvres of diplomacy or the protocols of Lord Palmerston. In his home policy the noble Viscount has been more successful in producing practical results. Here again he has gone at once to the national heart. An Englishman must be comfortable, or he cannot live. The two great ills of life are a smokey chimney and a scolding wife. By Act of Parliament, Lord Palmerston has forbidden the one and has enabled the wretched victim to free himself of the other. This latter Act must always remain a proof of the noble Premier's earnest activity and perseverance. Night after night he and his Attorney-general, Sir Richard Bethell, had to fight the battle alone; a man of feebler will than Lord Palmerston would have given way. When Palmerston became Home Secretary there was another sore evil under the sun: in all our crowded towns population had planted itself most densely in the neighbourhood of the churchyard; the result was, the living were poisoned by the dead. Some of the clergy, fearful of losing their vested interests, opposed the removal of this fearful nuisance, but Lord Palmerston shut up the churchyards as burial-places, and humanity gained the day. His few years at the Home Office were very beneficial to himself, and paved the way for his Premiership. The English public had a nearer view of their pet Foreign Minister; no public duty appeared to come amiss to him; he was weighed in the balance, nor was he found wanting. In 1855, when the Aberdeen cabinet fell, when Lord John Russell had covered himself with odium by his desertion of the sinking ship, all eyes were directed to Lord Palmerston. He was the only possible Premier, and would have remained so had not the Conservatives caught him tripping on the Foreign Conspiracy Bill, and, with the aid of Milner Gibson, defeated a measure which otherwise most probably would have had their support. It must be also confessed, Palmerston required a rebuff. Like Jeshurun of old, he waxed fat and kicked; there was something approaching to insolence in his treatment of the House of Commons.

Lord Palmerston's chief merit is his cheerful honesty. He has made no pretensions to virtue. He has paid remarkably little deference to an enlightened British public. The lover must blame not his mistress, but himself, when he finds the idol of his fancy plain and commonplace. The beery readers of the *Morning Advertiser* must not complain that their model statesman once resigned office rather than give them votes. The British public dearly love a Lord that will take the chair at Exeter Hall. Lord Palmerston began life as Cupid—does not think children tainted with original sin—dared to tell the Scottish clergy that they had better wash than fast, to keep off the cholera, was never on the platform at Exeter Hall: yet is he popular. With the exception of once presiding at the distribution of prizes at the University College, London, and a visit to Manchester, he has studiously avoided the arts by which small men become great. The last American traveller who has published a book on us, Mr. Field, writes: "An American can hardly believe his senses when he sees the abasement of soul which seizes the middle classes in the presence of a lord. They look up to him as a superior being, with a reverence approaching to awe." There is some truth in this: it is to the credit of Lord Palmerston that he has traded as little on this feeling as it was possible for any man to do.

Come and see Palmerston the Statesman. That is he—that old gentleman in the middle of the Treasury bench of the House of Commons, with hat pulled down tightly over his eyes, arms across his breast, and one leg thrown over the other. Is not he in a capital

state of preservation, with nothing to hurt him but now and then a twinge of his old enemy, the gout —a souvenir of jollier years? A wonderful old man, truly; still erect on horseback as ever youthful knight wending his way to lady's bower. Dr. Johnson said of dancing dogs, "the wonder is, not that they dance so well, but that they dance at all;" so with Lord Palmerston, the wonder is, not that he rules the country so well, but that he does it at all, when most men would be in a state of idiotic decay. It says something for the goodness of his lordship's constitution — something for the light character of his labours as a statesman of half a century, and something for the Romsey air and his lordship's medical attendants. But mark! he is on his legs, with all the briskness of a four-year-old. His pertness is quite juvenile. How neat and effective is his retort, and yet how little there is in it! Disraeli said Sir Robert Peel played on the House as an old fiddle, Palmerston does the same. His birth, his office, his experience — all make him feel at home in it; and when he sits down there is a laugh, and the questioner, somehow or other, feels he has done something very foolish, though he scarce knows what. Your expectations are heightened. Very naturally you imagine that as the evening passes on, and the excitement deepens, his lordship, in a corresponding manner, will become earnest, and passionate, and overpowering. Wait a little while, and you will find out your mistake. There is the same pertness and levity; the same eagerness to evade the question by a joke; the same skilful dodging; and the same artful adaptation of his speech, not to the conscience or convictions of the public, but to the prejudices, and knowledge, and interests of the House. No one so disappoints the eager stranger as Lord Palmerston. His hollow feeble voice — his intolerable haw-hawing — his air of hauteur and flippancy, all combine to dispel the illusion which, in a manner most wonderful, his lordship has contrived to gather around his name.

"Life is a jest, and all things show it;
I thought so once, and now I know it,"

will be an appropriate epitaph wherewith to deck the marble monument that the grateful nation shall erect when death shall have torn the wily Premier from the doctor's care. Lord Palmerston, with one memorable exception, never speaks long: he is down almost as soon as he is up, he seldom rises above the level of after-dinner oratory; and as you watch his lordship out of the House at one p.m., at the close of a debate which has tried his lordship's mettle and damaged the handiwork of his lordship's valet, the shambling old gentleman, leaning on a friendly arm, does not seem quite the prodigy in your eyes which the admirably made-up nobleman did, who stepped out of his carriage just as you reached Westminster Hall.

MY MARGATE SERENADE.

"My dear child," said a maiden lady of an uncertain age, "you need not blush so; I dare say the young gentleman who has just passed the window has no idea of your existence."

"But he comes past every day."

"Well, what of that?"

"But he looks in at the window."

"Ah, indeed!"

"And he wears a sprig of myrtle in his coat, and you know that means true."

"Really, you amuse me! Anything more?"

"No, aunt."

"Then, my dear child, you are a bit of a goose, and ought to know better. I am afraid you are too fond of reading idle tales when you might be better employed. Well, well, I suppose we cannot put an old head on young shoulders, and yours are very young yet;" and she might have added, pretty ones, covered as they were with locks of the softest and richest brown hair in the world. Pretty girls are so common, that I need not describe the one whom the reader has overheard, as she and her aunt were sitting before the fire, in that magic hour, when the glare of day has passed and night not wholly come; when tenderness touches the hardest heart; when life seems more ideal, less dark, and cold, and dull.

"Shall I tell you what happened to myself, Rose?"

"Yes, do, aunt."

"Well, I will; you will see that there was once a time when your old aunt was as silly as yourself."

Rose laid her beautiful face on her aunt's lap and looked up.

Her aunt began.

"Miss Selina Silkstone kept a select establishment at Margate for a limited number of young ladies, genteelly brought up, and from whom the most unexceptionable references were required. She frequently advertised in the *Times*, and always had a vacancy for one or two. But you know as well as I that there never yet was a lady who kept a school for a limited number, that had not a vacancy for a genteel and well-connected pupil. I was that, and more. Why, then, did I seek Miss Silkstone's classic abode? Well, the truth is, Dr. Bluepill, our family physician, hinted that a little change of air and an occasional bathe in the sea would not be amiss. 'The system requires bracing, ma'am,' said he to my mamma. 'We are getting,' said he—the dear, fat old man, as he contemplated my growing figure—'a little pale and thin; our roses are not quite so red as they might be.' Girl as I was, I had read Lord Byron's *Pirate*, and his lines in *Childe Harold*, bidding the deep and dark-blue ocean roll on, and had by heart Barry Cornwall's songs, and loved, as girls of seventeen do love, passionately,

'The sea, the sea, the open sea;
The ever fresh, the ever free;'

and made no objection to the arrangement which for awhile transplanted me from the paternal roof. It was not reluctantly, then, that I journeyed to the scene of my future residence. I was not bad-looking, and I knew that I had a love of a bonnet which would set all the girls wild. I had not lived in a genteel neighbourhood for nothing, you may be sure.

"Arrived at Margate, I did as the rest. On Sunday we went to church. Now the church service is rather long; and however pious and proper one may be disposed to be, one cannot be always looking at the parson

or the Prayer-book. In one of my occasional peeps at the congregation I found the eyes of a young man intently fixed on me. It was evident to me and all the rest of the girls that his ardent gaze was directed to no other than myself. The next Sunday the same phenomenon was witnessed. The next, it was the same. I was pleased, yet annoyed. Miss Skinflint gave me many a private lecture in her own apartments. The French mademoiselle was delighted; the girls all laughed; and, to make assurance doubly sure, I had been informed that one of the maids connected with the establishment had been asked by a gentleman the name of the new girl, whom he declared to be 'a stunner.' Now, it was clear to me and all the rest of us, that this inquiry could have come from no other than from the gentleman whose optics had been so regularly, and, as it seemed, irresistibly, exercised on myself. Presently another symptom of his admiration was manifested. Every evening at a certain hour, under a wall at the end of a garden, were heard the dulcet sounds of an accordion; all said it was my church admirer, thus renewing on week-days the homage that he had offered me at church on Sundays. I thought, what every one said must be true, and listened with peculiar pleasure to *Annie Laurie*, and *Mary Blane*, and *Jeannette and Jeannot*, and *I dreamt that I dwelt in Marble Halls*, and other popular airs; all of which I had heard, it is true, played before, but never, so it seemed to me, with such pathos and power as under the present circumstances. What a delicate way of being courted! Of course I was not in love; but, woman-like, I was glad to think that some one was in love with me. At a certain age, you can no more help a girl thinking about love than you can help being hungry or thirsty, or wishing to go to sleep when tired. In spite of all mamma and papa can say; in spite of teachers and guardians; in spite of one's own heroic determination to dedicate one's life to science, or art, or literature, or religion, a girl will find her heart dwelling fondly on the idea of love; and if mothers, and teachers, and guardians would recognise the fact, and deal tenderly with it, and bid those under their care understand how, to man and woman, it can be made a beacon-light leading upward, and not what it too often is, an *ignis fatuus*, bewildering and tending downwards, I believe little harm would be done: but I was silly then, and would often sit wondering while the other girls were laughing, whether the unknown individual was not very cold, whether he would not rather be in our warm parlour, whether some bright May morning I was to find myself driving away, with him for my companion, in a carriage drawn by four grey horses, from St. George's Church, Hanover Square, after the performance of a service usually considered of a very interesting nature. Just at this time I had to leave Margate for a few days, at the same time by a strange coincidence the serenading ceased, and my admirer was absent from the pew in church. Surely, then, I was right in thinking that I was the object of all these delicate attentions? The more I thought about it, the more certain I felt. Suspicion was banished, doubt now gave place to confidence. The mystery was cleared up—the serenade was for me, and the serenader was he whom I had seen at church. I must say, when I had come to this conclusion I became impatient of this serenading, and wished either to change it into something of a more satisfactory character, or to cease altogether. The French mademoiselle and myself, without saying a word to the other girls, resolved to bring matters to a crisis. For this purpose we resolved to secure the first opportunity; nor was it long before one presented itself. One dark night, when the usual serenading was going on, and Miss Silkstone happened to be particularly engaged with the friends of a new pupil, who had come that afternoon to tea, we hastily put on an old shawl and bonnet a-piece—slipped out of the house forthwith, quite unperceived—rushed down into the garden, and somehow or other found our way to the top of the wall. The night, as I have said, was dark; we could see no one, and the unknown was vigorously going through his accustomed musical performance. I fancied I could see the graceful outline of my admirer, as he swept his fingers over his beloved instrument, and told to the cold dark night, and the sad and silent stars, all the love, and hope, and purpose of his heart. I listened with an interest that thrilled my whole frame. There he was, languishing for me, dreaming that I was smiling on his love; I—I was, there could be no doubt about that, the Annie Laurie for whom he would lay him down and die! What was I to do? Did not such touching love deserve some graceful recognition? Was he to realise the mournful fate of which he sang?, Heaven forbid! Was I, so young, to be a cruel murderer, and all through life to have my heart bowed down with a sense of the fearful burden of such a crime? Yet, would it not be imprudent to address a gentleman to whom I had never been introduced? I was in a frightful state of agitation; I could feel my cheeks getting red, and my heart jumping right up to the top of my throat. What should I do?

"'Why, speak to him, of course,' said the governess, who was getting very cold, 'or he will be laid up with influenza for a month.'

"'Oh, dear!' said I, 'I wish he would not come playing here.'

"'Oh, nonsense! Speak to him; it will be capital fun.'

"'No, no; anything but that,' exclaimed I, in an agony of fear.

"'Well, if you won't speak, send him a token.'

"'A token? Ah! that was a capital idea! There could be no harm in that. He was just beneath me. I gathered a few leaves and let them fall.'

"'Hush!' said the governess.

"The accordion went on as usual. The leaves evidently had produced no effect.

"'Try again,' said she.

"I did so. We listened—no acknowledgment. The accordion went on vigorously as ever.

"'Let us go,' said I, not a little frightened.

"'No, no; try again.'

"I did so. The music stopped, the serenader changed his position; but in a minute recommenced his amorous strain. I grew quite frightened.

"'Oh, do let us go!' I whispered.

"'No, no: try once more.'

"Again fell the leaves—again we listened—again

HAYDON'S DENTATUS.

the accordion stops. There was a cough — then a pause — then another cough, as if the serenader were impatient, and expected to be addressed. We strained our eyes and just saw the dim outline of a figure.

"'Come! none o' that 'ere!' was his exclamation.

"I could scarce believe my ears. My refined lover indulging in such vulgar and commonplace language! I scarce knew whether to laugh or cry; I did neither, but said, as calmly as my excited feelings would allow me:

"What did you say?"

"'Why, none o' that 'ere to be sure! Pitching lots of rubbige on to a poor fellow, what do you mean?'

"There was some terrible mistake. My friend came to my rescue. Summoning up her dignity, and peering over the wall, she said severely:

"'Young man, who are you?'

"'Me, marm? why, the butcher's boy, to be sure!'

"'Oh, indeed! and what do you here?'

"'Vy, you see, I hain't no place at home to practise in, so I comes every night here, 'cause the wall keeps the wind off; and now it's time for me to be off.'

"And away he went off whistling, leaving me disenchanted of my love. I may only add, that I endured an additional pang when, a short while afterward, I found that the eyes that always glared at me at church squinted. Since then I have not been quite so hasty in jumping at conclusions.

"And now, my little girl, we had better get to work; ring for lights, and draw the curtains."

Rose got up to do so. As she did, the individual with the myrtle passed. Rose thought nothing of it, and it is well she did not, as later in life she knew him well as a married man and a friend of her husband and her own.

LOST AND FOUND.

THERE are some persons who enjoy the happy facility for winning the confidence and affection of others—persons who are always on good terms with the world, and of whom nobody is willing to listen to that syren voice, the tongue of scandal. M. Dessaix and his lady, whose acquaintance I first made in Chamounix, are people of this stamp. They are wealthy, and move in excellent society; they keep an extensive establishment some miles from Paris, where not long since I had the pleasure of spending some days, and of assisting in the festivities which were held in honour of the younger Dessaix attaining his majority. An agreeable youth is M. Dessaix the younger; lively, spirited, with a good face and a fine figure, fond of adventure, and bent upon improvement. On the occasion to which I refer, very much enthusiasm was manifested by guests, domestics —everybody, in fact, who were directly or indirectly associated with the festivities — in praise of this young man's good qualities; but the enthusiasm of the gardener and the gardener's wife exceeded that of anybody else: they insisted upon clasping him in their arms; they called him by all sorts of endearing names; they wept with joy; and the gardener's wife predicted for him a course so brilliant, that the young man laughing merrily silenced her with a kiss, and declared that half the success she promised would be more than enough to satisfy the boldest flight of his ambition.

To those who knew nothing of the cause of the strong affection subsisting between the youthful heir and these old retainers, their fervent expressions of attachment might have appeared exaggerated; but M. Dessaix the elder had already related to me the circumstances of the case, urging at the same time that I should ask Jacques — that was the gardener — or his good wife Lisette, about it, as it was a pleasure to them to tell the story, and was more interesting when told by them than by any one else. So I took occasion one afternoon, sitting in a trellised arbour, where Jacques was busy sorting seeds, to ask him about it. He was enthusiastic in a moment.

"Have I known M. René Dessaix for many years? Yes, yes; I have known him ever since he was three years old. We made the acquaintance of each other in a manner very singular. Would Monsieur like to hear the story?"

It was Monsieur's desire to do so, if perfectly agreeable to his excellent friend.

"Agreeable! nothing could delight him more. Well, then, Monsieur has visited the little village of Duprès; there is a railway near it now, but it was not so eighteen years ago. Well, you know the road that leads through the bit of forest land from Duprès to another village, two miles and a half distant. Now, I know that road," says Jacques, with a reflective air, "so well that I could travel it blindfold; and I ought, for that was the road I took two or three times every week for years. I was a gardener, and had a little farm; eh, well, it was a very little farm, that a lean cow might starve on: if it had not been for the flowers I reared we should have starved also. Monsieur will observe that I say 'we,' for I was married. Lisette was my wife. Is Monsieur married? No! then he can scarcely tell how happy I was. I was as merry as a bird in the sun; so was Lisette: love and content made thin soup strong and scanty fare become a sumptuous feast. Well, Heaven blessed us, and there was another living soul under our roof—a child. It was so precious to us, that, great as our love had been before, it seemed to bind us together more and more, and over its cradle we laughed and chatted, and planned and contrived. Eh, well, fine weather is sometimes too fine to last: a shadow fell upon us, and we, who had talked so merrily of the child's future, sat by its cradle and wept. It went to heaven; the angels plucked the little flower and planted it in Paradise.

"Lisette almost broke her heart, and I, I — well I was a man, and of course —— but Monsieur knows that water will sometimes leap out of the hardest rock. Our little René, which it had pleased Heaven to take from us, was held dear in our memory. Time healed the wound, but the scar was left. It was two years after the death of our child that as I and Lisette were returning home one evening we found —— but it is best Monsieur should hear it just as it happened.

"Lisette and I had been to a neighbouring town on business, and we were returning home just as the sun had sank, and the twilight was deepening into night. Lisette was riding on Corporal; that was our ass — a

patient, steady fellow, that had served us well. When we came to the corner of the lane that runs down into the woodlands, Lisette called out to me that something was lying on the ground: I saw in a moment it was a bundle, and went towards it for the purpose of picking it up, but my surprise may be imagined when I found a child fast asleep with a blue cloak thrown round him.

"'Lisette,' I cried out, 'this is a child!'

"'A child!' she answered. 'Can it be that any one could abandon it on the road?'

"'Certainly it is here,' I said, and lifting it up in my arms the child woke, and looked at me with its full large eyes, as if it was sadly perplexed to know how it came there.

"'Where's my mamma?' it said, and knitted its little brow in a troubled way as it looked at Lisette.

"'Ah, little one, that is more than we can say,' Lisette replied; 'but we shall find her presently, be sure of it. In the meantime you had best go with us.'

"'Go where?' said the child.

"'Home.'

"'Yes, I will go home,' he said: 'is it far?'

"'Not far, little man, and we shall soon be there. What is your name?'

"'René.'

"When he uttered that word, poor Lisette turned pale and trembled.

"'Courage!' said I, feeling a little strange myself.

"LISETTE," I CRIED OUT, "THIS IS A CHILD!"

'Courage! there are many René's in the world, of course.'

"'Heaven has sent the child to us,' said Lisette. 'He is to take the place of our little René. Do you not think so?'

"'Perhaps,' said I.

"The child prattled gaily as he sat on the back of Corporal and rode home to our cottage. There we made him as comfortable as we could. Lisette laid him on our bed, kindled a fire, and warmed some milk, gave him some white bread and a bunch of raisins, of which he ate heartily. We could see, both from his manners and dress, that he was the child of affluent people; but he was too tired to tell us much, so he slept through the night, and the next morning we tried to find out who and what he was. Where did he live? Paris. What was his name? René. No other name? None that he knew of. What was the home like? Large, with handsome rooms, and a great garden, and an orangery. How did he happen to be in the high road by himself, so far from Paris? He did not know; he had been a journey with his mamma; he had been at a pretty house, where the horses had to rest; he had played in a garden, he had walked about among trees, and could not find his way back. Could he recollect his mamma or papa's name? No. Could he re-

member the name of the place they stopped at to refresh the horses? No; but it was over there.

"Monsieur must confess that 'over there,' pointed out by a finger sweeping a prospect of thirty miles, is indefinite. We were in perplexity; the child took kindly to my wife, and as for Lisette——well, you know, she was a mother. René stayed with us—now and then fretful about his mamma, but generally in excellent humour. I had to go on the next day to a village near at hand, about two miles and a half distant; there I hoped to gain some information about my little guest, and I was not disappointed. 'Mind,' said he to me, when Corporal was in the shafts, and I had loaded my little cart with flowers, 'Mind you bring back my mamma.' I promised to do my best, and he was satisfied.

"When I came to the village and stopped at the *auberge*, Madame Huron, who kept the house at that time, came out in a flurry.

"'Have you heard the news?' said she to me. 'Here is a poor lady distracted, and a poor gentleman bereft, and a poor child lost. Stolen by tramps, or something worse. Ah, well, we all have our misfortunes!'

"Here was a clue to the mystery of poor little René. I asked to see the afflicted parents. At first Madame

"ONE CAN IMAGINE THE JOY OF MADAME HIS MOTHER."

Huron would not hear of it, but while she was talking a fine soldierly-looking man came out of one of the rooms, and I addressed him:

"'Is Monsieur the father of the lost child?'

"'Yes.'

"'The name of the child is ——?'

"'René.'

"'Then the lost child is found: he is safe at my cottage.'

"One can imagine the joy of Madame his mother; one can fancy the excitement of Monsieur, endeavouring to calm the agitation of his lady. They insisted on returning with me immediately to my cottage. It was quite natural—quite natural that the mother should scarcely restrain her impatience while a light carriage was prepared, and the short journey made at a sharp canter; quite natural that she should leap from the vehicle almost before it stopped, and, guided by a child's prattle, should run forward for a few paces, and then seize René and clasp him to her bosom in a fond embrace. My wife was in tears; she had learned to love the child, and was afraid she should lose him. But there was no fear of that. The lady and gentleman were overwhelming with their kindness and generosity. They offered us a large reward. They told us the child had been playing in the garden attached to the inn,

and that his nurse, who had fallen asleep, woke up to find him gone. No trace could be discovered of him, and it was supposed he had wandered into the forest. It was essential to have a careful nurse. Suppose myself and Lisette were to take service with them? I was a skilful gardener, my wife an excellent nurse. What did we think of the proposal? I looked at Lisette, and saw in a moment she was disposed to accept the offer. Well, we did accept it, and have remained with the family ever since. Little René became particularly attached to us; he called Lisette his second mother, and though he has grown up to manhood he does not forget the faithful services of his old friends. The young gentleman who comes of age to-day, and who did me the honour to kiss my wife, is the good child René Dessaix."

I thanked the old gardener, and could not help regretting that there were not more domestics and masters thus connected by stronger ties than those of wages. In England, especially, there is a wall of demarcation between them, with some rare occasions, which it is hard, very hard, to break down.

ADÈLE DUPASSIER.

By C. W STOKES.

I WAS seated at my chambers, wondering how I should break the monotony of an existence in London when everybody is out of town: I had seen all the pieces at the theatres once too often, and I found myself reduced to the frightful alternative of domesticating in the monastic seclusion of —— Inn, or yielding to the drowsy excitement of the venerable Polytechnic, when a letter dropped into my box. It was from a French friend, who, with the characteristic fickleness and insincerity of that "gay, sprightly land of mirth and social ease," had shown me unceasing kindness and attention for years. He reproached me for not corresponding more frequently, reminded me that I had not been to Paris for some time, and enumerated with the most tempting detail some of the attractions which he thought would be irresistible.

"We are *en pleine Carnaval*," he added, "and if you will but tear yourself away from the fascinations of rosbif and fog," (two horrors that the French imagine the English could not and would not live without), "I will undertake to say you shall not regret it."

When shall we do our neighbours justice? Will the communication between the two countries ever be sufficient to force us to acknowledge that, although the French are more anxious, and consequently more able to please than we, that they are not necessarily less sincere? I can only say, as far as my experience goes, that if they are not to be depended upon, it takes a long time to show it, for I have not discovered it yet. That the French are insincere, is a prejudice which is gradually passing away: the more the French character is understood, the more it is appreciated; and there are many, although they would not confess it, who prefer a *suaviter in modo*—a sweetness of manner—which makes them feel happy and satisfied with themselves, to a *fortiter in re*, a rough good-nature which insults them to their faces.

My friend could not have written more *àpropos*. My mind was made up in a moment, and without allowing myself time to change my determination, I quickly provided myself with the *de quoi*, and with the combined assistance of the French consul and some guineas, *me voilà*, by express, *en route* for Paris.

I will waive my prerogative as a writer of travels, and forbear to describe every circumstance, from the appearance of the cabman who took me to the London Bridge Railway Station to the appearance of the cabman who brought me home; neither will I allude to my fellow-passengers—although these last might not be altogether uninteresting, for, like every one else, old or young, I invariably find time to select the carriage with the greatest number of pretty young faces in it: why, I cannot quite explain, for it always ends in a *dolce far niente*—a sweet do-nothing; but, nevertheless, somehow or other, the prettier people are the more agreeable their presence is. Good, clever, and amiable young ladies are all very well, but I am a believer in beauty. It is, doubtlessly, wickedly unjust: but when I am before a pair of sparkling black or soft blue eyes, it would not be the best time to ask me if I agree with Balzac when he says, "*Ce n'est que les laiderons qui sont méchants.*" (It is only frights who are wicked.)

The reader may congratulate himself that mine is not a descriptive talent; one Sir Walter Scott, since the flood, is as much as the restricted limits of human life can afford. I will enter at once *in medias res*, and even beyond, for I have been at Paris a fortnight, and am dining with my insincere Frenchman, who, in the most unprincipled way, and with his usual duplicity, has devoted himself entirely to me since my arrival, introducing me to his friends, getting me invited to receptions, and, indeed, sparing himself no trouble or expense to procure me every kind of enjoyment. He leaves me to inquire after his mother, who is indisposed, and promises to meet me at the Bal Masqué at the Italian Opera, if she is no worse.

You can get a good dinner everywhere, from the Café Véfour all round the world back to the Trois Frères, if you have an appetite, and nowhere without one. You can see good pictures and handsome buildings in every city, amusing plays in every theatre, pretty girls in every party; but there is only one place in the wide world where a bal masqué is to be enjoyed to perfection, and that place is the Grande Opéra at Paris. There cheerfulness, gaiety, and frolic reign supreme: there is excitement without intemperance, wit without spleen, freedom without vulgarity.

I am alone, and find amusement enough in threading my way through the dances—a spectator rather than an actor in the scene; contemplative, but certainly not philosophical. I had prided myself rather upon my dancing, but one quadrille was sufficient to convince me that the Terpsichorean branch of my education had been rather neglected, and I prudently declined a contest, the result of which would be likely to be more amusing to others than to myself. The boxes are crowded with handsomely-dressed ladies, who would suffocate rather than remove their masks; and, shocking to relate, many vacant places in the dress circle

and the private boxes demonstrate that the fair occupants are unable to resist the allurements of Musard's band; that

"Rank is but the guinea's stamp,"

that

"Youth is youth for all that."

The bal masqué, so different from anything in England, must always have a peculiar charm to an Englishman, from the exquisite whose experience does not extend beyond a profound knowledge of human collar, to the garrulous patriot who makes his fortune for the good of his country. It is at a bal masqué that the striking features of the French character are the most prominently exhibited, and certainly in no unamiable light: to be so gay and yet so well-behaved, is a lesson that even moral England might follow with advantage.

Although alone, I was not entirely unobserved, for ever and anon I noticed a lady seated in one of the private boxes regard me through her opera-glass with particular attention. I complacently put upon this the most flattering construction, but did not think much of it at the time.

The evening was far advanced; it was late enough for every one to have been long there, but not for any to have left: the crowd was enormous, the confusion of voices, the continued sallies and repartees, the incessant laughter, the increased animation of the scene, made it evident that the ball had arrived at its climax, that the next dance would be the quadrille *par excellence* of the evening. Danseurs and danseuses, in every variety of costume, were rushing frantically about for their partners; couples did everything but quarrel to retain their places. The crush-room was deserted; every seat in the boxes was filled; even the lights appeared to burn more brightly; the colours of the dresses to be more contrasted and more resplendent. It was a sight perfect of its kind; a sight before which Melancholy would forget its *rôle* and even Diogenes drop his lantern; before which Xerxes, instead of weeping at the thought of where such hundreds would be a hundred years hence, would send the reward he had offered to any one who could find him a new pleasure to Musard, and take his place at the quadrille. I was jostled into a position which enabled me to see everything undisturbed.

The dancers are all arranged, the discordant tuning of the instruments in the orchestra has ceased.

"Anticipation forward points the view."

Musard, the observed of all observers, stands erect. Conscious of his importance, he raises the magic wand which in a moment will set this living mass in motion —not a sound is to be heard.

To describe the music of this quadrille, and it is really worth describing, I must allude to a play it represents, which was acted with extraordinary success at one of the theatres.

The object of this play was to excite the people against Russia; it was based upon a circumstance which actually took place when the allies were in Paris in 1815. The old Imperial Guard, conquered but not subdued, had secretly determined to strike a blow which would suggest to the Russians, who were peculiarly detested, the propriety of leaving the country. They had arranged to disguise themselves, as well as their weather-beaten faces and "those honourable scars, which brought them fame," would allow them, as industrious mechanics; and, meeting at a concert in the Champs Elysées, to fall upon the Cossacks sword in hand. A singer comes forward and sings a national song, which is tumultuously encored by the *Vieilles des Vieilles*. "No, no!" shout the Russians; the theatre enters into the spirit of the scene, and add their bravos to those of the Guards. The lady comes triumphantly forward, sings the song again, adding as an impromptu chorus, "*à bas les Etrangers! à bas les Cossaques!*" the words are scarcely out of her mouth than a Cossack rises furious with rage, and shoots her dead. This is enough: the fight becomes general; shots are exchanged; the Guards throw off their disguise; chairs are hurled; the gallery is stormed; a huge Cossack is dragged to the foot-lights by an old Imperial, who has got him in chancery, and amidst general hilarity tears out handfuls of his red mustachios by the root, and pummels him to his heart's content. At length, fairly defeated, the Russians are driven off the stage, followed by the jeers and execrations of every one present.

Imagine music cleverly representing this, and hundreds of French people dancing to the tune. The instruments begin softly; the dancers seem to be reserving their strength; the music increases in volume; the dancers in exact proportion become more active; the lights are gradually turned down; at a distance is heard the portentous booming of the cannon; the storm threatens. It is now so dark that little can be detected, but every variety of costume, an indistinct mass of blue, yellow, white, and red; those dancers near enough to be seen roll their heads in agony of excitement; the people in the boxes, their necks strained, forget each other, intent upon the scene; the music is deafening. Musard, his hair disordered, sends forth thunder at every wave of his bâton; pistols are fired, and scarcely distinguished. The theatre is suddenly illumined; a hymn of triumph bursts from the orchestra, changes to a galop, until the force of nature can no farther go, and the panting danseuse drops into her seat.

Can it be believed that, in the midst of all this hilarity, there throbs a heart bursting with grief? The lady I alluded to seated alone, is as interested in everything that is going forward as any one present, and yet she hears no music; her opera-glass is eagerly and incessantly turned in every direction, invariably resting upon me, and yet she sees no dancing. The quadrille is at an end, and I turn to leave, when I observe her approaching with a voice and manner which disclosed the effort it caused her to address me. "*Vous êtes seul, Monsieur!*"—You are alone, sir—she said.

Scarcely noticing her, I passed on.

"Pardon me, sir," she hurriedly exclaimed: "before I determined to speak to you, I calculated upon the probability of being received coldly, and perhaps with disdain, but believe me you are mistaken. I am different from what you take me to be."

"Really, madam," I replied, "if I have acted rudely,

I am very sorry for it: the fact is, it is five o'clock in the morning, I am tired and want to get home."

"I am aware, sir," she rejoined, "that a bal masqué is the last place that I should be at; my reason for coming here is very different from the rest of the people: but perhaps, if the truth were known, I am not the only one amidst this excitement who is wretched and unhappy. You are English, are you not? I thought so, hence my reason for addressing you." Her voice trembled. "The fact is, sir," she added, hesitatingly, "I know an Englishman, and I could and would at this moment give five hundred pounds to see that man." Do you know a gentleman named Thornton, B—— Hall, Cumberland?"

"Madam, I confess to being an Englishman, but really I cannot say I know every one living in England." She was about to retire; I felt that I had been too abrupt, and hastened to repair my fault. "Excuse me, madam," I added, "if I appear to have behaved with unkindness; I can only say, that I shall be very happy to be of use to you, if it is in my power."

"I know, sir," she continued, "I should not be here, and that you must consider it very unaccountable that I should thus address a perfect stranger; believe me, nothing but the terrible desperation of my position could induce me to do either. But if you will allow me a few moments to explain myself, it may not appear to you so very extraordinary. If you do not feel yourself interested in me, your politeness, I am sure, will prevent you from causing me to regret my boldness. But I cannot but think, that when you know everything you will commiserate me, for I have heard that the English are generous, and if you excite their sympathy they are ready to offer assistance: with very little trouble to yourself, you can be of infinite service to me."

It was evident that she was anxious to explain, and as the spot where we were standing was inconveniently crowded, I offered my arm and conducted her to a corner in the crush-room, which was almost deserted. I said a few kind things to reassure her, and begged she would not hesitate to detain me as long as she thought proper, for I was not particularly desirous to go home, and I already began to feel very much interested.

"Since I have made up my mind to address you," she began, after we were seated, "and as you appear kindly disposed, I will tell you everything unreservedly: the circumstances, although they appear almost incredible, I am fortunately in a position to substantiate in every particular. I am from the South of France; my family, although not noble, are in good position, and rank amongst the first people of the place. About three years ago an English gentleman, Mr. Edward Thornton, B—— Hall, Cumberland—it is, I think, in the North of England, somewhere near Scotland—had occasion to visit our neighbourhood; being well recommended, for he was highly connected, and his address being prepossessing, for he had travelled much and was exceedingly well-informed, he was well received in the best circles, by my family amongst the rest. His visits were frequent. Handsome and accomplished in an eminent degree, he knew well how to render himself agreeable, and soon became a favourite. I was nineteen at that time, and he twenty-three. I have determined to tell you all. I found soon that his society was necessary to my happiness. I will do him the justice to say, that he showed me no particular attention; he seemed even to treat me with greater reserve than the rest of my family. I dreaded that every day would be the last that he would stop in the neighbourhood, and when I remembered that we were of a different religion, of a different country, and almost in a different position, for he was very wealthy, his godfather having left him 8000*l.* a-year, I could not but be aware that my foolish affection must end unhappily. Had I reason to hope that he loved me, it must have done so; but I had every reason to believe the contrary. Without hope of any kind, unable to make a confidante even of my sister, for I was ashamed to confess an affection which was not reciprocated, I felt my health was giving way: my parents noticed the change, but could not divine the cause. You will blame me, perhaps, sir; I know I am not blameless; my only excuse is, that I was of an age when women can the least control their affections. Sir, you are from a country where the affections are tempered by discretion, and the feelings of the heart are under control; the reserve of the English character is more capable of inspiring an affection than feeling it — at least, to any extent: with us, it is quite the reverse. The indifference of Mr. Thornton, instead of acting as a chill upon me, had a contrary effect; my imagination, inflamed by the little encouragement he gave me, pictured him to me in even a more amiable light. I loved him — I felt he was necessary to my happiness, and that when he left I never could be happy again. Can you wonder at my health giving way? You will not, if you can appreciate the position of a woman under such circumstances. Her love is the source of all her happiness or misery in life, as I have learnt by bitter experience. Thus, when I found I loved him I did not attempt to check it; when I felt I was wasting away it gave me little regret.

"One evening I was strolling out alone, as it had become a habit with me. I had chosen a walk which in happier times was a favourite, but which now was particularly so: the vines clustered round a lake without a ripple, which reflected like a mirror the banks and the islands. The evening was balmy and soft, a gentle tranquillity pervaded everything, and the chirping of the birds as they roosted blended with the scene and sounded like their prayer. It was a time and a place which would have gladdened a heart less disposed to melancholy than mine, but I only brooded over my own misery, and I turned away dejected from that which contrasted painfully with my own bitter reflections. I had not proceeded many steps when I met Mr. Thornton. By a strange contradiction, although I am sure, if I could not without, I would at any time have given my life to have been with him an hour, I now would avoid him as an asp: for although I loved him so I was miserable, if not irritated, at his almost studied reserve. Whether he was struck by my manner, I know not; but he walked by my side for a few moments in silence. At that time I felt that I could not and would not attempt the ordinary conversation of an acquaintance, and that it would be hazardous to feign

indifference, for indifference ill-feigned is the most eloquent confession, and I had a horror that he should suspect that I felt any affection when I was sure he did not reciprocate it. We were clearly equally embarrassed. I would have given anything to have been alone. We had been together for half an hour, without having uttered a dozen words; at last, in a kind voice and gentle manner, addressing me by my Christian name, which he had never done before, he said, 'Adèle, I leave for Italy to-morrow, and I have come to say good-bye.' Had he told me this when I was at home, surrounded by my family, he might not have detected the pang it gave me; but at that particular moment my emotions were such that I could not control them, and I burst into tears."

The lady hesitated; she had not once removed her mask: completely disguised, it was impossible for me to know what she was like. I could see she was elegantly dressed, her fan was handsome, and her gloves were unexceptionable; her figure was slender and graceful, her voice sweet, and her language, though expressed with an accent slightly provincial, was most elegant French: indeed, throughout she had spoken with a warmth almost amounting to eloquence.

"I hope, sir," she continued, "I do not fatigue you; it is very good of you to listen so attentively. I could, perhaps, be more brief, but you are the first that I have spoken to unreservedly on the subject; and in addition to the anxiety I feel that you should think favourably of me—for you will find that you can be of great service to me, with very little trouble to yourself—I find a kind of relief to dwell upon a time which I then thought unhappy, but which I now, alas! regard as the happiest that I have ever and may ever enjoy, for I have been disgracefully—cruelly treated! When Mr. Thornton found the effect his words had produced, without allowing me time to be vexed with myself, with a warmth and earnestness so different from his former behaviour, he told me that he admired me when he first saw me; that he had done everything in his power to conceal his attachment; that now he loved me with all his heart. Behold me, then, with a proud position before me—the *fiancée* of a man whom I adored, whose love I prized higher than my life; behold me now! My parents insisted that Mr. Thornton should write to his father to inform him of the step that he had taken. He objected for two reasons: in the first place, he was impatient that the marriage should take place directly; 'and besides,' he said, 'I am independent, and a major, so what good can it do? My family may object, and it may produce unpleasantness to act in opposition to their wishes: it is better that I should marry Adèle first, and ask them afterwards.' But my parents were inexorable, and I added my entreaties. We waited six weeks, making preparations and expecting an answer, but none arrived. 'You see,' said Edward, exultingly, 'they know they cannot help it, and trust to my discretion.' The day was fixed, sir, the breakfast prepared, the bridal dresses made, the settlement was arranged—he, in the handsomest manner, settling the whole of my own property upon me, and a considerable sum in addition—the carriages were almost at the door, for in eight hours I was to be his wife, when a post-chaise drove up to our door and an elderly gentleman entered, who, without noticing us, loaded Mr. Thornton with reproaches. It was his father—an obdurate man at all times, he was furious now. It was a terrible scene between father and son. I never saw any one so agitated; I thought he would have died upon the spot. His indignation at last gave way to entreaties: in an agony he endeavoured to recall his son to what he called his duty; he told him that his mother was breaking her heart; 'And as for me,' he said, clenching his hands, 'I have lived too long already!' His face became absolutely livid; I trembled to see the old man. At last he broke forth, with a steady but hollow voice, which seemed to come from his heart,—'I feel I shall not leave this spot alive. Wretch! although I have failed to awaken you to a sense of duty, I have planted a remorse which will follow you to the grave. When you enjoy this bauble of the moment, remember that you have gained her by trampling upon the broken heart of a mother, and that the last words of a father, whose only fault was to love you too well, were to ——' 'Oh, father! curse me not! I obey—I obey! Drag me away from that which is dearer to me than life, but curse me not! Adèle!' he exclaimed, throwing himself into my arms, transfixed with horror. No one interfered. He left me, sir—he left me; and from that hour to this—now nearly two years—I have never seen him, nor received a letter from him."

"Good gracious, madam! why, this is incredible, monstrous ——"

"I have never seen him," she rejoined; "and, excepting once or twice indirectly, I have not heard from him. I hardly know if he is dead or alive."

"It is evident to me," I continued, "that this Mr. Thornton is either a fool or a scoundrel: a fool to allow himself to be coerced to act dishonourably, even by his father; or a scoundrel for breaking his promises. I should recommend you to think no more of him, for it is clear he is not deserving of your regard. I do not say this because I am unwilling to put myself to some trouble to serve you, for I am so much interested in what you have told me that it would be a pleasure to do anything for you, but simply because I think it is the best thing you can do: the keenest disappointments are obliterated, or at least blunted, by time. Return to your family, and despise the scoundrel."

"Ah, sir," she replied, "I have tried this, and my failing health has convinced me that it is impossible. We can get accustomed to happiness, and a pleasure, however entrancing, palls by constant possession, but misery like mine is ever poignant, ever new; it were better to travel everywhere than to sit at home inactive, with the idea that I am being gradually forgotten, that my chance of happiness is dwindling away: besides, I have a reason more imperative, which, when I know you better, I must tell you. I will tell you all," she exclaimed. She removed her mask, turned her face away, and burst into a passionate flood of tears:—"*J'ai un enfant*," she sobbed forth; "so I must seek him."

"Good Heavens!" I exclaimed, indignantly; "that alters the case, madam. You may depend upon me. I leave for England in three days; in a week from that time you shall hear from me. I cannot, of course,

mention the exact day, but I promise you shall have an interview with Mr. Edward Thornton."

"You do not respect me less, then," she said, anxiously, "for the terrible disclosure I felt myself compelled to make?"

"Not at all," I replied; "in yours, as in almost every case, the man is alone to blame. It is now very late; will you allow me to see you home? I shall know then where you live, which will be better than trusting to an address, which may be mistaken or mislaid; and I have friends in Paris who could communicate with you in case of need."

"Heaven will bless you," she exclaimed, "for your goodness of heart! I cannot find words to express my gratitude. Before I left home I had a presentiment that I dared not encourage. I prayed that I might be more fortunate to-night than I have been before, and I feel that my prayers have been heard. How happy I am that I had confidence in the English character! An interview with him is all that I require, for, in spite of appearances, I know his honourable nature. I am certain some great influence is exerted to prevent him from seeing me, and that his letters are arrested. I know well the power I have over him; I have only to tell him that my heart is breaking, to let him see my altered appearance, and then I shall be happy again, or the veil will be torn from my eyes and I shall despise him as I ought. I should have gone to England long ago, but having no friends there, my total ignorance of the English language has prevented me; for what could I do in a strange country with my little experience of the world, without a friend to advise me, and without being able to speak a word of English? You now perhaps understand how, in the absence of any more likely plan, I frequent at the present season every place of public resort; you can understand how, disappointed at my want of success in seeing Mr. Thornton, I should make a confidant of a stranger of quiet deportment and gentlemanly appearance, who was evidently English?"

"Madam, as it happens, you have acted wisely, for you have so much interested me that you need be under no concern, but visit England when you think proper. This is my card, and you may rely upon my being ready to assist you to the extent of my power."

She took my arm; I called a cab, and in a few minutes left her at her house.

Shocked at the lateness of the hour, for it was broad daylight, I endeavoured to persuade myself that I was merely taking a walk before breakfast.

In the middle of the day I was in a sound sleep, sweetly dreaming that I was in complete armour of burnished brass, saving an innumerable number of beautiful ladies "from outrage worse than death," who were squeezing my hand with gratitude, and weeping on my shoulder, when my French friend awoke me to explain how it was he did not go to the Bal Masqué.

"Enjoy myself!" I exclaimed, in answer to the usual question; "I had no time for enjoyment; I had the most astonishing—most romantic adventure."

"Of course!" was his curt reply. "You English never go out without having a romantic adventure: you ought not to be trusted alone."

"No, but really," I added, rather nettled, "I am quite serious. I met a lady—a *bonâ fide* lady—who told me the most afflicting story I ever heard, and, I think, ever read. If you will be silent, and not interrupt, whilst I am dressing I will relate it to you; and do try to be serious if you can. If you listen quietly, and have a heart in your bosom, which, as you are a Frenchman, I very much doubt, I am sure you will be as much affected by it as I am." I then told him every circumstance, and he appeared at the end very interested and astonished. "This Mr. Thornton," I continued, "is a scoundrel! For the first time I blush that I am an Englishman; but I will not rest until I have procured her an interview."

"I should like to see the lady," continued my friend. "Will you take me with you to-day? Your recital has also interested me very much, and I am disposed to serve her myself, if it is in my power."

"Very well, we will go now."

We started together. The lady was in deshabille when we arrived.

"Oh, I am so glad you have come!" she exclaimed; "for after you left I remembered I had not sufficiently impressed upon you the importance of proceeding cautiously in the matter: for, remember, I have not yet given up hopes that Mr. Thornton still loves me. I am aware that everything is done by his family to divert him from me, but my hope is that they have not as yet succeeded. If, then, he imagines I have made a confidant of any one, particularly a stranger, it may create in him a real aversion for me; at present I have done nothing which could cause him to love or respect me less."

She brought out letters and other relics until, finding by her tears that referring to the things agitated her very much, we begged of her to put them away.

"Madam," said my friend, "your story is very affecting."

"Ah, sir," she replied, "there are many novels less so. Truth is sometimes stranger and sadder than fiction. I feel I shall not suffer long, for my health is giving way."

"Can you not forget this Mr. Thornton, and cure this affection you have for him by some other affection,—perhaps another Englishman,—my friend, for example? He is young and agreeable, and I am convinced, from the way he has spoken of you, that it requires no considerable effort for him to prevent his pity for you from ripening to affection. You are handsome," he added, and passed his hand over her shoulder—a liberty which shocked me very much—"and of an affectionate disposition; he in the prime of life, of ardent temperament, and well off: let me unite you," he said, taking us each by the hand; "you will be like two turtle-doves in a fortnight; and you, madam, will be avenged, for Mr. Thornton will be the most to be pitied."

"Ah, sir," said the lady, "I have been to a celebrated physician, and he told me, he said,—'Madam, I can do you no good; it would be robbing you to take your money. Your only chance of recovery will be some other attachment.'"

"Precisely," said my friend, "and a very sensible man; this is the homœopathic system: having con-

sulted the doctor, it would be absurd not to take the prescription."

"I would do so," said she, regarding me, who sat quietly wondering what was coming next; "but I feel it is impossible — I should only deceive him; he is good, and I respect him very much; he is rather like Mr. Thornton, too: but I could not love — no," she added faintly, "I could not love him." This was expressed with a candour more creditable to her than flattering to me. "Ah!" she added, "those who have loved more than once have never loved."

"And what did Mr. Thornton resemble that he should make so deep and eternal an impression? Was he so very handsome?"

"He was handsome, — but that had nothing to do with it. I loved him because I was fated to love him."

"Was he short or tall?" persevered the Frenchman; "fair or dark? witty or severe? In a word," said my friend, rising, with a hearty laugh, "did he resemble *Monsieur Léon Duval?*"

These mystic words were scarcely out of his mouth than this most interesting, true-hearted, and much-injured lady went into screaming hysterics. The mask was forcibly torn away.

"Most cruelly-treated but best of women," continued my friend, "trouble yourself no further; your acting is excellent, indeed. Had I not known you I should have been deceived myself, but it is now thrown away. Adieu! Your exertions deserved better success. And you, my poor, benevolent, and honourable friend, come with me. I must not let you out alone again."

"What could have been her motive?" said I, feeling remarkably small.

"It is a clever scheme," my friend replied, "and amuses me much. Why, you see, notwithstanding your glowing description of this *interesting* lady, I think her very ugly, and not too young, although she said she was nineteen three years ago. Finding that she cannot reach the heart, and through the heart the pockets, by her charms, she endeavours to do so by her misfortunes, — in the absence of love she excites pity, knowing that pity is next akin to love. You were in a fair way to be plucked. Ah! you may sneer now, but depend upon it, if I had not known her you would have been a few guineas poorer before another twenty-four hours had passed over your head."

My friend kindly promised he would not relate my affecting and romantic adventure until I left, which I was very glad soon to do, my belief in the sincerity of the French certainly not strengthened.

SUPPLEMENT.

I was smoking a cigar at home one evening not long ago, and a gentleman, attended by a companion, whom my practised eye detected to be an attorney, knocked at my door.

"Mr. Wiggins?" said the gentleman, who was evidently a man of some distinction.

I bowed.

"Mr. Wiggins," continued the gentleman, "I have called to see you upon very serious, very unpleasant business."

"Indeed!" I replied, wondering what he could mean. "Will you take a chair? I do not know if you smoke, — if so, you will find these very good cigars."

"Sir!" he said, very abruptly, "it is not my intention to take a seat, — neither would I accept anything from you." The small-eyed attorney tossed his head and shrugged his shoulders. "My indignation is such that I cannot control it," he added; "the very air seems tainted by your presence. Sir, I despise you! — do you hear that, sir? — I despise you!" And he snapped his fingers in my face.

I had evidently made a mistake; the attorney was a keeper, and this some maniac broken loose. But the keeper must be equally mad, I remarked, for he does not seem astonished. I will sell my life dearly, I thought, so I took up the poker.

"Whether you are mad or not," I said, looking at him steadily, "I shall want this unless you go out of my room in one minute by that clock."

"Do not trouble yourself," rejoined my unknown visitor; "this gentleman is my lawyer. Your infamous conduct has been made known to me, and I am resolved — mark that, sir! — resolved that you shall do justice to that injured woman."

"What injured woman?"

"Mark his duplicity!" said he, turning to the small-eyed attorney, who watched the progress of events with evident satisfaction.

"I think there must be some mistake," said I, putting down the poker, very much amused.

"Your pretended ignorance will avail you nothing, sir," added my unknown visitor. "Know, then, I have called at the instance of Madame Adèle Dupassier, whom you have so wickedly injured, and now shamefully neglect; whom you have precipitated from an honourable position to one of shame. But she is not altogether friendless. I intend interesting myself in her behalf, and will compel you to compensate her as far as you are able for the ruin you have caused."

"Oh! is that all!" said I, laughing immoderately. "Now be good enough to sit down there, put a cigar in your mouth, and read this manuscript which I have written for the amusement of my friends who are likely to visit Paris." When he had finished, — "There," I said, "I have at least to thank my French friend for saving me from looking so ridiculous as you do at present."

"Good gracious!" he muttered, "if I have lent that woman a pound, I have lent her seventy, — and what is worse, I expect her over here in a week!"

"Oh! you need not fear that," I replied; "not as long as there are sentimental Englishmen at Paris to be duped by her tale, and to lend her money. I wonder," I continued, rather alarmed, "if I shall have any more visits? My only hope is, that since you were in Paris last she will make you the next villain. Did you give her your address?"

"Yes, and more than that, — I have compromised myself in other ways. I am sorry, sir, to have intruded, and hope you will excuse my rudeness."

He bowed, and retired.

MORAL.

When gentlemen wish to be benevolent and philanthropic, let them choose some more likely object to deserve it than deserted females at the Bal Masqué at the Grande Opéra at Paris; and, above everything, be provided with an *alias*, and be sure not to give their real names and addresses.

Gentle reader, you have been what is technically but expressively termed "sold;" and so was I. I can only hope that the time bestowed upon the perusal of this romantic and affecting adventure may not be entirely lost, but that some little addition has been made to your store of experience; and when a lady addresses you at a bal masqué, bathed in tears, you will give her the reception of the Sacristan in *Ingoldsby*:

"The Sacristan he says no word,
He intimates no doubt,
But puts his thumb up to his nose,
And spreads his fingers out."

RESURGAM.

Resurgam! what a sound to hear
From out the wastes of death:
The human spirit, sad and sere,
Warms in its summer breath.

Resurgam! yes, the eye of blue,
The lip of coral red,
The love so passionate and true,
Are not amongst the dead.

Resurgam write, where'er 'midst tears
We dig a human grave,
For there the circles of the years
Bring sovereign power to save.

Resurgam! aye, the hero's name,
The martyr's faith and creed,
All Immortality may claim,—
They spring from glorious seed.

Man's temples fade—man grows forlorn,
Life ever leads to death;
But soon to cheer there comes a morn,
Warm with diviner breath.

DENTATUS.

The name of Dentatus is familiar to the English reader. The Roman consul, Curius, who defeated King Pyrrhus near Tarentum, was called Dentatus because, according to Pliny, he was born with teeth. He gained several victories over the Samnites and Sabines and others, and was remarkable for his great frugality. When the ambassadors of the Samnites went with a quantity of gold to bribe him, they found him cooking some vegetables on his fire, and were dismissed with the reply, that he preferred ruling the rich to being rich, and that he who could not be conquered in battle was not to be corrupted by gold. Then there is another Dentatus, a Roman tribune who distinguished himself in battle chiefly against the Æqui and the Sabines. According to Valerius Maximus he had been in 120 engagements, had forty-five wounds in the breast, and had received an accumulation of honours almost incredible. Through the jealousy and treachery of Appius Claudius he was murdered by the soldiers whom he was appointed to command. He no sooner perceived their designs, than he stood with his back to a rock and killed fifteen of his assailants, and wounded thirty more. At length they ascended the rock and overwhelmed him with stones from above. On their return to the camp they gave out that he had engaged with the enemy and fallen in battle. It was this story that attracted the attention of Haydon, as a fitting subject for historical painting. The picture here engraved was but the second of poor Haydon's exhibited works. Haydon was in his twenty-first year when he sent, in 1807, his first work to the Royal Academy Exhibition. The title alone will show the daring of the lad —"Joseph and Mary resting with our Saviour after a day's journey on the road to Egypt." *Anastasius* Hope became the purchaser; and thus urged on by the reputation acquired by his first work, he stripped for a greater effort, and lay by for a year to vindicate the predilection of his friends. Nor was his next work, his "Dentatus," an unworthy effort at such a time. The story was well told—the drawing, in parts, good—and Lord Mulgrave (a patron of the arts) had bought it while it was as yet raw upon the painter's easel. He had every reason to look for a good position from the Committee of 1809—to whose judgment he had entrusted it for exhibition; and, through the interposition of Fuseli, he would appear to have obtained it for a time. "By *vote*," he writes, "the picture was hung in the great room, in Mr. Fuseli's presence. The Committee promised Mr. Fuseli it should remain there. He went out of town; and in the interval they *re-voted*, took the picture down, and placed it where there was then no window. By this conduct my prospects were blighted for the time; and it was not till I sent the same picture, the year after, to the British Institution, where it was hung at the head of the room and got the great prize, that I regained the confidence of Lord Mulgrave." This has the air of ill-treatment; but hear what follows: "I then put my name down for an Associate, and was refused; and coming in contact with the Academicians, I perceived a fear of historical painting." This may, perhaps, excite a smile. But Haydon had reason to complain, though his complaints went (as all who knew him can readily comprehend) to an unreasonable length. He indulged in no measured terms; and wherever his voice could reach, or his printed invectives extend, his sufferings were before men. The portrait-painters were said to be in league against the majesty of high art; and Phillips, and Shee, and others (he accuses them by name), to be afraid of giving his "Dentatus" a good position, lest historical painting, in the person of Mr. Haydon, should usurp the position which individual vanity has always given, and will continue to give, to the Lelys and Knellers of the day.

From this time forth Mr. Haydon put his back to the wall, like his own "Dentatus;" and fought against the forty Academicians with partial success, and against adversity—the enemy which overthrew him, poor fellow! at the last. His ardent character and skill in his art obtained for him many friends.

A more attractive man we never knew. The writer of this notice travelled with Haydon as far as Ipswich in a steamboat, while he was on his way to paint the venerable Clarkson, for the picture of the Anti-Slavery Convention. It was a fine summer day; the trip was most agreeable; and Haydon was in excellent spirits. He was full of anecdote, and joke, and repartee; the last man we should have thought to have committed suicide. We see him now: his fresh face radiant with enthusiasm, and his semi-military figure seemingly instinct with vital energy. We little dreamt of the "pressure of obscure distress" which was so soon to wither up his heart, to turn his hair grey, and in an evil hour to destroy his life.

THE REV. G. CROLY, D.D.

A PULPIT SKETCH.

Prosy Bishop Hind, whose name seems destined to be handed down in connection with that of Addison to the latest posterity (though if there were manifestations of departed spirits by means of rapping I am sure the ghost of the latter would have vehemently intimated his decided objection to anything of the kind), tells us that Addison at one time thought of going into holy orders, being strongly recommended to do so by his father; but it seems such was Addison's seriousness and modesty that he persisted in declining any such step. Hind, with an easy optimism worthy of a bishop well-to-do in the world, says, "it is happy that this very circumstance has since turned so much to the advantage of virtue and religion in the cause of which he has bestowed his labours, the more successfully as they were his voluntary, not his necessary employment. The world became insensibly reconciled to wisdom and goodness when they saw them recommended by him with at least as much spirit and elegance as they had been ridiculed for half a century." Nevertheless, a minister of religion who can boast of learning and genius has advantages over other men. He is a tower of strength to his denomination—he does much to elevate the pulpit in the eyes of the world. The class of religionists to which he belongs owe him much, and should do much for him. The Episcopalian Church has always had many such, and if they have not been remarkably successful men—if they have not occupied the upper place in the assemblies of the church—if, owing to the political influence which gives the church prizes to political partizans rather than the ablest men, they have not ranked with bishops and archbishops, still they have not been without their reward. Their lot has been cast in pleasant places, they have generally succeeded in securing some easy preferment, or in achieving that ecclesiastical consummation so devoutly to be wished, the possession of some dignity the stipend of which was heavy, and the burden of which was light. It may be a question whether the Church has possessed an equal amount of talent with that which has been absorbed in other professions. It may be a question whether, considering its immense advantages and its large pecuniary resources, the Established Church has drawn to itself an equal degree of intellectual power as is visible in the pulpits of the Church that is not established, but that it has had and still has its men of learning, and intellect, and genius, is no question at all, that I take it an admitted fact. The name of George Croly is a case in point.

"St. Stephen's, Walbrook," says Mr. Godwin, in his work entitled the *Churches of London*, "is certainly more worthy of admiration in respect to its general arrangements which it displays than of the details, for they are in many respects faulty. The body of the church, which is nearly a parallelogram, is divided into five unequal aisles (the centre being the largest and those next the walls on either side the smallest) by four rows of Corinthian columns. Within one intercolumniation from the east end, two columns from each of the two centre rows are omitted, and the area thus formed is covered by an enriched cupola supported on eight arches, which rise from the entablature of the columns. By the distribution of the columns and their entablature a cruciform arrangement is given to this part of the church, and an effect of great elegance is produced, although marred in some degree by the want of connection which exists between the square area formed by the columns and their entablature and the cupola which covers it." Architecturally, Mr. Godwin may be right; this I know, that St. Stephen's, Walbrook, in spite of an altar-piece by West, is one of the most beautiful of all Wren's churches, and is a perfect gem. The interior is all that is elegant and grand. Wren must have conceived the idea in a happy moment; you feel as if in a cathedral, not in a church. A city church, especially, one associates with all that is old, and dark, and dull—one looks upon it as a place for robbery and murder, and gnashing of teeth and despair; the last spot you would seek wherein to sing songs of praise or to offer up prayers to the God of Love.

But if the church of St. Stephen's, Walbrook, be noteworthy, still more may be said in favour of its Rector, the Rev. Dr. Croly—a man with a world-wide reputation. The Church, at the present time, is a hard-working Church. The divine has to exert every faculty to keep himself up with his congregation. There are City Missions, Ragged Schools, Sunday Schools, Clothing Clubs, Benefit Associations, Day Schools, poor people to be visited, rich people to be visited; then he must read the *Times* and get the new books from Mudie's; and occasionally write a little himself, or give a lecture to the young men or the young women of his congregation. The great need of the clergyman is activity and ability to see round a corner, and to be in a dozen places at once. A country clergyman like Mr. Kingsley can manage to get through his work and write novels beautiful and touching, and ennobling as well, but the number of such is rare. Till within the last few years many were the poets and literary writers in the London Church. At St. Bride's and St. Pancras you might have heard the Rev. T. Dale, now a canon of St. Paul's, and then extremely popular, and very much connected with literary pursuits; then there was Dr. Milman, in the parish-church of St. Margaret's, Westminster, whose *Belshazzar* and *Fall of Jerusalem* retain in many circles some of their original popularity. Then there was Buckland, the great geologist, and Hartwell Horne, the industrious Biblical critic. All the world was familiar with the names of these men; but the times require in London parishes men of a more active outer life—men more ready to put their hands to little things—men with less learning, less genius, but a fuller recognition of their pulpit and pastoral work, and a more entire consecration of their powers to that and that alone. Of the illustrious constellation to whom we have referred, Dr. Croly is the only one who still preaches in a City church. He remains the last of a brilliant school. There are no such men rising up in the Church now. His contemporaries, his rivals, are most of them gone, and he stands alone, a memorial of a great but now forgotten past. I speak of Dr. Croly as a whole. There may be better preachers; but there is no preacher equal to him in genius, and learning, and oratorical power. There is no man of the Episcopalian Church in the metropolis, who could

write such novels as *Salathiel*, such poems as *Paris in 1815*, such leaders and articles as Dr. Croly has contributed, at one time or other, to the Conservative Magazines and Reviews, and at the same time publish sermons with so high-wrought an eloquence, and so rich an imagery. I do not speak of the Doctor as a politician or as a theologian. In those capacities, in my humble opinion, there are grievous defects attaching to him. He is a Conservative of the worst school. He has no faith in society — in progress. The old landmarks gone, he knows not where to look. But I speak of him as a man of talent and genius, and literary performance, and again repeat, in London there is no one who can take his place. In his best days, ere time had dimmed his eye, and ploughed furrows on his brow, and turned grey his hair, no man in London could have come near him.

As a man, the Rector of St. Stephen's has a commanding mien. He is no puny sapling, no weeping willow, but a lordly oak — that noblest work of God, an honest well-made man. Surmounting a broad massive chest you see a massive head. His head is grandly formed, and its fine dome-like proportions are distinct enough, it being but thinly covered with short grey hair. The eyes are large and grey, the mouth large, as befits the orator, and the chin severe and bold, and confident and ample. Croly preaches almost entirely without notes, — if he has recourse to them at all it is only but for a moment. It seems scarcely necessary that he should do even that. Unlike most pulpit orators who begin in a low tone of voice, Dr. Croly's first words are uttered in loud sonorous tones, which are heard with the greatest ease in every part. It has been said that he preaches over the heads of his audience; if this be so, he must have a most extraordinary congregation. His sermons are certainly by no means open to such a charge. Those he has published are clear, and simple, and nervous. I believe there is more trash written and uttered about simplicity in the pulpit than about anything else. It is an insult to the pews when the preacher talks about preaching down to them. The people in them are generally a good deal more acute and intelligent than the preacher gives them credit for being. A man who has something to say, let him say it in the best way he can. If he be in earnest he will be intelligible enough; but if he aim at simplicity alone, the chances are that he will simply succeed in being uninteresting and dull. When the Anti-Corn-Law men began talking to the working classes they found no difficulty in the want of apprehension on the part of the latter, and surely the matter of most sermons is not one whit more difficult of apprehension than were then the now admitted doctrines of Free Trade. We don't want preaching down but preaching up. The real truth is, the age is before the pulpit—not the pulpit before the age. The world sharpens men's intellects quite as much as the cloister or the closet, and hence it worships intellect at the bar or in the newspaper, sits waiting for it the livelong night in the senate, and sweeps by the pulpit as if it were the toy of a childish age, not the appointed means for the salvation of the world. It is to the credit of Dr. Croly that he thinks otherwise — that he deems the mission of the minister the noblest mission of the age, and that to illustrate that mission and to enforce its claims, and to effect its lofty end, he deems no labour too great, no learning too copious, no splendour of diction too lofty, no grandeur of thought too rare. He is a magnificent word-painter; read *Salathiel*, and you see how gorgeous is his eloquence and how picturesque his style. The buried world becomes once more redolent of life. The Temple wears its pristine grandeur. The Jew walks the earth in all the pride of "a peculiar people, a chosen generation," and every Hebrew matron has a glory on her brow and a lustre in her eye, as if it was her destiny to be the mother of the "Messiah which was to come."

In the pulpit, of course, the Doctor is not what he was, but age deals kindly with him, and he gives signs of unmistakable power. The congregation is a very fair one. If he lived where the church-going people lived, if he had a pulpit at Camberwell or Clapham, he would have an immense congregation, but the locality is against him, and always will be against him. On the Sunday, London is a deserted city. Even those who sleep within its precincts go out into the country for a mouthful of fresh air on that day. On that day the London Churchmen are all out of town. An angel from heaven would scarcely contrive to get a congregation then. This, I take it, is the true reason why Dr. Croly has not a larger congregation. It is not that he is too difficult of apprehension, or that he is too violent a partizan, for the possession of either of these qualities tends to make a man more or less acceptable in the pulpit; but it is the fact that St. Stephen's, Walbrook, is situated at the back of the Mansion House, in the very heart of the city; that very city which, on the Sunday, at certain times, is almost as much a desert as the Sahara itself. Indeed, with a few exceptions, I think the congregation consists chiefly of strangers, who have read the Doctor's books, and wish to see the man. "A prophet has no honour in his own country." You will hear more of Dr. Croly in Scotland and America than in the city where he has lived, and thought, and preached for years. In the case of Dr. Croly another well-known truth is illustrated. He is indebted for his living, not to the party whose battle he has fought with a vivacity worthy of his Irish origin, and with a freshness and variety of resources indicative of rare genius, but to no less a personage than Lord Brougham, with whom, politically speaking, he has been at war the whole extent of his long and busy life. The rich patronage of the Church has not been extended to him. Sidney Smith complained of the leanness of his lot, though he was on the side for years and years excluded from power; yet he died Canon of St. Paul's, and was rich enough to lose a handsome fortune in repudiated Pennsylvanian bonds. If Dr. Croly has attained to equal wealth, it is not to the Church that he is indebted for it. Yet amongst his predecessors he has at least an example of successful time-serving. Pendleton, the celebrated Vicar of Bray, was rector of St. Stephen's, Walbrook. It is related that, in the reign of Edward VI., Lawrence Sandars, the martyr, an honest but mild and timorous man, stated to Pendleton his fears that he had not strength of mind to endure the persecution of the times, and was answered by Pendleton that "he would see every drop of his fat and the last morsel of his flesh

consumed to ashes ere he would swerve from the faith then established!" He, however, changed with the times, saved his fat and his flesh, while poor Sandars courageously died a martyr's death.

But let us return to Dr. Croly. Of his literary efforts, commencing with *The Times*, in 1818, and ending with *The Modern Orlando*, in 1854, it is impossible to speak: all we would here say is that they are very numerous, that they have all more or less merit, and that they embrace every species of composition, whether grave or gay, lively or severe. Dr. Croly's talent has only been equalled by his industry. As a poet he came late into the field; it was a time of rich blossom then. Had he written a few years earlier he would have met with a different fate. When the Doctor took to writing poetry the world was waiting for the new school of which Tennyson was to be the head, and hence, while he was popular with the fathers, and Blackwood found it answered his purpose to republish his collected poems, the young men — that is, the readers of to-day — were learning to relish a poetry less gorgeous, less external, less objective, less sensuous, but richer in the hidden life of the soul. As a prose-writer the first place must be given to *Salathiel*, that terrible fiction founded on the terrible tale of the *Wandering Jew*, which all ages and all countries love to reproduce. *Marston*, another of the Doctor's fictions, first published in *Blackwood*, has enjoyed an extensive popularity. His sermons have chiefly had a political bearing, and in their title show how it is that the Doctor, with his great powers, has had comparatively so little influence on the age. For instanee, one of them is headed thus,— *The Claim of the Jews incompatible with the National Profession of Christianity*. Now the public has come to a different conclusion, and the sermon has lost all interest. Thus is it with the champions of a slowly-dying cause. The age is stronger than they, and in its onward march leaves them far behind. The Doctor is of a past generation. He reminds us of

> "The touch of a vanished hand,
> And the sound of a voice that 's still."

Brave old soldier, farewell!

> "The old order changeth, yielding place to new,
> And God fulfils himself in many ways,
> Lest one good custom should corrupt the world."

AN ODD FISH.

In that interesting work of Mr. Craik's on the *Pursuit of Knowledge under Difficulties*, there are some few sins of omission, the want of which occasionally we may seek to supply. No reference is made to the subject of this sketch, yet we trust to convince the reader that the odd fish of whom we write was worthy of no mean place in the illustrious list.

In the old cathedral city of Norwich, in those days of glorious extravagance and parliamentary corruption when George the Third was king, threading his way along the intricate streets with which it abounds, might be often seen a figure whose oddity of appearance would at ouce attract the eye. Possibly a few roguish schoolboys, with that want of true insight into character common to that age, might be seen following in his wake; from them the stranger might learn that the individual before him was known as "old Horn-button Jack." With a countenance much resembling the portraits of Erasmus, with grey hair hanging about his shoulders, with his hat drawn over his eyes and his hands behind him, as if in deep meditation, he would excite the curiosity of the observer. When we add that the individual referred to was short and bandylegged, that he wore a green coat and a hat with a very broad brim, that his shoes were very large and his worsted stockings very scanty, we have said enough to show that the curiosity of the observer was by no means unnatural or out of place.

John Fransham, for such was our hero's name, was born in Norwich in 1730. At an early age he exhibited marks of genius, and appears to have been destined for the Church. Fortunately, or unfortunately, there were difficulties in the way, and he became apprentice to a cooper. Three weeks of drudgery appear to have sickened him of it, and he was consequently compelled to resort to something else for a livelihood. Amongst other things he wrote sermons and sold them to clergymen; but this business proved very unremunerative. At this time our hero found himself in somewhat of a dilemma, his father having urged him to betake himself to some regular employment, stating that he could not afford to find him clothing, and gently hinting that the shoemaker's bill was more than the parental exchequer could afford. Hazlitt tells us, and indeed the experience of most of us has taught us, that the want of money occasionally makes a man look very ridiculous. It was precisely in such a position that Fransham found himself. Could he, whose soul had been attuned to celestial philosophy, descend from his mount of inspiration, and spend his life and waste his powers in the dull routine of some mechanical trade? Most certainly not; at the same time it was evident, to himself at least, that, by some means or other, he must manage to exist. There were two courses before him — he could either renounce literature or he could reduce his personal expenditure. He adopted the latter alternative, and curtailment became the order of the day. Fransham accordingly appears to have hit on the discovery that boots and shoes were not necessary to his existence, much less to his literary progress. After serious reflection, therefore, he resolved to discard from his dress both shoes and stockings for ever. This resolution, to which he adhered for three years, was productive of the inconvenience that it led his father to question his sanity, and in those times it was seldom he who once entered a lunatic asylum ever left it alive. Happily for Fransham, his insanity was considered of a harmless order. "You must keep him low, and by no means contradict him," was the sound advice of the medical man whom his father consulted on the subject. Some time after this Fransham's parents persnaded him to accept a place in an attorney's office. There, however, he found but little opportunity of gratifying his thirst for knowledge, and soon relinquished a situation the laborious confinement of which was only equalled by its monotonous drudgery. After this he put himself under the instruction of a weaver named Wright, with whom he remained two years. His instructor was a man after his own heart. More than one Norwich weaver-boy has done the state good service. "Wright,"

Fransham used to say, "was one who could discourse well on the nature and fitness of things. He possessed a finely philosophical spirit, and a soul well purified from vulgar errors." Fransham placed his loom not only in the same room with Wright's, but also in such a position that while at work they faced each other; by which means the noise of their shuttles was not sufficient to prevent discussion, and they could thus converse together without the slightest interruption to the employment by which they were enabled to procure their daily bread. The death of Wright again unsettled Fransham, and he started for Scotland, with a view to study at one or other of the seats of learning which were and are the glory of that land. At Newcastle he enlisted for a soldier, but on account of his legs was soon compelled to relinquish his dream of military glory, and was discharged. Finding his pecuniary resources too much exhausted to accomplish his proposed object, he resolved to walk back to Norwich, which place he at length reached with only three halfpence and a plaid he had bought on the way. Upon his return he continued as a tutor and writer for attorneys and authors. He then formed an intimacy with a veterinary surgeon. Fransham rode home the horses after they were shod, and whilst the iron was heating he and his companion used to be employed in Latin exercises, and mathematical problems, worked upon a slate, hung against the forge.

About 1771 Fransham lost a kind friend in a Mr. Clute, whose instructor he had been. This rendered his income very scanty. Finding, therefore, that it was not equal to his expenditure, and reflecting that it might be less, he resolved, by way of preparation for the direst poverty that might befall him, to try on how little he could live. Abernethy's advice, "Live upon sixpence a day, and earn it," generally has been considered to indicate as low a style of living as could well be imagined, but our hero exceeded that. His plan was as follows:—He purchased daily a farthing's-worth of potatoes, and having likewise bought as much salt as could be obtained for the same sum, he reserved one potatoe every day as a compensation for the salt he ate with the remainder, nor would he lay in a fresh supply of salt till the number of potatoes reserved was equal to the number he could purchase for a farthing. In order still further to try his powers of endurance, he resolved also to sleep in the open air. For this purpose he repaired one night to Mousehold Heath, an elevated spot in the neighbourhood of Norwich, and there, with a plaid for his covering, a green turf for his pillow, and the spacious firmament for his curtain, he slept several hours. At length the song of the lark awoke him. A severe cold caught on the occasion forbade the repetition of the interesting experiment. We are reminded of the man who succeeded in teaching his horse to live upon air, or, rather, would have done so, had not the horse died. Fransham displayed his wisdom in not venturing so far with his experiments.

Honest, undoubtedly, Fransham was; of this the following anecdote is a proof:—He had purchased at the bookstall of some poor old woman a small copy of one of the classics for two shillings; on showing the book to a literary friend, he was informed that, on account of its scarcity, it was fairly worth seven shillings.

"Do you think so?" said Fransham.

"I am certain of it," said his friend, "for I gave that sum for a similar copy only a few days since."

"Well," said Fransham, "I am glad you have mentioned this circumstance, as I will now go and pay the poor woman the other five shillings."

"Why so?" said his friend; "what necessity can there be for that? The old woman no doubt had a handsome profit at two shillings; why, then, should you give her seven?"

"Why," replied Fransham, "if I had purchased the book of an established bookseller I should not have felt the necessity of returning the other five shillings, because, as a tradesman, he ought to have known the price of the book, and I should then have thought it probable that his valuation of it was correct, and yours erroneous; but as it was a poor old woman, there can be no doubt but that she was unacquainted with the value of this particular edition; and I think I should be doing her an unjust act if I were to take advantage of her ignorance. I therefore feel it my duty to pay her the other five shillings."

He accordingly went immediately to the woman, who received the five shillings with no less surprise than joy, declaring that she had never met with so honest a man before.

Occasionally Fransham had the best of the many jokes attempted at his expense. In hot weather he would hang his short green jacket across his arm, and would carry his large, full, broad-brimmed hat in his hand. While walking one close and sultry day in this manner he was met by an opulent manufacturer, a member of the Society of Friends, who, being well acquainted with Fransham, and with the eccentricity of his character, accosted him with,—

"Why, Johnny, thee look cool and comfortable notwithstanding the heat of the weather!"

"Most likely," said Fransham; "but thou lookest very hot and uncomfortable; and verily thou must continue to do so, for thou hast not courage enough to follow my example, since thou darest not show thyself at the Friends' meeting-house with thy coat on thy arm and thy hat in thy hand, although thou professest thyself to be indifferent to the customs of this world."

To this the Friend replied:

"No, Johnny, no; decency forbids it. I like to have some regard to decency."

"Well, then," rejoined Fransham, "do thou for the sake of decency continue to wear thy thick cloth coat and great heavy hat on a sultry, hot day, and I, for the sake of comfort, will continue to carry my jacket on my arm and my hat in my hand."

Among other singularities told of Fransham was the following: While he lived with a Mr. Robinson, a neighbouring outhouse was converted into a stable, and the apparent carelessness of the groom in going into the stable nightly, with a lighted candle in his hand, excited in Fransham's mind a constant dread of fire. After well weighing in his mind the different courses to be adopted in such an emergency, he hit upon the following expedient. He procured a ladder, which he kept constantly in his bedroom, ready to put out of the window the moment the alarm of fire should be raised. That he might, however, be the better able

to effect his escape with despatch and safety, he used to practise himself daily in running up and down this ladder with a small box or trunk which he had got made, of such a size as just to contain his manuscript volumes, which he likewise kept placed upon his window, ready for an emergency. This practice soon made him perfect. He acquired a dexterity unequalled by that of any London lamplighter, and as his hour for repeating the experiment was midday, he was frequently an object of amusement, particularly on a Sunday; for many then, on their return from church or chapel, would stop to see our hero at his singular employment. The experiment was never tried, for it struck Fransham that, though he had acquired a dexterity which could not fail to ensure his escape in case of timely alarm, yet from the soundness with which he was accustomed to sleep he recollected that it was not only possible, but probable, that he might not awake till the fire should reach his very room, and thus prevent him from adopting the expedient after all. For this new alarm there was no remedy but a removal from the dangerous neighbourhood, which accordingly took place.

Fransham enjoyed a sound and uninterrupted state of health. It was his opinion, however, that the value of health could only be estimated by a comparison with sickness; that happiness was increased by planting it side by side with misery: in short, he believed in the doctrine of contrasts, and he carried it out in the most logically consistent manner. Thus, he was well; but he could not feel the blessing of that till he was ill. In conformity, therefore, with this opinion, he would sometimes call in his walks at the shop of a confectioner, where he would gorge himself with various species of indigestible pastry. A severe headache was the natural result. Our philosopher was thus gratified; his end was attained, his experiment was perfectly successful. By copious draughts of strong tea and rigid abstinence he succeeded in curing this headache, and on his recovery would thus have a clearer and more decided sense of the inestimable value of uninterrupted health.

The singularity of Fransham's appearance and the fame of his learning obtained for him among the ignorant the reputation of a fortune-teller. Some ladies who visited him, thinking him to be such, were, however, rather roughly undeceived. Need we add that the man who dined on a farthing a-day saved 100*l.*? Fransham lent it to a friend, who failed. In January 1810, poor Fransham found that the great change was approaching. On the 1st of February he requested to be moved from his bed to the chair. His last observations were in accordance with the eccentricity of his life. He told his nurse that he had a great horror of being buried alive, and that therefore he would be obliged to her when she perceived that he had ceased to move if she would first shake him well, then place him by a large fire, with a hot apple-pie within scent; and finally, and as a *dernier ressort*, she was to request a beautiful lady to sit by his side: "for," said he, "if this last experiment do not succeed you may safely conclude that I am dead." A few minutes after this his nurse, not having heard him cough, approached his chair, and found him a corpse.

In conclusion, we may note of this worthy man that he was remarkable for industry. He left behind him five manuscript volumes in quarto, most neatly written, which contain original essays and disquisitions, both in verse and prose, on theology, ethics, civil polity, mathematics, education, &c., together with compilations from the best authors. He accustomed himself to rise at five in the morning during summer, at six in the winter. In his diet and regimen, as our readers will already have inferred, he was particularly temperate, eating but moderately of animal food in his days of comparative opulence, and abstaining from the use of all strong or alcoholic liquors. As a water-drinker, consequently, he enjoyed a sound state of health, and retained the perfect use of his faculties to the last moment of his existence; indeed, till within a few days of his death he continued to give instructions to his pupils. As an ardent metaphysician he was a great admirer of Hume, whom he would sometimes call the prince of philosophers. Hume was the only modern metaphysical writer whom Fransham condescended to study. Plato and Cicero were the gods of his idolatry. As a mathematician he appears to have been eminent for the solidity rather than the extent of his knowledge. In this, as in other matters, he infinitely preferred the ancients to the moderns. He had, says his biographer, a much higher veneration for Euclid than for Newton, and preferred the *Elements of Geometry* of the former to the *Principia* of the latter; indeed he never could understand the celebrated doctrine of fluxions, and Bishop Berkeley's confutation of it he considered as one of the finest specimens of reasoning to be met with among the moderns. The mathematical authors whom he most affected were Euclid, Apollonices, and Archimedes. It must be however confessed, that he carried his veneration for the moderns to an absurd extent; had he studied Bacon he would have learned that the experience of the modern world was more complete, and richer, and fuller than that of the ancient. Fransham forgot what every child knows now, that the dwarf on the giant's back can see, and must see, further than the giant himself—that we reap where others have sown—that, in the language of Tennyson, we sweep into a younger day. Thus every age may claim to be wiser than the one preceding.

Fransham was seventy-eight when he died. Amongst his pupils was Windham. He had once spent a day with Dr. Parr. Foote, in one of his comedies, is supposed to have exhibited him on the stage. His memory has thus not altogether vanished, and in his own age and amongst his own contemporaries he left his mark. There have been greater, better, wiser men—men richer in the gifts of fortune and of fame; but even in his life we can see how devotion to learning, like virtue, is its own reward; how learning is within the reach of all the poorest and the most obscure; and how persevering industry must eventually succeed. Fransham became what he wished to be. Such is the power of the human will. Circumstances are sure to fall down before it. Mr. Francis Buckley will, we know, contend that the history of civilisation teaches man is the creature of circumstance; but surely it is not always so.

SUNDOWN.

A NOVEL.

By EDWARD COPPING, Author of "*Aspects of Paris*," &c.

CHAPTER I.

Just beyond the village of Rosefield, in one of the western counties of England, is a little valley that winds its meandering way between two ranges of well-wooded hills. If, proceeding northward, you follow for about half-a-mile the green lane leading through this valley, an opening in the trees will show you a cottage roof on the right, with, very likely, a line of smoke issuing from the chimney, and rolling onwards like a sluggish aerial monster taking exercise against its will. A sudden turn in the road a few yards further on, and the building itself comes in sight.

The garden-gate is close at hand, just behind the holly-bush. Let us enter. What a charming little place it is! A thoroughly English home. You might travel the wide world over, and not see one like it out of our own land. And yet, of course, it is not very ornate, or very elegant, or of any known order of architecture. The Italian, perchance, would smile at it with pity, as he recalled his own fair villas on the Mediterranean shore and the Arno's banks. Nay, even the Frenchman would treat it to a good-humoured shrug, as reminiscences of Parisian boulevards and the rare châteaux of provincial France rose to his mind. But an Englishman, unless afflicted with high birth, or suffering from aggravated good fortune, would look with a favourable eye upon the simple edifice, and at once associate with it all the dear delights of Home.

Yet the building is not what poet or painter would call picturesque; it has no overhanging porch; no projecting thatched roof; no bay-windows jutting forward, like the paunch of fat prosperity. It has not even the merit of being old or uncomfortable!

The house, in fact, is quite of modern date, scarcely of age; a little unpretending place, of white brick, with a small Doric portico of stone perched on the top of a flight of steps for its only ornament! Including the ground floor, raised about four feet above the soil, it is only three stories in height. The roof slopes, and is of slate. The window-sashes are grained in imitation of the very yellowest oak, and the front door is of the same colour and pattern. Altogether, a very matter-of-fact, every-day-life sort of building.

And yet, what a cheerful, comfortable aspect it has! How it stands out smilingly from amid the dark-green foliage which encircles it on every side! For it is in the very midst of trees. You wonder at first how the flowers which surround it can grow into life upon a spot so embowered; but in the early morning the breeze comes to them through the opening of the hills, toys with them, and kisses away the glittering tears they have shed during the summer night. Then, too, when the hot sun scorches and withers elsewhere, they are protected from its beams here, and bask in the noon-day heat; the veriest lazzaroni of the floral world.

They are beautiful, these flowers, wherever the eye falls upon them, and it falls upon them on every side. They grow up in swelling mounds that border the smooth lawn in front of the house; in the centre of the bright turf circle they cluster round a little fountain, where a waggish marble Cupid sprinkles them from time to time with a gentle shower; even in the portly hedge-row which bounds this little estate they have taken up their abode, by coaxing themselves into the good graces of surly thorns and prickles.

If we pass to the back of the house we shall find them there also, though formidable rivals are close at hand in the shape of peas, scarlet-runners, gooseberry bushes, peach, apple, and pear-trees, cabbages, lettuces, cucumbers, onions, and potatoes. But they bravely hold up their heads even in the midst of all this rough company, and still win our admiration by their modest yet glowing beauty.

At the period when our story commences, Sundown, for thus was the pretty little Rosefield retreat called, was the dwelling-place of two orphans, brother and sister, to whom indeed it belonged. Neither Fred Selwin nor Ruth—such were their names—remembered their father. When they were yet mere infants he had been snatched from them under circumstances of the most painful nature.

Mr. Selwin was a prosperous East India merchant, residing in London. One day, while engaged in his counting house looking over some papers, he was struck down by a fit of apoplexy, and never spoke or breathed again. The event made, of course, a deep impression upon his friends and relations. Mr. Selwin was in the full prime of vigorous manhood, being only thirty-five years of age at the time of his death, and was just the sort of man of whom it might have been predicted, with every appearance of probability, that he would live to the good old patriarchal age of threescore and ten.

His widow felt this cruel blow the most, for Mr. Selwin was a warm-hearted, affectionate husband, much beloved by his wife. For some time she was utterly prostrated, and even the presence of her two little children failed to arouse her. But at last the maternal voice made itself heard, and she shook off the lethargy of sorrow, to wrestle once again with the cares and duties of the world.

London no longer had any charm for her; so she quitted the great city, all insensible as it was to her heavy grief, and retired to Rosefield, her native place. Sundown had just been built for a gentleman who died while it was yet unfinished, and was then unoccupied. The poor widow purchased and took possession of the pleasant little dwelling, and established her home there. She had a fortune sufficient for all her wants, sufficient to provide for the future of her son and daughter. The gnawing pangs of want were not, therefore, added to the sharp agony of sorrow.

But when Sundown was at last reached, and its life of tranquillity and repose succeeded to the sustained excitement of the preceding months, her strength fairly gave way.

Under the pressure of a great necessity she had been collected, energetic, sorrowless; but when once that pressure was removed her spirit seemed to collapse, until it gradually closed over her earthly life, to expand with fresh and undying beauty in a purer region.

An elder, unmarried sister, who from the first moments of terrible trouble had watched over and

tended the heart-broken widow, now closed her eyes. Mrs. Selwin was buried in the churchyard of Rosefield, nearly the whole of the village following her to the grave.

Little Fred and his sister Ruth were as yet too young to fully appreciate the loss they had sustained.

"Dear mamma is only asleep," they said at first. And then they asked why she slept so long, and looked so pale?

"She will soon awake, won't she, aunty?" inquired little Fred, rather anxiously. And then poor Aunt Susan was forced to tell them that mamma would wake no more, and that she was dead and cold.

"Dead!" The word had a dark meaning, even for for those young listeners; for now the wondering and awe-stricken children sobbed, too, and clung to the poor form, still so beautiful, but from which the diviner beauty had fled.

That was a dreary day for the two young things, upon whom grief had for the first time heavily fallen. When night came, and they lay fondly cradled in each other's arms, their sleep was broken by troubled starts and sobbings; and when morning dawned tears were still glittering upon their rounded cheeks, like dew-drops upon roses.

But even Sorrow was too tender to smite for long those two little suffering hearts: as the weeks wore on they began to think of their dear mamma only as a beautiful angel, watching over them from the bright blue sky above, and waiting for them to join her in the happy world to which she had departed. Through many long years this sentiment remained interwoven with their thoughts, almost in its original simplicity and holiness.

CHAPTER II.

You would scarcely have supposed such a sad story as that just related was associated with the history of Sundown, had you judged at least by the aspect of its present inmates. A more cheerful household it was impossible to conceive. Not that audible indications of this fact fell very often upon the ear. On the contrary, Sundown might perhaps have been thought almost pensive in its sweet tranquillity. But the spirit of peace and love had descended upon the dwelling, and its influence seemed to irradiate all animate and inanimate things. Even the domestics, by their contented, happy look, gave completeness to the prevailing aspect.

Bill Plumber, the boy, had a face that almost threw you into a perspiration merely to look upon, so sunnily ruddy was its glow. It was as though robust health were continually blushing on his cheeks at its own exuberant strength and vigour. It is true that, summer and winter alike, Master Bill regularly gave his visage such an energetic scrubbing in cold water, that had it remained in a crimson blaze to his dying day no surprise need have been felt. Twice, and sometimes thrice every four-and-twenty hours, he would sluice and rub down his cheeks as though they were so many waggon-wheels mud-encrusted by a fortnight's journey in winter over bad roads; accompanying the process, too, with so much snorting, gurgling, and half-inundated exclamations, that you might have supposed him a dandy dray-horse or a spruce young alligator taking a bath, rather than a Christian lad of eighteen, in corduroys and highlows.

But then Bill was always a strange lad, from the day he set fire to his little cousin's hair with a lucifer to that on which he married Eliza the housemaid, who was old enough to be his grandmother, and heavy enough to fell him with a single blow.

As to Eliza herself, and her fellow-servant Mary—the two female domestics of Sundown—they could be compared to nothing but a couple of peaches all a-glow with ripeness and flavour. The former, a fine buxom woman, in the glory of her prime, was certainly not quite forty, and yet, according to the deliberate asseveration of the Rosefield butcher, she already weighed full fourteen stone. But, notwithstanding her fleshiness, she was endowed with a lusty strength and energy possessed by few women—or men either, for that matter.

Master Bill, who had his moments of obstinacy, had several times felt the full weight of her hand upon the sides of his head, and as after one of these assaults his ears immediately grew as red as his cheeks—which is saying not a little—it may fairly be presumed that the blow was far from light.

Sooth to say, although Eliza was one of the tenderest and kindest of human beings when not put out, she lost her temper with a rapidity only equalled by that with which she found it again, and during the interregnum so far surrendered all control over herself that she struck out, right and left, at everything within reach; and at such times would have made no difficulty of knocking down her own mother, or the clergyman of the parish, had either of those persons been close at hand.

Fortunately, Mary Trueman, her fellow-servant, was all gentleness and sentiment—inclined even to the lackadaisical, so that by the mere antagonism of their dispositions the two domestics lived in admirable harmony.

But, to speak truth, the mere presence of Aunt Susan in the household would have kept out all the more violent discord which occasionally rules in the midst of home. Yet she was but a maiden lady: she was not particularly pretty, she was not young; she wore sad-coloured dresses, and a cap that seemed to have been made for some dear old granny at least twice her age.

But there was a sweet calmness upon her face, a loving-kindness in her glance, against which it was impossible to be proof. If those around her were in trouble or sorrow, they had but to look up appealingly into that face, and relief at once came to them in the soothing expression it sent forth; and then, when she spoke, how gratefully her words fell upon the ear! They were like the echoes of sweet music, borne lightly from afar off by the breeze. Not a harsh or discordant note was audible amongst them.

But Aunt Susan's words did something more than soothe and comfort. They guided and persuaded, as only words of wisdom can, when kindly uttered. The young were especially sensible to their influence. If Aunt Susan, for instance, did but rebuke Master Bill, even in the gentlest tones, that susceptible lad would

blubber by the hour, and obtain no mental repose until she had accorded to him forgiveness.

It was much the same with Ruth and Fred. Aunt Susan had but to speak, and they listened with an attention that was almost reverential. Both the young people loved her, indeed, as a mother; and well did she deserve their affection. A mother she had been to them, even before Death had called away one who had higher claims to that sacred title.

Aunt Susan had, in fact, sacrificed all her own future to her bereaved sister, from the day that sister became a widow. At that period she was still fresh and blooming, and scarcely thirty years of age. She was even under engagement to be married; but some cruel coldness shown to her just before, by her suitor, had broken it off. Thus, when Mrs. Selwin died, she resolved to devote herself heart and soul to the orphan children, and associate her own happiness entirely with theirs.

But it was a severe trial at first.

Many and many a time as the little Ruth lay sleeping at her side would Aunt Susan press the child to her throbbing breast, and kiss it with wild maternal longings. Oh, if *she* could but taste the joys that fill a mother's heart! If *she* could but know the sweet pain of giving birth to a little being, borne on her own bosom, and moulded in her own form!

But then Ruth, disturbed by the warm pressure of her guardian, would start from sleep, saying in her own pretty, plaintive way:

"Why do you cry and kiss me so, aunty?"

And then aunty would cry afresh at her own transports, and forget this personal grief to hush her tiny bedfellow back into fairy dreamland.

For a year or two these struggles between natural emotions and the sense of duty were oftentimes bitter and violent, and many a weary, sleepless night, did the poor lady pass beside the little tranquil thing, upon whose senses repose had gratefully fallen. Her health suffered after awhile, and during a whole month, when Ruth was five years old and Fred about six, it seemed as though the two orphans were about to lose their last remaining protector.

How patiently and kindly the children tended their aunt! You might have thought them trained nurses, to watch their cautious manner and silent movements. Little Ruth never entered the room except on tip-toe, and if her brother was about to ask for anything she frequently divined it before he spoke, and put her little slender finger to her mouth to enforce his silence.

Kind-hearted Dr. Carter, who attended the suffering woman, was oftentimes obliged to turn his back upon the young couple, and make a feint of wiping his forehead, though that part of his face, as he knew very well, was dry enough.

The Eliza and Mary of that day—for they had long since married and settled—spared no care in waiting upon their sick mistress; and the neighbours continually came in to render aid, sometimes taking it by turns to sit up with the patient all night. Out of doors, as well as at home, Aunt Susan had made herself loved.

In due time the critical point was passed. Then recovery proceeded rapidly indeed! As soon as moral strength returned to the sick woman, bodily strength came back with giant strides. In a day or two she was able to take a little walk in the front garden, that being most screened from the wind which swept through the hills; and little Fred and Ruth experienced great pride in being permitted to lead her by the hand.

"You must lean very heavily upon us, aunty," said the good children, "for you're not at all strong yet."

In a week or two more Dr. Carter's visits were of a purely friendly character, and not a single medicine bottle could be seen except in the lumber cupboard.

Aunt Susan was restored to health, and with her illness had passed away all those feverish longings, and all that mental unrest, which had been the main cause of her prostration. It was now that she first began to wear that look of serene happiness and winning love which never since left her. She had buried the past, with all its fond regrets and passionate desires, and was a mother indeed to the orphan children. Henceforth all her thoughts were for them; she had no joys that did not spring from their joys; she had no sorrows that did not link her more closely than ever to their loving hearts.

And she was happy now! She was recompensed for the struggles she had passed through, for the sacrifices she had made. Her mind was calm; the fever of passionate hope had passed away; life had become one long day of love and duty, rarely obscured except by flitting storm-clouds, which sailed rapidly across the sky, and left only a momentary shadow upon the trees and flowers beneath.

CHAPTER III.

One fine autumn morning, while the flowers were still radiant with brightness and the birds still sang in the midst of leaves, Ruth and Fred, no longer children now, but both in the spring-time of youth, were engaged in gardening near that little fountain which formed one of the attractions of the grounds of Sundown. In was an occupation of which they were both fond, though it must be confessed the sister was infinitely more skilful in it, and more persevering, than the brother.

Fred, in fact, soon grew tired of any pursuit, though he had good natural capacities that would have fitted him for whatever work he might have entered upon with serious determination. But he lacked that energy of character, that self-sustaining inner power, without which greatness or even successful mediocrity is rarely reached.

Had his mind been less pure, or his heart less affectionate, he would have become worse than a loiterer on the path of life. He must have sunk into a mere pleasure-seeker, or fashion butterfly, with the prospect before him of a selfish and vicious old age, as the sequel to a careless and dissipated youth. For it must not be forgotten, that both the orphans had been left so well provided for, that Necessity was without influence with them as an incentive to labour.

Fred was simply an idler, assailed by fits and starts of industry, and at such times devoting himself with almost feverish energy to the particular study or pursuit of the hour. But ere many days were over lassi-

tude would fall upon his spirit, and he relapsed into objectless indolence, that brought its own bitter punishment with it, in the self-dissatisfaction, humility, and tearful sensitiveness it invariably occasioned him.

Recently he had, for the third or fourth time, recommenced his artistic studies, and with a success that would have stimulated most students to continued exertion. Dr. Carter, who piqued himself upon being somewhat of a connoisseur, declared that Fred's sketches and designs showed great poetic feeling and manipulative skill: and that his little original study of old Plumber the gardener (father of the boy Bill), sitting upon the Cross Lane stile, was worthy of W. Hunt.

But Fred was one of those sensitive young gentlemen who, in certain moods, think that the sting of satire is somewhere concealed even beneath the honey of praise, and who, without power to please themselves, reject all attempts of others to do so for them.

All, however, depended upon his frame of mind. For at other times a single word of eulogy, however carelessly spoken, would fill Fred with the most extravagant self-gratification, and make his ideas, hopes, and plans, run faster than ever eagle flew or courser galloped.

Just now, however, the dull mood was paramount.

For a whole week, easel, pallet, colours, brushes, sketches, all had been thrown aside in the Sundown study, and dust was rapidly settling upon them. Mr. Fred was disgusted with himself. He had spent three whole days in sketching a little rustic picture, to be called "A good Appetite:" younker Bill had served as the model of a farmer's lad, eating with immense relish a huge hunk of bread, with cheese and onions; and had remained so long in one position, that at last the poor boy was seized with such Caliban cramps and side-stitches, that he could neither sit nor stand, lie down, nor hold himself erect.

Up to the third day the picture had succeeded admirably, and Bill actually roared with delight when he saw how faithfully he had been transferred to canvas. But at this point Fred's resolution failed him. His head was tired, he said, and so he finished the day by a mournful and solitary walk over Topton Hill, and on the morrow loitered about the house and garden as though all object in life were at an end.

It was on the seventh day after "A good Appetite" had been given up, that Fred and Ruth found themselves side by side in the garden, engaged in their floral recreations.

"No, I can't work this morning—I'm fit for nothing," exclaimed Fred, throwing down a little rake with which he had been combing a flower-bed, almost as daintily as he might have combed the beautiful tresses of Cassiopœia. "I drag up the growing plants or cut their stems, and do more harm than good. I'm fit for nothing to-day."

"Oh, don't say that, Fred," replied Ruth, "for you know it is not so. You're a very naughty brother to talk so gloomily. Look how famously I am working!" And the little maid stood erect, and pointed with pride to the evidences of her industry, already pretty numerous, heaped around and about her.

There was something in the attitude of brother and sister at this moment which seemed to typify their respective characters. Fred, downcast, but not sullen, was sitting with a melancholy, hopeless air, vanquished by irresoluteness and self-dissatisfaction. Ruth, upright and gladsome, appeared to glory in difficulty for the mere pleasure of overcoming it.

There was, too, a certain serenity in her manner, which unmistakably indicated her moral superiority.

She was about fifteen months younger than Fred, but you might almost have supposed the reverse; for there was at times something maternal in her tones. It seemed as though her natural duty were to watch over and guide her brother, as a young mother might watch and guide a growing son.

And yet a more girlish face and figure than those of Ruth it would have been impossible to conceive.

She was only a little more than five feet in height, and did not look so tall. You could not call her plump. No! no! The term would have been too expansive. You might fairly say she was harmoniously rounded.

Her hands, though just now covered with huge leather gloves—somewhat resembling those used for the purposes of boxing—were small and delicate; her shoulders and bosom showed none but the most exquisite curves; and as she stood and looked towards Fred, with her dress slightly raised to facilitate her gardening operations, you could see she had the tiniest of feet encased in the most coquetish of boots, and that the harmony of her entire form was perfect.

She was quite bare-headed, for a hat she had brought out with her to wear had been thrown aside, and was lying on the grass; and her light-coloured hair, arranged in two heavy tresses by the side of her face, was simply garnished by a coral net hanging in graceful festoons. She did not seem to need any other head-covering. Her face was in a glow with the exertion she had used, and the stooping position long maintained; while her blue eyes sparkled with animation, and round about her dimpled chin there were smiles such as spring only from health and happiness.

Ruth was essentially a pretty girl, with winning ways and gentle glances; though at times the expression of her face was softened by a touch of anxious tenderness, that gave another character to her features. It rapidly fell upon her now, as she gazed with almost tearful earnestness upon her brother.

"I'm sorry to see you so downcast," she said, throwing away her working gloves and sitting by Fred's side. "Do be happy and cheerful again, there's a good brother; for it makes me very sad to see you wretched."

And Ruth softly placed her cheek against his shoulder, and coaxingly put an arm round his neck.

"I'm very, very sorry to see you so dejected," she repeated.

"Oh! I'm not dejected," he said, almost coldly.

"Yes, indeed, you are, or you would not treat me so cruelly;" and here her spirit fairly gave way, and she burst into tears.

Fred was melted in an instant by his sister's distress, and all his morbid discontent at once took wing. It was his turn now to be the comforter, and to dry up the stream of sorrow which had begun to flow.

"Don't cry, dear Ruth," he said, in a voice so soft

and gentle, you would scarcely have associated it with the gloomy word she had just uttered: "Don't cry, sister; it's all passed now."

He kissed Ruth's lips as he spoke, and nestled her face upon his bosom, playing tenderly with her hair as though to soothe her.

But the poor little maid had been so hurt by his previous coldness, that her grief, which up to that moment had been repressed by an artificial gaiety, now rose over all restraint, and gave itself free course.

"You have made me very unhappy," she said sobbing, as though her heart would break.

"No, no. Do not say that, dear Ruth. I did not mean it. Indeed, I did not. I'm very sorry I have been so unkind."

"Yesterday," said Ruth, who could not now do otherwise than set free all the sorrow that had been imprisoned within her bosom during the last few days; "yesterday, you scarcely spoke a word to me all day long; and when you kissed me, and said good night, your manner was so cold that I thought you were angry with me." And here she sobbed afresh.

"Oh, Ruth! Ruth! how could you wrong me by such a thought? I am never angry with *you:* 'tis always with myself."

"And then, when I gave you the purse I'd been so many weeks knitting for you," she continued, without heeding his remark, "you scarcely looked at it, but put it away in your pocket, with a cold 'Thank you, Ruth,' that sent a chill to my heart."

"I thought your little present very beautiful," said Fred, in contrite tones; "and if I did not seem so pleased as I ought, it was because I felt that you were too kind to me, and that I did not deserve such goodness."

"But why *do* you think so?" she asked with simple earnestness. "Don't you know it's very wrong and very unkind of you to have such melancholy ideas?"

Ruth was beginning to recover her calmness under the influence of Fred's affectionate manner; she went on therefore, now, without further tears to check her utterance.

"Why should you be so dissatisfied with yourself?" she asked: "you are young; you are handsome (very handsome, Fred); you are kind and good (at least you are nearly always); you are clever; you paint well; you write nice poetry, and if you would only practise more regularly, you would soon play as well as Mr. Roberts, our music-master. Why should you, therefore, be so dissatisfied with yourself?"

"I am not always so, dear Ruth," replied Fred, all his better nature aroused within him. "It is only occasionally I am so depressed. Look at me now! See, I'm quite cheerful again. But every now and then a sort of fretting, evil spirit, seems to take possession of me, and then I lose all hope, all desire, all ambition, all energy, and the world seems dark and hateful."

"And the poor little sister, also," replied Ruth, smiling reproachfully.

"No! no! never! I always love *you*, dear sister, even when I am in the gloomiest moods."

"But I wish you never would be gloomy. We should be so much happier."

"I never will be again, darling."

"Never?" said Ruth, looking up, smilingly, into his eyes.

"Never!"

"Oh! that's a very long time."

"Never! never!" Fred repeated, eagerly; and then, still playing with her hair, he now fairly unfastened it, and rumpled the two beautiful tresses into the prettiest disorder possible.

"Oh, what a troublesome brother it is!" exclaimed Ruth, playfully, but disengaging herself from Fred, and preparing to re-arrange her locks; for the little lady was somewhat of a coquette, and always liked to be very neat and trim in her appearance.

"There! you are going to scold me now. Well! I know I deserve it; so I'll submit to my fate, as the lamb submits to the butcher. Which would you like to beat me with—the spade, the broom, or the shovel? They are all three handy. Come, say which it is to be, Ruth."

"Go away, bad boy!" she replied merrily, still engaged with her hair. "I'll punish you far more severely than you imagine, and without spade, broom, or shovel. I have made an almond pudding this morning, and you shan't have a morsel of it;—no, not a morsel! That will teach you to behave better for the future."

And here brother and sister laughed in the gayest manner, and recommenced their gardening.

Fred had grubbed away with great energy among the flowers for several minutes, appearing to do a good deal of work, though he had but little to show for it, when, suddenly stopping, he said, quite merrily:

"Ruth!"

"What is it, dear Fred?"

"I have often thought lately that the best way to cure myself of my silly fits would be to quit Rosefield for a time, and go to London for a year or two, in order to study something in real earnest."

"Go to London!" exclaimed Ruth, at once turning pale.

"Yes! You know that if a young man always remains at home he is never worth half so much as one who goes out into the world to see a little life. Tom Spranks said to me, only the other day, that a season or two in London would wonderfully improve me."

Tom Spranks, eldest son of the Rosefield clergyman, was a frequent visitor at Sundown when home on vacation from college. He had often tried hard, and not altogether without effect, rumour said, to render himself agreeable to Ruth. Now, however, his death-warrant was signed, sealed, and delivered by his own hand.

"Tom Spranks is a ninny!" said Ruth, with real anger; "and I am surprised, Fred, you should pay any attention to what he says."

"Don't be so hard upon him, Ruth; he meant no harm."

"Then he should keep his advice to himself," replied Ruth, who seemed strangely troubled.

"You are annoyed, Ruth. What have I said to vex you?"

"Why do you want to leave me?"

"To leave you?"

"Yes. Did you not talk just now of going to London?"

"Oh, but it was a mere passing thought. I did not really mean to quit you. Don't look so sorrowful."

"I dare say you were right," replied she, sadly. "It would do you good, doubtless, to go to London for a while, instead of for ever remaining at Sundown, with no one but Aunt Susan and myself for society. But, oh, dear Fred! if you only knew how it pained me to hear you talk so lightly of quitting us! I cannot bear to think of separating from you. We have lived together so long and so happily, ever since we were children, that it would break my heart to lose you."

And that strange, anxious look of tenderness, so maternal in its expression, again settled upon Ruth's face.

It was the first time the idea of separation had ever come vividly before her mind. She had often and often —though not without a feeling of jealousy—pictured Fred married to the most beautiful girl in the world (none other could be worthy of him), and had longed for the time when she also might hear "Aunty" breathed in her ear from tiny lips. But to part from her brother under such circumstances as he mentioned had never once entered her thoughts. She was struck down by the sorrowful anticipation his remarks had suggested. A single observation had robbed her of all gaiety, and made her as gloomy and dejected as Fred had been only half-an-hour before. For the moment they seemed to have completely changed characters.

Poor Fred, to do him justice, was deeply pained by the effect his remark had exercised upon Ruth. He had always measured her affection by his own; and did not know what depths there are in a young girl's love, even for a brother, which a man's intelligence cannot fathom. Do any of us, indeed, ever reach the boundaries of that vast-spreading realm of affection enclosed within the limits of a woman's heart?

"Cheer up, Ruth! cheer up! I'm not going to leave you," said Fred, very tenderly. "It was merely a passing thought. Look in the fountain, and see how gloomy you are. Why, Cupid is quite ashamed of you! There! be happy again, and smile, just a pretty little smile, and then let us work away once more, and obtain a fine appetite for dinner. I shall eat all the almond pudding, if you don't mind."

With this light, merry talk, did Fred try to console his sister; and a good heart lending aid, his words were not without effect.

But when Ruth resumed her labours she no longer possessed that animation and gaiety which had previously given so much alacrity and grace to all her movements.

CHAPTER IV.

Ruth and Fred worked on for some time in silence, without feeling capable of further conversation. Both wished to speak; both wished to prove by a merry word or a joyous laugh that what had just occurred was forgotten; but neither had sufficient resolution to take the initiative in thus restoring harmony. Ruth waited for Fred to make the first remark; Fred waited for Ruth; and so between the two taciturnity was maintained.

A quarter of an hour had passed in this manner, when a slight rustling was heard in the front hedge, and then from the very midst of the disturbed bushes a voice exclaimed,

"I say, Master Fred!"

"Why, it's John Plumber!" exclaimed Ruth, at once regaining all her good spirits, and laughing at the sudden start she had made at the sound of the old man's voice.

"Same to you, miss," said that voice, though the speaker was still invisible behind the dense bushes; "but is Master Fred there—about there anywhere?"

"Yes, John," replied Fred, gaily; "here I am. But what's the matter?"

"Oh, only my aggravating Tom again—that's all, Master Fred."

Ruth and Fred both laughed aloud, for Plumber's differences with Tom were of old standing, and had furnished matter for much amusement the whole country round.

Tom was not, as his name might seem to indicate, boy or man, with godfathers and godmothers to testify to his baptismal registration, but simply that humble member of the great animal family known by the name of donkey. But such a donkey! All the traditional obstinacy of the species seemed to be concentrated in his disposition. He was the very embodiment of hard-headed, unreasoning perversity; or, as John emphatically called it, "contrareyness."

Tom's whole object in life seemed to be to vex and run counter to his master. If John wished him to move quickly he would invariably come to a dead stand-still, as though in a brown study, and stolidly remain so until his meditations were at an end. At such times, as Plumber had long since found out, neither commands nor requests, neither threats nor acts of violence, were of the slightest effect. The beech-trees honest Sancho so unmercifully flagellated were not more indifferent to punishment than was Tom's hide. The animal was not only devoid of all tender feeling, but he seemed to take a sort of morbid pleasure in hearing the blows shower down upon his flanks.

If, on Sunday, John Plumber wished him to repose, in order to be the better prepared for Monday's work, the aggravating brute would frisk and caper about all day, with the nimbleness of an Australian squirrel or a Bashi Bazouk's charger. It was thus in all things, and no wonder therefore that a deadly feud continually existed between Tom and his master. On the present occasion it was evident that the beast had been more than usually ill-mannered, for John Plumber spoke with a solemnity he only displayed when deeply moved.

"If I could only see you for a moment, Master Fred," said he, endeavouring to do so, as it appeared, by thrusting his head still further into the bushes.

"Certainly, John, certainly. But come round through the gate. You'll be scalped if you try to run your head through that hedge."

"Well, it be plaguey awkward, sure-ly," replied John with a chuckle, at thought of gratification at the discovery. And he followed the directions given him, and entered the garden.

"Well now, what is it, John?" inquired Ruth,

gaily. "What tricks has that wicked Tom been playing off upon you to-day?"

"Why none 'zactly upon me," said the gardener, for that was the post John occupied at Sundown. "You see, miss, it's a long story; leastways it might be made so. But this is the pith on it:

"You see, miss, I was a goin' along the river about half-an-hour ago, with Tom and my little cart, when just as I got up to the rocks, what should I clap eyes on in front of me at the side of the road but a big copy-book full of picters. I could see it was full of picters by the wind blowing the leaves about, and showin' what was drawded on 'em. 'Hulloa,' says I to myself like, 'this is a strange place to find copy-books!' and I was a ruminatin' on the circumstance when I saw the neatest possible knapsack close by. 'Hulloa,' says I, a'most repeating what I'd said afore, 'this is a strange place to find knapsacks!' and I was ruminatin' upon this circumstance also, when my foot struck agin one of those flip-flap stools, openin' and shuttin' like a book. Then I got all duzzy like, and I says to myself, says I, 'Somethin's wrong somewhere.'

"I was a walkin' by the side of the cart, miss, you must know; so I stopped and says to Tom, 'Halt a bit, my lad, and let's both look into this strange business.' But Lor bless you, miss! I might just as well ha' asked a barn door to come off its hinges as ha' told my animal to pull up. Hows'never, not feelin' inclined then and there to put up with none of Tom's nonsense, I lugged him a one side and made him fast, so that I might find out what was the matter.

"Well, miss, I hadn't got half a yard beyond the copy-book when I came upon a 'andsome young spark, lying stiff and stock behind a big stone, which had hid him until that partiklar minute."

"Dead?" exclaimed Ruth and Fred simultaneously, for they did not anticipate so serious a termination as this to John's story.

"Well, not 'zactly, but uncommon hurt. He had rather a ugly wound on his forehead, and was bleeding somewhat."

"Oh, how shocking!" exclaimed Ruth, a cold thrill passing through her.

"Warnt it, miss? Well, for a minute or two I was all in a tremble. But I soon saw what had happened. The young gent had been up on the rocks drawing in his copy-book, and had lost his balance and toppled over. His hat was still resting upon a lidge up above, where he'd drawded. Fortynately it warnt very high, so I knowed no great harm had been done."

"But what did you do?" inquired Ruth, who had never once taken her eyes off John since his story had assumed a really serious interest.

"Well, miss," replied John, without moving a muscle, "when I was quite a younker, my old dad used to say to me, 'John,' he used to say, 'if you always has in your pocket a knife, a piece of plaster, a bit of string, and a sovereign, why, then, whatever happens you'll be prepared for the wust.'

"Well, miss, though it ain't very often that I have the sovereign in my pocket, I generally has the plaster, the knife, and the bit of string. Two of those there articles wornt o' much use on the present occasion, but the other were. So the fust thing I done was to bring some water in my hat from the river, and dribble-drabble it upon the young gentleman's face. You can't tell, miss, how that woke him up. He puffed and blowed very heavy once or twice, and then he talks in some foreign lingo, I not knowin' a word on."

"But what have you done with him? Where is he now?" inquired Ruth, with much anxiety in her tones.

"That's just what I'm comin' to," replied the imperturbable John.

"You see, miss, as I could make neither head nor tail of the young gent's observations, I thought the best thing I could do, arter I'd plastered up his wound and washed his face, was to put him into my cart, with his copy-book and his flip-flap stool, and all that, and bring him here, instead of goin' all the way to Dr. Carter's."

"Yes, that was quite right, and very thoughtful of you," said Ruth. "But where is the poor young gentleman now?"

"That's just what I'm comin' to," again replied John; "and this brings me to the contrareyness of that rascal Tom.

"Arter I had put the young spark into my cart, which I did as though he was a baby — and so for that matter he was, seein' as he never stirred nor moved, nor even budged, and would a' let himself be mussed like a infant — when I'd put him in, restin' his head upon a heap of hay, and covering his feet with Tom's wrapper, and altogether makin' him as snug as though at home; Now, says I, quite brisk, Steady's the word! off we go, slow and sure, to Master Fred at Sundown.

"Well, miss, for about a matter of five minutes my animal went on so decent and gentle, that I could a'most have kissed the old fellow for being so obligin'. In fact, says I to him, says I, 'Tom, my lad, for helping me on with the wounded spark in this manner you shall have a extra feed to-night and a holiday to-morrow.' But would you b'leeve it, miss? Although he heard what I said, and couldn't but have felt he was doing a good action, all on a sudden he must needs take it into his ugly head to play off upon me one of his scurvy tricks.

"At first he began lookin' and peerin' about on the ground, as though to make believe he'd lost something. But I knowed him of old, and warnt to be done in that manner. So, says I, 'Tom, if you want a bit of grub say the word, and it's your'n, for I've got plenty in the cart.'"

"Yes — yes," interrupted Ruth, in order to cut the story short; "but what of the gentleman? You can tell us all about Tom another time."

"That's just what I'm comin' to," replied the stolid old gardener, not in the slightest degree annoyed at the interruption. "Well, then and there I give Tom some grass, a carrot, and some thistles; and he soon scrunched 'em all up, stoppin', as is his custom when he eats anything. But, will you believe, Master Fred? when the ungrateful wretch had finished his grub, he still stopped, and not a step would he stir! Do what I could, he wouldn't move on."

"Then where is he now, and the young man?" inquired Ruth.

"Both on 'em in the Four-stile Lane, miss; I was

obliged to leave 'em there, thinkin' it best to come on here and ask what was to be done."

"Oh, but, John, you should have told us this at first, instead of relating the whole story at such length from beginning to end. The young man may be dying in your cart, and nobody near to save him! It was very wrong of you to dawdle so. Come, Fred, led us go out and see whether we can render any assistance."

And Ruth — for she, of course, was the speaker — really looked as angry as anxiety would permit her to look. Poor Plumber, terribly abashed by the severe rebukes of his young mistress, was beginning to utter half-formed maledictions upon Tom's contrareyness, as the cause of all this misfortune, when he suddenly stopped, and exclaimed:

"Oh! I'd a'most forgot all about it, but here's a letter, miss, as fell from the young gentleman's pocket, while I was puttin' on him in the cart. I thought it best to pick it up and take care on it." And he handed the letter to Ruth.

"Why, it's for Aunt Susan!" she said, starting with astonishment. "Look at it, Fred! look!"

Fred hurriedly glanced at the letter, and gave a start also, when he saw it was addressed as Ruth had stated.

"Let us take it in at once to aunt," he said, "and then hasten away to the Four-stile Lane, and do what we can for the poor fellow there."

They flew into the house without a moment's pause, and gave the letter to their aunt, briefly explaining as they did so under what circumstances it had been found. She changed colour upon seeing the handwriting.

"It is from your Uncle George," she said.

"What, the uncle who has lived in Switzerland so many years?" exclaimed Ruth.

"Yes," replied Aunt Susan, opening the letter, which was folded but not sealed, and reading its contents.

"What does it say, aunt? What does it say?" eagerly demanded Ruth, all impatience to know what connexion there was between the writer of the letter and the young man who had fallen from the rocks.

"It introduces to me your uncle George's only son, who is paying, this autumn, his first visit to England."

"Then the poor fellow is our cousin?" exclaimed Ruth, her anxiety increasing at the fact communicated to her. "What a shocking thing it will be if he is much injured! Let us go to him at once, Fred. Give me my bonnet, dear aunt, and pass Fred his hat, and we will start immediately."

The hat and bonnet were speedily produced, and as speedily put on, and then the brother and sister hurried out into the garden without waiting to exchange another word with their aunt.

"Now, then, John," said Ruth, in her prettiest tones of command, "lead the way and we will follow you."

The whole party were already in motion when the captain of this little band suddenly paused.

"Stop!" said she, "we must take something with us to revive the poor fellow; and then, perhaps, Tom will still remain obstinate, so that we shall be almost as far off as ever. Run into the house John, and ask Miss Radcliffe (so was Aunt Susan named) for some brandy. Or stay; you go for it, dear Fred, because you can run faster than John. And then we'd better have out the pony. He will supply the donkey's place, if necessary. Run to the stable, John, and bring him out. Fred and I can find our way alone to the Four-stile Lane, if you are not ready when we are."

These orders, rapidly given, were about to be as rapidly executed, when a violent clattering was heard at the entrance of the garden, and the latch was seen to dance up and down with great animation. In another moment a long grisly head, surmounted by two high ears, butted against the gate and forced it open. Immediately afterwards Tom entered, drawing the cart.

"There! that's just his way!" exclaimed the exasperated John. "Ask him to do a thing and he turns up his nose at you. Leave him to hisself, and he does what he ain't been told to do."

"Oh, you are a haggrawating animal, you are!" exclaimed the old gardener, apostrophising the provoking beast, who listened to his words and looked at his upraised fist with that expression of stolid self-content, and callous indifference, which only donkeys can assume.

"Gently Fred! gently!" exclaimed Ruth, who, regardless of John's remarks, had hastened with her brother to the cart in order to attend to the wounded cousin.

"Why, you must have completely buried him under the hay, John!" she added, as no sign of the young man could be discerned.

"He's not here," said Fred, after he had felt through the hay as carefully as though it were full of eggs.

"Not there!" exclaimed John Plumber, with astonishment and indignation. "Not there! why, what has that hanimal of mine done with him? You ain't been playing off any of your tricks upon *him*, have you, you wicious old sarpent?" And John looked at Tom as though he believed the malignant beast would be guilty, occasion offering, of the most cold-blooded and treacherous barbarity towards a feeble and suffering man incapable of his own defence.

"It's very strange, but he certainly is not here," said Ruth, in the deepest astonishment.

All further expressions of wonder were, however, stopped at this point by the entrance at this moment into the garden of a young man, handsome, but very pale, of somewhat foreign appearance, and with a bruise upon his cheek. Ruth and Fred saw in an instant, by the likeness he bore to Aunt Susan, that he was their cousin. John, on his side, saw that the stranger was the person he had rescued.

"I hope I don't alarm you," said the young man, in good English, though with an accent that was foreign, "but I found myself a short time since in that cart — after a fall from the rocks, as I presume, which must have rendered me insensible — and I have followed it here in order to thank the owner, to whom I am no doubt indebted for my preservation."

"Your donkey must certainly have been in a most unamiable mood," he added, in a smiling manner, addressing John, whom he rightly divined to be Tom's owner; "for the moment I got out of the cart he started off at an ambling pace, and went so rapidly, that, feeling rather weak, I was unable to keep up with him. I

noticed, however, the gate he entered by, and, as I have said, followed him here."

"Do you hear that, you old brute?" exclaimed John; "even a stranger finds out your wiciousness, arter only once seein' yer! Oh, you are a warmint, you are!"

During the explanation of the young man and the remarks of John, Ruth had kept slightly in the background, gazing upon her cousin with an anxiety and affectionate eagerness which betrayed themselves in her every feature. She now stepped forward, with an arch and pretty smile upon her lips, advanced towards him, and held out her hand.

"Welcome, cousin," she said; "welcome to Sundown!"

George Radcliffe—for so was he named—started astonished when he heard himself thus addressed, and with the instinct of continental politeness raised his hat from his head to salute the fair young girl before him. In so doing, perhaps with an over-eagerness the result of his surprise, he re-opened the wound on his forehead, and the pain was so sharp and sudden, that with no more preliminary warning than a short cry, he staggered back, and had not Fred rushed forward at the right moment, would have fallen heavily to the ground.

"Quick! quick, John! a chair!" cried Fred, roused into unusual energy by the accident which had occurred; "he has fainted! And Ruth, run in-doors for some brandy, and tell Jane to bring a glass of cold water. Quick! quick! he is like death itself!"

Poor Ruth, who had never before been called upon to assist a fainting man, was for the moment utterly bewildered; but she rapidly gained sufficient self-possession to dart into the house, state what had happened, and repeat her brother's orders.

In a few minutes the whole of the inmates were in movement. Mary and Eliza ran out into the garden, each armed with a fire-shovel, in order, it is to be supposed, the more effectually to render assistance; Bill, who had been dozing down some half-dozen dumplings he had just before consumed, seized a large empty bottle as the first object handy, and ran with it in the track of the maidservants; so that Aunt Susan and Ruth were left entirely to themselves to procure what was needed.

When they reached the garden they found that George had already recovered from his fainting fit, and was reclining upon the garden-seat, listening as it seemed to the explanations of Fred. As the young man saw Aunt Susan and Ruth approach he rose from his recumbent position, and stood erect in order to meet the two ladies.

"And is this Aunt Susan, of whom I have so often heard my father speak?" he said, advancing towards her and affectionately kissing her on both cheeks. "How strange I should have arrived here in this manner! I was sketching my way towards you, but without any idea of being so close to Sundown."

"You are sadly hurt, I fear, my dear child," said Aunt Susan, gazing with anxiety upon his forehead.

"Oh no, aunt; 'tis nothing—a mere trifle. It was the sudden surprise, I think, as much as the pain, which almost made me faint just now."

"Are you sure?" inquired Ruth, tenderly.

"Quite, cousin; thank you. And so you are the little Ruth," he gaily added, shaking her hand, "who once sent a valentine to the cousin Georgy who lived abroad?"

"Oh, that must have been a very long time ago!" replied Ruth, smiling and blushing. "When we were both very young."

"Yes; it was when I was at school in Zurich. I was born in Switzerland, you know, soon after my father settled there."

"And, I suppose, are quite a foreigner at heart," said Ruth, "and think nothing of poor old England?"

"So little," he replied, "that I have been eagerly looking forward for years to this trip, which my father has at length permitted me to indulge in. I cannot tell you how strangely happy I feel to be in my native country—for I always look upon it as such—or how delighted I now am to find myself in the midst of kind relatives. This Sundown of yours must be a little paradise."

His face took such an expression of deep enthusiasm as he spoke, that John, who during all this conversation had been leaning with his back against the cart (the maids and Bill had been banished from the first as useless), suddenly shouted as though a mad bull were coming full but down the gravel path:

"He 's going off again, miss! he 's going off!"

The whole party started at this abrupt exclamation, as though a couple of very formidable horns were already making the preliminaries for elevating all present into the air; but when the real object of John's warning became evident, everybody burst into hearty laughter. As for Tom, he thought fit to construe the sounds of merriment into a command addressed to himself, and without the slightest warning rapidly advanced a few paces, thus throwing his master to the ground, in an attitude usually considered the most ludicrous and undignified the human form can assume. So the boy Bill evidently thought, for as he came running out to learn the cause of such unwonted hilarity, he was so tickled by seeing his father in a sitting posture, that he broke out into a most unfilial roar, and thus set off all the rest of the company again, just as tranquillity was being re-established.

Poor Plumber was thoroughly vexed. Tom had not played him so unkind a trick for a long time.

"The ole warmin!" he said; "the ole spitfire! the ole sarpent! He 'll be the death of me, he will, some day. Come up, do!" And he dealt the undutiful beast a blow in the ribs with his fist, to the detriment of his own knuckles perhaps, but, as it appeared, to the infinite gratification of Tom, who brightened up under the infliction, and gaily tossed his head as though an extra feed had just been accorded to him as the reward of merit.

"Come, come, John!" said Aunt Susan, who was the great peace-maker. "You must not be angry now. Recollect it is to you we owe the arrival of this gentleman amongst us, and that we are all very grateful for the services you rendered to him. Put Tom into the paddock for the present, and go in and have a little dinner with Mary and Eliza. They will both be delighted to see you, for you are the favourite everywhere."

Poor John, who, like most tender-hearted men, was at once disarmed by a word of kindness — more especially if it fell from a woman's lips—released Tom from the cart, drove him into the little field at the side of the house, and then repaired to the kitchen, where he found a huge plate of smoking Irish stew already prepared for him by anticipation, and the usual indications of good cheer. After urbanely paying his respects to Mary and Eliza, he sat down to the good things provided for him, and attacked them with an appetite which it was evident his momentary anger had not in the least impaired.

The rest of the day passed pleasantly indeed at Sundown! George was soon quite restored to himself, and no further anxiety was experienced on his account; or if so, it became so completely blended with delight at his arrival, as to be imperceptible. John was sent for his trunks to the inn where they had been left, and the best bedroom was placed at his disposal for as many weeks or months as he liked to stay in it.

"Now you are here, cousin," said Ruth, with more than her usual animation, "we shan't think of letting you go again very soon. Shall we, Fred?"

When George tried to protest against the hospitality so copiously showered down upon him, the prettiest of pretty hands was held up admonishingly, and he was commanded to say not one word.

After dinner — which never before had been so gay at Sundown — of course George was taken forth to see all the wonders of the house and grounds. Ruth had some pet pouter pigeons, which he must see first. No: the scarlet-runners she had set with her own hands, and which were now so magnificent, were to be looked at before everything else. Or, stay: the darling little baby-pig, which Mary took the trouble, of her own accord, to wash in warm water every morning, and which was the sweetest little porkling cherub ever seen — that ought to have the priority over all other sights.

And so George was led from the paddock to the stable, and from the stable to the pigsty, and from the pigsty to the cowhouse, and from the cowhouse back again to the paddock, Ruth and Fred incessantly pointing out some fresh object of interest, and the three young people laughing, chatting, and joking, as though they had known each other for years.

When darkness began to creep up from the east, and out-door forms were becoming enveloped in its misty folds, the joyous little party returned to the house. And there Aunt Susan welcomed them back with her kindest smiles, the tears springing into the old lady's eyes as she saw how happy were her dear children. She did not talk much that evening — Aunt Susan was habitually silent now — but she sat listening with almost maternal delight to all the eager words that issued from the lips of the three babblers; words that came warm and glowing from their fresh young hearts.

But there were new sights now for George to see, and it was Fred's turn to do the honours, for Ruth's treasures in-doors were too exclusively of a feminine character to be submitted to masculine inspection. What would the Swiss cousin care for silk dresses, straw bonnets, or a velvet mantle? Ruth, in her first eagerness and rapture, would have displayed all her toilette grandeurs before George, as she always displayed them to Fred; but then, as she felt on reflection, between a cousin and a brother there was a difference, and so she forbore. Fred's acquisitions, however, she brought forward with the utmost alacrity. And first, there were his sketches and his pictures.

"*Ah, vous êtes peintre!*" exclaimed George, unconsciously speaking the language to which he was most accustomed; "*et moi aussi.*" And then he went on explaining that he had been studying for the last two years in Paris at the Louvre, the Luxembourg, and the Ecole des Beaux Arts; that he had a nice little *atelier* of his own in the Rue Bonaparte; and that it was as a sort of reward for his industry his father had permitted him to take a trip to England.

"This is delightful!" exclaimed Fred, with rapture in his tones. "What fine sketching parties we shall be able to have together! There are an immense number of fine views in the neighbourhood."

And then Fred fell to, planning and scheming all sorts of excursions, in which Ruth was of course to take part, speaking in a voice so elastic and gladsome that his sister kissed him several times from excess of pleasure; and afterwards, as if to counteract the influence of so many demonstrations of affection, rumpled his hair, and straightened it out on each side, until his head resembled that of a pith doll under the influence of electricity.

That was a happy evening for the three young people. When Ruth and Fred had talked until they could talk no more, George told them of his father, and of his sister Hester, and of their pretty home at Zurich. And then he described the principal mountain scenes in Switzerland, and the varied aspects of the French capital, using simple yet picturesque language, that charmed the two attentive listeners.

A happy, happy evening! and the chimes of Topton church, lightly borne by the breeze, brought to Sundown the announcement of midnight before the three babblers thought of retiring to their beds.

Even when there they could obtain no repose. Fred tossed from side to side in a vain endeavour to shut out the visible world from his mental gaze; George dropped into a sort of half slumber, so agitated and feverish that it brought no rest; while as for Ruth, sleep rebelliously refused to close her eyes at all, and so she rose from her bed, and, with nothing to screen her delicate little body from the night air but a loose robe, that half veiled and half disclosed the beauty of her form, sat by the window, and looked out upon the country.

How dark it was, without a single star or moonbeam to light up its obscurity! Yet to Ruth it seemed all bright and radiant, peopled with fair shapes, and made harmonious by rippling sounds and soft music. But the air was chill; so, with something of a shudder, the young girl drew her robe more closely around her bosom, and gently stole back to bed, nestling herself there like a little bird preparing for slumber. And slumber came to her at last, full of sweet whispers and fairy scenes.

She was in the midst of mountains, snow-covered and grand. Sunset was glowing upon their lofty pinnacles, and a thousand dazzling colours floated in the sky. At her feet were blurred and jagged rocks, down which the torrent leapt and ran as if in mad exultation

at its unchecked liberty. Still lower was a wide-spreading plain, dotted with a thousand scattered homes, and bright with the lines of cultivated fruitfulness.

She was in a vast city, and long lines of streets and palaces stretched away into the far distance, like monuments shaped by the hand of Art in eternal homage to the Spirit of Beauty. Before her was a smiling garden, and beneath the shadowy arches of its massive trees the young sported and the old sat in happy meditation, while the birds softly sung above-head, and the murmuring sound of fountains blended harmoniously with their song, until the very air seemed throbbing with delicious melody.

And now she was back again at Sundown, and Fred — the dear Fred — was pressing her to his heart, and greeting her with fond words of loving welcome. Oh! what happy, happy dreams!

Do not wake from them yet, little maid. Sleep on, — sleep on; and may all good angels watch over and protect you!

CHARLEMAGNE AND THE SAXONS.

History presents singular anomalies, and abounds in startling paradoxes: despotism crushed by despotism, tyranny advancing liberty, persecution inflicted by the persecuted, barbarism repelled by barbarians. One of the most striking instances is supplied by the life of Charlemagne. He was a northern barbarian, but he crushed the remnant of those savage nations which had overthrown all growing civilisation; he defeated the Huns, drove out the Goths, subjugated all Europe, and erected a colossal empire, yet he was as barbarous as those whom he subdued; he never learnt to write his name, but sealed his treaties with the hilt of his sword, and enforced their observance with the point.

Charlemagne, says an old author, was a man of iron: his head covered with a casque of iron, his hands encased in gauntlets of iron, his broad chest and huge shoulders protected by a cuirass of iron; his left hand brandished a lance of iron, and his right wielded his invincible sword; the inside of his thighs — where other horsemen wore not even leather — was covered with scales of iron; his buskins were of iron; his buckler was of iron; his very horse was of the colour and strength of iron. All who preceded him, all who surrounded him, all who followed him, were clothed, so far as their means would allow, in a similar manner. As they marched, iron covered the fields, iron covered the roads, the rays of the sun flashed upon innumerable points of iron; and this iron panoply was borne by a race whose wills were as strong and whose hearts were as hard as iron.

The colossal empire erected by the iron hero of this iron race extended itself to the Baltic in Germany, to the Volturno in Italy, to the Ebro in Spain, to the ocean in Gaul; and to consolidate this empire he engaged in fifty-three campaigns. Some nations fell before him an easy prey, others struggled for a brief time, and then sued for peace; when he planted his sword in the ground there were but few who dared to lift their heads above its level. But there were those few. The Saxons, under their noble chieftain, Witikind (the illustrious ancestor of the Prince Consort), defended their country with a valour which sprung from despair. Regardless of the military strength of the terrible Franks, of their immense resources, and of the genius of their king, the Saxons resolutely prepared for war, preferring all its disasters to the disgrace attaching to a dictated peace. With indefatigable activity Witikind organised an army, and audaciously provoked Charlemagne to battle. Beaten in 772 and 778, he returned to the charge, with fresh troops and new allies, in 782; was crushed by the iron heel of the invader, but, instead of submitting, he excited other German princes to revolt, and gave battle at Tentmold, and the Hase. This was his last adventure. All was lost save honour. He signed a treaty of peace, and henceforth became faithful to his conqueror. An heroic nature like that of Charlemagne could not fail to appreciate the genius and daring of so illustrious a foe as Witikind, and a cordial alliance was established between them.

Gibbon censures his treatment of the Saxons, whom Charlemagne was in too great a hurry to make good Christians. For this purpose the punishment of death was pronounced against the following crimes: the refusal of baptism, — the false pretence of baptism, — a relapse to idolatry, — the murder of a priest or bishop, — human sacrifices, — eating meat in Lent. But every crime might be expiated by baptism or penance. But Charlemagne was a true son of the Church, and hence some of his popularity. He comes down to us with a double halo, as "Great" and "Saint." Eginhart, who lived in his family, is our chief authority for the splendid reputation Charlemagne has obtained. Montesquieu is also loud in the praise of this prince; the Abbé de Mauly is still more enthusiastic; Gibbon gives us a masterly but less favourable estimate of his merits; but it is evidently with malicious pleasure that subtle and voluminous historian picks a few holes — or, in his own more elegant language, "discerns a few blemishes in the sanctity and greatness of the restorer of the Western Empire." If our English poet, Barry Cornwall, may be depended on, they were good times when Charlemagne lived, as appears from the following verses:

"There was freedom in the forest,
  There was plenty on the plain,
Lusty peasants, noble heroes,
  In the time of Charlemagne:
Right was right, and wrong was evil;
  Truth was never then too plain;
All the heart came forth in music,
  In the time of Charlemagne.

Every man was free to follow
  Bird or wild beast to its den;
Every man maintained his quarrel
  With the sword, and not the pen:
Manly thoughts and simple habits
  Brought us health and banished pain;
We have changed, (for worse or better?)
  Since the time of Charlemagne.

Beauty won her bloom from Nature,
  Wives were constant, maidens true;
Men were bold, strong, clear, unbending,
  As the brave bright steel they drew.
None can rise but by his merit,
  None can sell his soul for gain;
Words can never hide man's meaning,
  In the time of Charlemagne."

CHARLEMAGNE AND THE SAXONS.

THE HOUSE OF COMMONS AND THE EARLY-CLOSING MOVEMENT.

When is common sense to reign over man? According to Dr. Cumming, in a few years we are to have the Millennium. Will it be then? I fear not. At any rate, I am certain it will not be before.

Look, for instance, at the House of Commons: the Lords meet for debate a little after five p.m., and separate generally a little before six p.m., and it is perfectly astonishing what an immense amount of business they get through; but the Commons meet at four p.m. and sit till one or two a.m.; the consequence is, that very little business is done: that we have a great deal too much talking; that really conscientious members, who will not forsake their duties but remain at their posts, are knocked up, and have to cut Parliament for a time; and that what business is done is often performed in the most slovenly and unsatisfactory manner. A few minutes' reflection will make this clear. A bill is introduced, or rather, leave is given to a member to bring it in. It is read a first time. To the first reading of a bill generally little opposition is made. The member who introduces it makes a long speech in its favour, and little discussion takes place. The real fight is when it is read a second time. There are many ways of throwing out a bill without the discourtesy of a positive rejection. The first of these means consists in giving a preference to other "orders;" the second is, moving "the previous question." Another is, moving "that the second reading take place this day six months." If the bill get over the second reading, it then goes into committee, when objectionable clauses are struck out and fresh ones added, till the original proposer of the bill can hardly recognise his offspring. The bill is then read a third time, and afterwards sent up to the Lords. Possibly the Lords object to some parts of it; a conference with the Commons is then desired, which accordingly takes place, the deputation of the Commons standing with uncovered heads, while the Lords, with hats on, retain their seats. The matter being amicably arranged, and a disagreeable collision avoided, the bill is passed through the Lords, where it usually creates a far more orderly and less passionate debate than it has done in the Commons. The Lords being assembled in their own House, the Sovereign or the Commissioners seated, and the Commons at the bar, the titles of the several bills which have passed both Houses are read, and the King or Queen's answer is declared by the clerk of the Parliaments in Norman French. To a bill of supply the assent is given in the following words:—"*Le roy* (or, *la reine*) *remercie ses loyal subjects, accepte leur bénévolence et ainsi le veut.*" To a private bill it is thus declared:—"*Soit fait comme il est desiré.*" And to public general bills it is given in these terms:—"*Le roy* (or, *la reine*) *le veut.*" Should the Sovereign refuse his assent, it is in the gentle language of "*Le roy* (or, *la reine*) *s'avisera.*" As acts of grace and amnesty originate with the Crown, the clerk, expressing the gratitude of the subject, addresses the throne as follows:—"*Les prélats, seigneurs, et commons, en ce present Parliament assemblés, au nom de tout vous autres subjects, remercient très-humblement votre majesté, et prient à Dieu vous donner en santé bonne vie et longue.*" The moment the royal assent has been given, that which was a bill becomes an Act, and *instantly* has the force and effect of law, unless some time for the commencement of its operation should have been specially appointed. Occasionally a bill is introduced in the form of a motion, at other times as a resolution, but generally the bill is the favourite form. Any bill which the Lords can originate may be introduced and laid on the table by any individual peer, without the previous permission of the house; but in the Commons, no bill can be brought in unless a motion for leave be previously agreed to. Mr. Dod tells us, "During the progress of a bill the House *may* divide on the following questions:—1. Leave to bring it in. 2. When brought in, whether it shall then be read a first time, and if not, when? 3. On the first reading. 4. On the second reading. 5. That it be committed. 6. On the question that the Speaker do leave the chair, for the house to resolve itself into such committee. 7. That the report of the committee be received. 8. That the bill be recommitted. 9. That it be engrossed. 10. That it be read a third time. 11. That it do pass. 12. The title of the bill. These are quite exclusive of any divisions concerning the particular days to be appointed for proceeding with any stage of the measure, or of any proceedings in committee, or any amendments, or any clauses added to or expunged from the measure in or out of committee." Thus it is Acts of Parliament often made in one sense are ruled by the judges to have another, and we have Acts to amend Acts in endless succession. Tom Moore tells us of an Act of Parliament referring to a new prison, in which it was stated that the new one should be built with the materials of the old, and that the prisoners were to remain in the old prison till the new one was ready. This is an extreme case, but blunders equally absurd are made every day.

What is the remedy? Why, none other than the panacea recommended by Mr. Lilwall as applicable to every earthly ill—the Early-closing Movement. Early closing in the House of Commons would shut up the lawyers, who want to make long speeches—the diners-out, who enter the House ofttimes in a state of hilarity more calculated to heighten confusion than to promote business—the young swells, to whom the House of Commons is a club, and nothing more. We should have a smaller house, but one more ready to do business; and if we should lose a few lawyers on promotion, and, consequently, very industrious, very active, and very eloquent, that loss would be compensated by the addition to the House of many men of great talent and political capacity, who cannot stand the late hours and the heated atmosphere, and the frightfully lengthy speeches, and the furious partisanship of the House as at present constituted.

I have seen it suggested that a large board should be placed behind the Speaker's chair; that when any member makes a point or advances an argument, the point or argument, whether for or against the measure, should be noted down and numbered; that a speaker, instead of repeating the point or argument, as is now the case, should simply mention the No. 1, 2, or 3, as the case may be, and say, "I vote for the bill because of No. 1," and so on. We

should then have no vain repetitions; business would be done better, and more speedily; members would not be confused; the reporters would not have so much trouble as now; and the patient public would be spared the infliction in their daily organs of column after column of parliamentary debate. The advantage of the Early-closing Movement in the House of Commons would be, that it would compel the House to adopt some measure of the kind. It is curious to trace the increase of late hours. In Clarendon's time "the House met always at eight o'clock and rose at twelve, which were the old parliamentary hours, that the committees, upon whom the great burden of the business lay, might have the afternoon for their preparation and despatch." Sometimes the House seems to have met at cock-crowing. In the journals and old orders of the House we find such entries as the following:—"March 26, 1604. Having obtained permission of her Majesty to attend at eight, the Commons previously met at six to treat on what shall be delivered tending the reason of their proceedings." Again, "May 31, 1614. Ordered that the House shall sit every day at seven o'clock in the morning, and to begin to read bills for the first time at ten." The journals record that on Sunday, August 8, 1641, at six o'clock a.m., the Commons go down to St. Margaret's and hear prayers and a sermon, returning to the House at nine. This, however, was occasioned by the eagerness of the members to prevent the king's journey to Scotland, and a minute was made that it should not be considered as a precedent. The Long Parliament resolved, "that whosoever shall not be here at prayers every morning at eight o'clock shall pay one shilling to the poor." James I. mentioned as an especial grievance that the Commons brought the protestation concerning their liberties into the House *at six o'clock at night, by candlelight!* "I move," said Serjeant Wylde, "against sitting in the afternoon. This council is a grave council and sober, and ought not to do things in the dark." Sir A. Haselrigge said he never knew good come of candles. Sir William Waddington brought in two from the clerk against the direction of the House, and was committed to the Tower next morning. Having sat on the occasion till seven, Sir H. Vane complained, "We are not able to hold out sitting thus in the night." After the Revolution matters got worse. Bishop Burnet complains that the House did not meet till twelve; and in the next generation Speaker Onslow adds, "This is grown shamefully of late, even to two of the clock." In the time of Pitt and Fox the evil reached its climax. The motion for the Speaker leaving the chair on Fox's India Bill was put to the vote at half-past four in the morning. During the Westminster scrutiny the House sometimes sat till six a.m. Pitt, speaking on the slave-trade, introduced his beautiful quotation relative to the sun as it was then just bursting on his audience. Sir Samuel Romilly tells us that he would not unfrequently go to bed at his usual time, and rising next morning somewhat earlier than usual would go down to be present at the division. I think it was during the Reform debates that an hon. M.P., having been present at the discussion the previous night, and being desirous to secure a good place the next evening, went down to the House early in the morning for that special purpose, and found the debate, at the commencement of which he had been present and which he thought had long been over, proceeding hotly and furiously. In the last session of parliament the house sinned greatly in this respect. I am told this state of things is for the advantage of the lawyers, who otherwise would not be able to attend in the House at all; but it may be questioned whether this is such a benefit as some suppose, and certainly the midnight hour, especially after mind and body have alike been jaded by the strain of a long debate, is not the best for passing measures of a legislative character; and yet it is in the small hours, when members are weary, or, we fear, in some cases slightly vinous, or indifferent and apathetic, that most of the real business of the nation is performed. Now against this bad habit for many years Mr. Brotherton waged an incessant but unsuccessful war. As soon as ever midnight arrived the hon. gentleman was on his legs, warning honourable members of its arrival and of the injury which late hours must necessarily occasion to their own health, and to the satisfactory progress of public business. In his attempts Mr. Brotherton then was aiming as much at the good of the nation as well as the advantage of the members of the House. Many are the scenes occasioned by Mr. Brotherton's importunity. Mr. Grant says, "I have seen one look him most imploringly in the face, and heard him say, in tones and with a manner as coaxing as if the party had been wooing his mistress, 'Do not, just yet, Mr. Brotherton; wait one half hour until this business be disposed of.' I have seen a second seize him by the right arm, while a third grasped him by the left, with the view of causing him to resume his seat, and when his sense of duty overcame all these efforts to seduce or force him from its path, I have seen a fourth honourable gentleman rush to the assistance of the others, and, taking hold of the tail of his coat, literally press him to his seat. I have seen Mr. Brotherton with a perseverance beyond all praise, in this righteous and most patriotic cause, suddenly start again to his feet in less than five minutes and move a second time the adjournment of the House, and I have again had the misfortune to see physical force triumph over the best moral purposes. Five or six times have I witnessed the repetition of this in one night. On one occasion, I remember seeing an honourable member actually clap his hand on Mr. Brotherton's mouth, in order to prevent his moving the dreaded adjournment." Constant ill-success damped Mr. Brotherton's ardour. There was a time when his object seemed attained, but in the last session he attended the Commons were as bad as ever. Mr. Brotherton having made a futile attempt when the session was young, in favour of the Early-closing Movement, abandoned his position in despair. The call for Brotherton ceased to be a watchword with our less hopeful senators, and Mr. Bonverie's view, that more business was got through after twelve o'clock at night than before, appeared to be generally acquiesced in, with a species of reluctant despair which was unanswerable. Still it is true that early to bed and early to rise will make the Commons more healthy and wise, though the general practice seems to be the other way.

THE LEGEND OF THE LOTUS.

The Lotus, the sacred plant of Buddhists and Brahmins, is held in the highest veneration throughout India and China. It will be in the recollection of our readers, that the symbolic message circulated throughout Hindostan previous to the late disastrous insurrection was a lotus-marked cake—that this symbol of faith was the sign of rebellion. The sacred books of the Buddhists dwell on the virtues of this beautiful plant, how it came to be chosen as the emblem of their religion is related in the following legend.

I.

Once upon a time there reigned in Vaicali a king named Brahmanandita. His country was agreeably situated, remarkably fertile, astonishingly prosperous, and occupied an important place amongst the kingdoms of India. Brahmanandita was rich, healthy, prudent, virtuous, with a loyal people, and one hundred beautiful and affectionate wives. But he was unhappy. He was the last of a long line of kings, for the oracles had declared that no son of his should sit upon his throne.

King Brahmanandita sought in vain to change the decree of heaven. No pilgrimage which he could perform, no work which he could accomplish, no vow which he could register, was of the least avail. He must die childless, and none could say who should come after him. The king became deeply melancholy. Nothing could cheer his heart or dissipate the cloud which hung over him. In the vigorous exercise of the body he endeavoured to forget the sorrows of the mind. He arose early; he retired late; he undertook long and hazardous enterprises; he engaged in arduous labours, and spent his leisure in the chase. He hunted tigers and captured elephants, delighted his friends by his wisdom, and confounded his foes by his valour: but the oracles would give forth no answer of peace—no son of woman born should occupy his throne.

One evening Brahmanandita was returning to his palace after a hard day's hunt. He was alone, for he had parted from his attendants in the excitement of the chase, and those faithful servitors had sought in vain to rejoin their master. It was the decree of fate; it was the will of Buddha. As the king emerged from the mango wood he was astonished to find the road, which was bare and stony in the morning, thickly covered with the most beautiful lotus flowers he had ever beheld. He reined his steed, and regarded the scene with curiosity and interest. How could he account for this sudden change? As a student, he could not reconcile it with the laws of nature—lotus flowers grow not in burning sands and out of bleached stones. As a devout man, he was disposed to regard it as a miracle; but prudence suggested the possibility of fraud. Perhaps these flowers had been placed in his path to attract his attention, excite his curiosity, lead him out of the proper track into an ambush set for him by his old enemy, the King of Varanasi. If this were the case, no doubt the flowers were either artificial, or simply arranged in the sand for the purpose of deception. Brahmanandita alighted from his horse, and to his increased astonishment discovered the flowers to be actually growing out of the sand. Not less surprising than the spontaneous productions of these miraculous flowers, was the impression traceable in the very centre of each of a hind's foot, while a phosphorescent light played around them, and imparted to them a peculiar and supernatural beauty. While he observed with awe these things, his attention was called to the mysterious light, gliding with a graceful motion toward the neighbouring wood, and changing its colour every moment, from emerald to ruby, from topaz to sapphire. The path it took was that which led to the fountain and grotto of Djanakara, blessed especially of Buddha; and, therefore, the supposition that what he beheld was miraculous, was strengthened in the mind of Brahmanandita.

"I will go," said he, "whither the light shall lead me: who shall say, but what the will of Heaven may be changed and my dark destiny reversed?"

He drew his jewel-hilted sabre, uttered the name of God, and plunged into the recesses of the forest.

II.

Led by the miraculous light, halting when it stopped, following as it went on, Brahmanandita soon lost himself in the recesses of the woods. The sun had long gone down, and the stars were shut out from his sight by the network of branches above him. The road was wild and terrible, and the beasts of the forest glared upon him from the jungle; but he saw nothing but the flittering light, and lotus flowers, which sprang up wherever it went. At last he beheld the entrance to the sacred grotto, and heard the murmur of the Djanakara fountains, and the mystic light stopped in its course. Brahmanandita was a stranger to fear, but a solemn awe crept over him as he drew nearer and nearer to the spot, where the light flickered round the last lotus which had sprung up.

Stretched on a bed of flowers on the margin of the hallowed fountain Brahmanandita saw a young girl, of such transcendent beauty and supernatural glory that he covered his face with a veil, and uttered an exclamation of surprise.

That cry awoke the sleeper, who, starting from the bank, fled in evident terror; but, rapid as was her flight, Brahmanandita saw that she had the feet of a hind, and that as they touched the earth a brilliant light was emitted and a lotus flower sprang up.

Reassured by these signs that the fugitive was the same which he had hitherto pursued, Brahmanandita hastened forward, and, like the prince in a fairy story, went on and on and on till the sun rose, attained the zenith, and sank to rest under a canopy of crimson clouds. Brahmanandita felt neither fear nor fatigue, his mind fully occupied with the hind-footed girl and the miraculous lotus.

At length, when the moon was shining and the stars were out, Brahmanandita beheld the fugitive enter a cavern. As he drew near he recognised the spot. It was the cell of a devout hermit, an aged man who had subsisted upon less and tortured himself more than any of his tribe, and was consequently regarded as of immense sanctity. He was deeply versed in the sacred books, and a great authority in all questions of faith and practice.

Brahmanandita bowed lowly before him, as the kings of earth have often bowed to the princes of heaven; and when he was harshly accosted, as indeed he was, he salaamed the lower, and spake in a subdued voice.

"What would you seek, effeminate dweller in palaces, in the wild forests and the hermit's cave? Art jealous of his withered herbs and stagnant water? Speak, and begone!"

So Brahmanandita told his story, and the grim features of the hermit relaxed into a smile. He stretched out his long bony hand, and laid it on the king.

"Heaven is not deaf to prayer," so he spake; "and though its decrees are all unchangeable, they may be overcome by Faith and Patience. True it is that no human being could fulfil thy wish, and but for this wondrous being, whose footsteps you have tracked, childless you must have died. But this is no ordinary woman: she is the child of heaven and earth: those hind's feet and the lotus flowers mark her earthly origin, while the miraculous light indicates her heavenly parentage. She is thine."

Brahmanandita was delighted.

"But remember," the hermit went on, "that privilege may turn to penalty, blessings may change to curses; whatever may occur, you must bear with holy resignation and steadfast faith."

"I will," said Brahmanandita.

"No hard thought must enter your heart; no harsh word escape your lips: you must neither be indignant nor indifferent, doubtful nor daring, but with diligence and devotion attend to the happiness of this heaven-born spouse.

Brahmanandita was about to protest his willingness to do anything, but the hermit impatiently waved his hand for silence, and called to the mysterious lady to come forth.

O Beautiful! O Ecstacy! O Glorious! never was form so graceful nor face so fair; never had every perfection been so united in one person. Her hair! her eyes! her lips! Brahmanandita fell on his knees and worshipped.

The hermit assured the blushing girl — it was an irresistible blush — that Brahmanandita sought her in all fidelity to be the partner of his life. Brahmanandita endeavoured to offer some Oriental compliment, but the hermit commanded him to be silent. Wilt thou have this man? Wilt thou have this woman? Who would not? So they were married, and Brahmanandita and his new wife sealed the holy compact with a kiss.

III.

There was a revolt in the harem of Brahmanandita. Green-eyed jealousy had crept in on the skirts of the new bride, and set the harem in an uproar. The ladies were at first disposed to be civil to the last arrival — number one hundred and one — and she, all gentleness, received their good offices so kindly that they absolutely admitted she was neither dwarfed nor ugly, and certainly possessed some taste, my dear, in the arrangement of her coiffeur. There were two things, however, about which they knew nothing. First, that she, by Heaven's decree, was to be queen-mother. Second, that under her beautiful kirtle she had hind's feet. Now that she was amongst ordinary mortals, the lotus flowers no longer sprang up at her step; nor was the miraculous light emitted from her person. But the two secrets were discovered. Rumour whispered that the decree of the gods had been reversed in her favour. Curiosity ascertained her pedal peculiarity; jealousy fanned the fire into a flame, and Brahmanandita found himself reduced to a condition awful to contemplate. Two hundred scornful eyes shot angry glances at him whenever he approached. Two hundred lips curled in contempt when he came in. One hundred tongues denounced him as a monster of perfidy. A thousand nails were seen to move convulsively, or two hundred fountains of tears were opened at once and fell in copious showers.

Brahmanandita endeavoured to pacify the ladies of his household, but in vain. He was gentle and affectionate, and did all that man could do to conciliate and tame them. He tried to terrify them into submission, but this only roused them up the more, and precipitated a result which he had feared. They turned the full tide of their wrath on the lotus bride; and it became essential to her personal safety that she should be placed in a separate establishment. A splendid pagoda, with a verandah overhanging the Ganges, was fitted up for her reception. Eunuchs and guards were placed around her; everything was done to make her happy, and Brahmanandita impatiently awaited the consummation of his hopes.

The auspicious day arrived. Prayers were offered up in every pagoda and sacrifices in every temple. There was a great festival in all the principal towns, and heralds announced throughout the length and breadth of the empire that a son was born to Brahmanandita.

IV.

Twilight was deepening into night. The feasters were as merry as could be expected of those who had been enjoying themselves all day. But there was an anxious heart amongst those who sat at the royal board. As yet Brahmanandita was strange to his child; he had not yet looked upon the face of his little one; and from certain wistful glances he had noticed, and half-uttered words he had heard, a secret fear was in his bosom that all was not right. Had life been taken when life was given? Was the child itself alive, or was it that mother and babe were dead together? As soon as etiquette would allow he rose from his seat, and, preceded by drummers and torch-bearers, advanced to the queen's pavilion. He entered it alone.

"My love, my life, — dearer to me than ever in this hour; my wife — the mother of my child — look on me and smile."

She looked up, but there was no smile; tears were on her cheeks. Brahmanandita bent over her, and kissed them away.

"You are weak," he said, "and in pain, my love; but think of our child — our heaven-sent child — that shall sit on its father's throne, and give to our land a race of kings mightier than all the monarchs of earth."

"It shall do so," she answered, "it shall do so; but faith is weak, and blind are those who boast that they see clearly."

He sat beside her for a few moments, and played with her hands, and then asked her:

"May I not see our child?"

"It is there," she answered, pointing to a couch of silver and diamonds, "and it sleeps soundly."

He went towards it, look surprised, anxious, terrified, and turning to her, hastily cried:

"Where, where is my child?—why mock at my anxiety?" Then gently, "Forgive me, dearest—let my love plead my excuse—where is my child?"

She sobbed aloud.

"O tell me, is it dead?—is it dying? Speak!"

"It is there," she cried; "there before you,—and may the gods have pity on us both!"

On the couch of silver and diamonds there lay a lotus flower; the king saw it—his eyes flashed, his face crimsoned.

"Base woman!" he cried, "heartless deceiver! you have played false with me, and won thy way into my heart only to mock my love; in league with the evil spirits of the earth and air, thou hast betrayed me. Beautiful deceiver! tell me, why hast thou done this?"

She answered not a word, but wept.

"No tears," he said, "can wash away this sin; no tears subdue the fire in my breast, nor melt my heart now turned to stone. I was a fool to think the decrees of Heaven could change; to listen to the lying tongue of the treacherous hermit. The gods have punished me. But think not to escape: my love is turned to hate: I will crush thee as I crush this lotus flower."

"Oh, spare it! spare it!" she cried; for he had taken the flower in his hand. She knelt before him, clasped his knees, kissed his feet, besought him to take pity, but he gave her neither word of gentleness nor look of love.

"Pity," he said, "shall henceforth be strange to me. I banish from this moment every gentle thought. Accursed of heaven, I defy the gods! deluded by mortals, I will do vengeance on my race. I, the last of a long line of princes, will leave behind me a terrible name. No longer shall they call me Brahmanandita the Good, but Brahmanandita the Tyrant. And thou—thou shalt be the first to know how terrible my wrath can be!"

He spurned her as he spoke, and called out to the guards:

"Seize this panther-hearted enchantress! down with her to the lowest, blackest dungeon! Let her neither see the light nor hear a human voice; feed her on the bread of sorrow, let the water of affliction be her drink!"

"Oh! think, my lord," she said, "of what you do! Take counsel with your reason, and let not the tyrant passion revenge a disappointment which Heaven has willed."

"I will hear nothing!" he said; "thy voice has lost its charm; thine eyes to me are worse than those of a blind crone; thy tears inflame my wrath, and thy smiles send my hand to my sabre. Away! I would not slay thee; not that I love thee, but that my hatred may be satisfied at the thought of thy perpetual misery!"

She rose up in all her beauty, and looked upon him with a tender, compassionate glance; then, taking the lotus flower from the couch, she went forward to the verandah, and hurled the flower into the stream. Then the guards seized her, and bore her away to the dungeon. Great was the sorrow of the people; great was the joy of the ladies of the harem; but their joy was turned to mourning when they found how changed, how cruel Brahmanandita had become.

At this time also a remarkable phenomenon became the talk of everybody. They dared not mention it in public, and had any scribe dared to write it in a book he would have been immediately sacrificed. The lotus flower which the queen had thrown into the stream had there expanded in size as it drifted down the river; its stem had arisen to an amazing height; a thousand leaves had unfolded themselves in the light, and as each leaf opened it disclosed, sleeping tranquilly, sweetly, as on a mother's breast, a beautiful male child. A thousand children on the thousand leaves of a gigantic lotus could not fail to be the subject of universal conversation, but none dared talk of it aloud, lest the wrath of the king should be kindled.

So the lotus floated away on the Ganges until it finally quitted the territories of Brahmanandita.

V.

Twenty years elapsed. The kingdom of Vaicali was full of trouble. Its fields were barren; no stately vessels rode on its waters; its cities were desolate; Famine and his brother Pestilence were busy at work; Death was out a-reaping with a vengeance. Brahmanandita was still king, and ruled with an iron hand over his wretched subjects. He had widowed wives and orphaned children; he had plundered the wealthy and oppressed the poor; he had banished Justice and Mercy; had flooded the places of execution with the noblest blood in the country; had crowded the prisons to suffocation; had sported with human suffering in his mad merriment; had sought his own destruction in his moody melancholy; now terrible as an infuriated panther, now fractious as a froward child, he had passed his days in tyranny and his nights in fear.

Whether his lotus wife still lived he never asked, and none dared to allude to her. The women of the harem, reduced in number, and grown old and grey, whispered among themselves sometimes about the fate of that unhappy lady; but they were seldom on good terms with one another, and spent most of their time in a petty squabble on precedence or faded beauty. The king never entered the harem, neither had he made any addition to it since the fatal day of his disappointment.

At the end of the twenty years a rumour spread abroad that the rising fortunes of the King of Varanasi, the old enemy of Brahmanandita, had received immense assistance by the addition of a thousand youths, all of them brothers in arms. These youths were known only for their strength and courage. Wherever they went they carried prosperity, whatever they attempted they accomplished, whomsoever they opposed they defeated; and when they went to battle they clashed their shields together, and cried to the wild birds of the air, "Come, eat of the feast of our providing!" and to the beasts of the forest, "Hunger no more, for there shall be meat in plenty!"

It was reported all over the land of Vaicali that

these brothers had resolved on its conquest. Brahmanandita heard the intelligence without dismay.

"Truly," said he, "as I must one day die, what matter whether it be to-day or to-morrow? But it were a shame to die without a struggle. Let the armies be assembled. Let it be published throughout my dominions that all slaves shall be freed, all prisoners liberated, who join my ranks. Let walls and towers be built around our chief cities, stronger than those erected aforetime, and let the heralds proclaim our defiance to these thousand warriors."

Everything was done even as the king commanded: the army was assembled, the slaves were freed, the prisoners were loosed, the walls were built, but the hearts of the men of Vaicali melted with fear when they saw the cloud of dust approaching, and beheld the thousand youths appear. Their stature was terrible, their glance was terrible, their weapons were terrible, their words were terrible. The king sat alone in his divan and waited for the battle; as he thus sat there suddenly appeared before him a female, veiled. He indignantly rose up and called to the guards to drag her hence and slay her; but as they rushed on her she lifted her veil, and disclosed the features of the Lotus Queen.

"I am in thy hand, O king," she said; "for twenty years I have pined in the dungeon, but the prison doors have this day been opened, and I hasten to warn and to entreat thee to stay thine hand. Let no arrow be shot, no sword unsheathed, no spear hurled against the thousand youths who have come up in battle array. Let a messenger of peace be sent, and let the gates be thrown open, and let my lord have patience with his handmaiden and faith in the decree of Heaven. The great Buddha is merciful; he will deal well with those who turn away from madness and folly and honour his holy name. The time is short, the necessity is urgent: let my lord speak."

Brahmanandita gazed in astonishment on the face of the Lotus Queen. She was still young, still beautiful, time had not wrinkled her face nor darkened the lustre of her eye. His heart softened. The thought of the wrong he had done came upon him with an overwhelming force; the prayers for mercy he had refused, the tears he had mocked, the blood he had shed, the homes he had made desolate — all was remembered, and his cheeks were suffused with tears.

"Oh, wronged and beautiful woman!" he cried, and prostrated himself before her; "how shall I atone for my injustice? how can I obtain forgiveness? what sacrifice shall I offer before outraged heaven? what oblation can I present to thee?"

And she answered, "Obedience and love."

"I am thy slave, thy willing servant: speak, and it shall be done."

She repeated her instructions that no resistance should be offered to the besiegers, and the soldiers loosed their bow-strings and sheathed their swords.

Meanwhile the thousand youths had arrived and settled down before the devoted city. They were surprised to find the walls unmanned, and laughed at the supposed cowardice of the citizens. When the gates were thrown open they expected a sally, and prepared for defence; but when only one person appeared, they struck their shields together and raised a scornful cry.

"We will make no terms," said they, "neither will we show mercy. The wild birds shall feed on their slain, and the wild beast make its home in their city."

Bending their bows and preparing their slings, they waited the approach of the stranger. It was the Lotus Bride clothed in white garments, with a veil over her face. She lifted her hand as she came near, and there was a deep silence through the host as she spoke.

"Put up your swords and bow the head before Brahmanandita. Heaven will be angry with the rebel and the parricide, and not one of those shall escape whose weapons are wetted with blood to-day."

One of the brothers advanced towards her, and asked by what right she dared dictate to those who set in battle array, and who had come up to destroy a tyrant and liberate an oppressed people.

"By a mother's right," she answered. "O my children, in me you behold your mother. I am the Lotus Queen."

"We know not of our mother," the youth answered, "nor of our people; but the lotus is our preserver and the lotus we adore."

"I am your mother," she said, "and from the day of your birth until now I have mourned in secret. I am the wife of King Brahmanandita, whose children you are."

"A fable! a fable!" cried the brothers: "this is the treachery of the tyrant, let us not listen to her words."

"Beware, O my children," she said, and lifted her veil and looked upon them, "beware how you tempt Heaven."

"A sign! a sign!" they cried in answer.

She knelt down and prayed. Then rising, lifted her hand, unbared her bosom, and a thousand fountains of milk leaped up into the air.

The brothers fell down before her, crying: "This is, indeed, our mother — the gods bare witness to her words!"

Then twelve of the brothers lifted her into a splendid palanquin, and surrounded by the others, carried her in triumph into the city. There they were met by Brahmanandita, who, full of joy and tenderness, embraced them one after the other, and begged the open forgiveness of his queen for the wrong which had been done to her. There were grand rejoicings in the city and throughout the land, and the rest of the life of the king was spent in repairing the evil he had done, and in consolidating the prosperity of his people. He lived to a good old age in perfect happiness with his queen, who never lost her beauty. On the day of his death she was lost suddenly, and a silver cloud was seen rising in the heavens and melting in the azure sky.

BOURNEMOUTH.

By GODFREY TURNER.

If you would like to know a spot whither you can go at a small travelling expense, and where you may pass a week or two very agreeably, and which you may leave at any moment without regret, and think of afterwards with entirely pleasant recollections, but with no particular desire to return, I should say, by all means allow me to introduce you to Bournemouth.

Bournemouth presents this remarkable paradox in its general structure and appearance, that it is thoroughly conventional and thoroughly unique. Again, there is no variety about the place, and yet it is not monotonous. It is unquestionably picturesque, though the picturesque elements—age, local customs, tradition, habit, inequalities, contrasts—are all missing. Bournemouth has had no origin whatever. Other places of the kind may be traced back from their now flourishing condition to a state of insignificance. Brighton was once a poor fishing-village. It was a very low-class town when the first gentleman in Europe built there the ugliest pile in the two hemispheres, and straightway crescents, and squares, and fashion, and physic, and the polite world, rallied round the Lord High-master of the Ceremonies and his Vauxhall Pavilion. Bath was a mud-heap in the time of another prince—one Bladud; and it was a shabby-genteel place of resort in the days of Nash. But Bournemouth never was anything till it sprang into being—the Bournemouth we now behold. It was born of nothing, and it has hardly grown one brick since its birth. There it is, near the south-west extremity of the Hampshire coast, equally unlike Aladdin's palace and a mushroom, but of analogous production with both; only a Bournemouth could have been here produced. A peat soil, showing the remains of an ancient forest, which was burned down nobody can say how many hundred years ago, was overgrown with furze, and might have been worth probably five pounds an acre. Such was the site of Bournemouth a little before the year 1840. The late Sir George Gervis, lord of the manor, then took thought concerning the locality, which appeared to flatter the idea of a watering-place. The sands, be it observed, are ten miles in extent, without pebble or mud. The formation of the cliffs and their aspect both favoured the views of the enterprising proprietor. I don't know whether he consulted a physician in the first place, but the pulse of Bournemouth has been recently felt, and its ribs have been poked, and its stomach has been punched, and its tongue has been examined by Dr. Granville, and Bournemouth has been pronounced by that eminent professional authority to be in the enjoyment of the soundest health. Whether pre-advised or not as to the salubrity of the site, Sir George Gervis may have formed a pretty safe judgment from appearances. The soil, which refused to cherish cabbages, promised a famous field for the cultivation of the human race. Ornamental vegetation, too, would thrive among the pine and fir-trees; and sure enough the new retreat was hardly planned and laid out by Mr. Ferrey before the arbutus and rhododendron had taken the place of low, scrubby heath and underwood. Mr. Ferrey would appear to have studied landscape-gardening under the Drury Lane management of Mr. Bunn. The first scene of the *Bohemian Girl* is instantly and forcibly called to mind by the first glimpse of Bournemouth. The frequenters of Regent Street may likewise have gained an intuitive perception of this paradise of lodging-houses, as regards the *coup d'œil* and natural features of the place, by staring into the window of the vivarium shop, where there is a pretty background of rock-work and ferns. Take away the fountain in the front, and throw in among the greenery a number of modern houses, all of the Italian *villa-nous* order of architecture, and all as like as two pecks of peas, with a rustic bridge, a church or two, and a couple of hotels, and there you have it. Or, rather, stick one model of a desirable family residence in the middle of a heap of herbage, and look at it through a multiplying spy-glass. The speckly, up-and-down, here-there-and-everywhere, unconnected look of Bournemouth, would be exactly reproduced by that means.

Bournemouth will neither improve nor decline upon acquaintance. There is nothing to find out there; no phenomenon to inquire into, no hidden trail to discover. It possesses no interior and no back; but such as you see it, such it is. The village of Bournemouth is a village without a street; the whole economy of Bournemouth displays itself at a glance, for Bournemouth is one entire façade, and it is nothing more.

Where all the poor people live in Bournemouth would be inexplicable, if there were any poor people there at all. But there are not. Even trade is minimized to the point at which trade becomes a necessity. You go shopping over the rustic bridge, and expect to be applauded from the valley below, as if you were making a theatrical exit. I can only call to mind two shops at Bournemouth. I believe there are more, but I am open to a bet on a very low number—say five.

Having engaged rooms on the recommendation and through the instrumentality of a friend, I entered Bournemouth on trust as it were, and placed myself and my hope of comfortable lodgings in the hands of fate. When the omnibus (Bournemouth boasts one of these vehicles, one fly, and one donkey) stopped in front of an eligible mansion, and I was summoned to alight, I thought the driver must have made a mistake. But he was quite right. The "party," who called twice to inquire whether Mr. Charles Lamb was at home when he wasn't, and whom the suspicious domestic afterwards described to her master as "rather in a red waistcoat than otherwise," did not look more like a bailiff than the middle-aged female who answered the gate-bell of Plantagenet Lodge looked like a sea-side landlady. Nor, when I got inside, did I find Plantagenet Lodge so very unlike Ramgate lodgings. There was the same studious avoidance of everything that could hurt the sensitive mind by awakening any recollection of home.

I have said nothing about the dwellers in Bournemouth, because I could find nothing to say. People walk about there like the supernumeraries on a stage, and I suppose they eat and drink, and marry and are given in marriage; but they are requested not to die. This is one of the things you ought never to do at Bournemouth, simply because it is against the feeling of the place. In the churchyard there—a dreadfully new burying-place—the tombstones have each the appearance of a caution. I am sure I could not rest in that churchyard, and I promise you that my epitaph shall not present a terrible example, to warn people against dying at Bournemouth.

Perhaps I have not said much to induce people to go there at all. But, upon my word, the place is worth a visit; if not for itself alone, at least because of its being a capital post for head-quarters. You have a variety of

good fishing in the neighbourhood; and the beach, as I have indicated, is magnificent. Of all the places on the English coast, it is the best for sea-bathing.

But stay; I must put in a reservation here. The arrangements for bathing at Bournemouth are deplorably loose. Hide your face, dear Laura B——n, while I mention the imperfect condition of the machines, which have actually *no awning*. Don't take away your handkerchief yet; I have not told you all. Though they charge a shilling for every single use of the machine, they will not take the trouble to wheel you down to the sea. Would you believe it? You have to walk across the sands in the frightfully unbecoming, not to say improper, costume which—— you know. Stop a minute longer. There are no bathing-women of the regular blue-flannel pattern, but only a bathing-girl to attend on you; and she is dressed, or rather I should say not dressed, but very much undressed, in a manner I will not attempt to describe. There! I have done. Only, I think that the sale of umbrellas on the beach at Bournemouth might be a profitable speculation.

Still, and in spite of these trifling drawbacks, Bournemouth is pre-eminently adapted to the object of sea-bathing. There is yet a month in which a few days are tolerably certain to turn up. Go.

SINBAD THE SAILOR.

SINBAD the Sailor occupies no mean place in legendary lore. It is one of the first tales that the juveniles listen to; and with appropriate illustrations, in a very gay cover, it is one of the first books put into the youthful reader's hands. A few years back there seemed a danger of forgetting all these childish tales, all these Oriental fictions that filled the head of the boy with awe, and wonder, and joy. The world was determined that it would know nothing but useful knowledge. Little children were to be little encyclopædias; the talk of the nursery was only to be of what would improve and edify, and we were vexed and astonished with the sight of philosophers, and divines, and profound mathematicians in their teens. When the Society for the Diffusion of Useful Knowledge went to the dogs—when mothers found that their boys did not become jolly, strong men—when the world was saddened by the sight of old heads on young shoulders, the legends of the nursery, so long exploded, were heartily welcomed back again, and right wise was the change. We had rather see a boy with a little less useful knowledge in his head, if the consequence be a finer colour on his cheeks and a little extra breadth of chest and limb. You must first get your boy and girl to be healthy. If he or she is that, in time it may turn out to be wealthy and wise.

But to return to Sinbad, who on the opposite page has—if we may believe our artist and the story—suffered a terrible calamity. The tale is from the *Arabian Nights*, and is called by Mr. Hole the *Arabian Odyssey*. Mr. Lane says, the story of Sinbad is one of those which confirm him in the opinion that the *Arabian Nights* is the work of one author. He thinks it about the same age as the rest, that is, somewhere about the last quarter of the fifteenth century of our era, or from that time to the first quarter of the next century, *i.e.* soon after the conquest of Egypt by the Osmanlie Turks, which happened A.D. 1517. According to him, the story is evidently founded upon the exaggerated reports of a variety of travellers. The writer of an article in the *Foreign Quarterly Review* observes, that a singular poem in German contains some curious coincidences with these voyages. The romance alluded to is *Duke Ernest of Bavaria*. It was composed in German rhyme by Henry of Veldeeh, who flourished about 1160; and a Latin poem on the same subject, by one Odo, appeared about the same time. A prose version of the outlines of the story is still popular in Germany. In this singular romance we find the aeronautic excursion in the second voyage of Sinbad with no material variation: the pigmies and the cranes, as well as the adventures borrowed from the *Odyssey*, in the third voyage; and the subterranean voyage in the sixth. We have likewise the magnetic mountain occurring in the story of the "Third Calendar," which has also been translated into the miraculous legend of the Irish saint, Brandanus. The incidents here alluded to occur in other works, and it may be reasonably inferred that they were subjects of common report in the East, long before the age of our author.

With reference to the name of Sinbad, Mr. Lane says, "In Langle's edition and the Calcutta edition of the first two hundred nights the porter is called 'El-Hindibad.' The etymology of this name of Es Sindibad I must leave in doubt; if the former be the name by which the author of the tale called the porter, I conclude that he derived the two names respectively from 'El Hind' and 'Es Sind'—the former of which is the appellation of the main portion of India, and the latter that of Western India." Es Sindibad is a name which not unfrequently occurs in Arabian tales.

Sinbad is thrice shipwrecked. In one case the ship gets into unknown seas, and is destroyed in a storm; in another case, a monster called a rukh rises into the air, and to punish Sinbad's companions, who had broken one of its eggs, lets a rock fall on the ship and sink it. In another case, Sinbad's captain anchors near what he finds to be a great fish, which sinks ere Sinbad can escape. This idea is taken from Pliny. Milton has used it, as he has all his classic and legendary lore, in his wonderful poems. In *Paradise Lost*, Book I., we read of the Leviathan:

> "Which God of all his works
> Created hugest that swim the ocean flood:
> Him haply slumbering on the Norway foam,
> The pilot of some small nigh-founder'd skiff
> Deeming some island oft, as seamen tell,
> With fixed anchor in his scaly rind
> Moors by his side."

In Olaus Magnus we have a similar account. We will not trouble our readers with the Latin; they will find the passage, lib. xxi. c. 25.

THE POETICAL THRESHER.

THE acquisition of knowledge is much easier now than in the good days of the first George. Antecedent to the reign of her most gracious Majesty Queen Victoria, whom God long preserve to reign over us, "happy and glorious," there was no Council of Education; there

SHIPWRECK OF SINBAD.

were no pupil teachers, there were no grants to schools in those days. Bell and Lancaster, and their rival schemes for "teaching the young idea to shoot," were not then known to the sons of man. Sunday-schools were then undreamt of; they were dark, dull, leaden days: their new inventions, new discoveries, new-fangled notions, were most decidedly at a discount. In London people advertised that you might get drunk with gin, and have clean straw to lie on for twopence. And in the provinces the gentry were of the Squire Western class, and the peasants not quite so sagacious as the dogs and horses, though a little more so than the pigs in their owner's yard. Yet here and there some lad was born with a spirit that lifted him out of the mud. And such was Stephen Duck, the thresher's lad.

Stephen Duck — there was once such a man, popular in all England and patronised by courts — was a thresher in Wiltshire, and consequently born in very humble life. He received no more education than could be derived from a village school, where he remained until the age of fourteen; and was instructed in Sir William Curtis's three r's — reading, riting, and rithmetic. At any rate Duck learned enough to make him wish to know more, and to this purpose he devoted every energy and power. Notwithstanding that he had painfully to toil for his daily bread, he managed to find time for study. His first great object was to regain the knowledge of arithmetic he had lost since he left school. For this purpose he worked beyond the usual time, and devoted his extra earnings to the purchase of a book on arithmetic, which when gained enabled him to attain his purpose. Encouraged by this his first success, he toiled with an increasing ardour; procured two more books upon the higher branches of the same subject; then, curtailing the hours of his repose, dedicating the time thus gained to their perusal, he became ere long a very tolerable master of this most useful portion of science. Fortunately he had to aid him a man in the same grade of life, and animated with the same thirst of knowledge as himself; the two became sworn friends — laboured on together, and in process of time progressed from the study of arithmetic to such works as Milton, the *Spectator*, Dryden's *Virgil*, *Telemachus*, Ovid, and Seneca. These books were part of a small library in the possession of his friend, who had resided for two or three years in London, and had there learned to prize his small collection. One of their greatest treasures, says Duck's latest biographer, "was a small English Dictionary; it was by the aid of this solely that he was enabled to read *Paradise Lost*. Its language, its style, had all the difficulties of a foreign tongue to him; and it was only after perusing it three or four times that he was able to enter into its spirit and appreciate some of its beauties." From reading poetry to writing it the transition is natural. Duck attempted to put his own thoughts into verse. These poetical effusions — such as he did not tear up or burn — became known. His companions and friends looked upon him as a scholar, and treated him with the respect which he seems to have deserved; his name began to be well known in his own little neighbourhood, and a few verses accidentally falling into the hands of some of the surrounding gentry, they became much interested in him. The curate of the village found the means of rendering his life less laborious, and thereby encouraging his literary pursuits. At his suggestion Duck undertook a longer poem, descriptive of his own life, entitled *The Thresher's Labour*. Though many parts of this poem are tolerable, its chief merit it must be confessed was in the circumstances of its author. Peasant poets were rather scarce then. The age had not heard of a Burns, or Robert Nicoll; nor had it even been dazzled by the mild light of a Bloomfield or a Clare. In his way Stephen Duck was a prodigy, and run after accordingly; but had he not been a thresher his poem would never have attracted the notice it did, nor have obtained for its author the patronage and interest of so many distinguished men. *The Shunamite*, his next attempt, met with still greater success, and either from the novelty of the attempt, or some exaggerated notion of its merits, some people did not hesitate to declare that Stephen Duck, with all his defects, was a greater genius than Pope; and that the author of *The Shunamite* was likely to become the best poet of his age; and Alured Clarke writing to Mrs. Clayton, says:— "We have some people of taste for such performances who think none but a thresher could write *The Thresher's Labour*, and that the author of *The Shunamite* must be the best poet of his age. No one that could write it would appear in a borrowed person. And at the same time they can see some faults, they think the thresher, with all his defects, a superior genius to Mr. Pope. I don't pretend to give my own judgment when I put the pieces into your hand, because I find a great friend of Mr. Thomson's (the author of *The Seasons*) very zealous in decrying our thresher's merit, out of an apprehension of his rivalling Mr. Thomson in the esteem of the public." This letter is curious, as showing what mistakes contemporary opinion makes. What admirers of Pope or Thomson need be jealous of Duck now? Duck's poems have long gone the way of all such. Oblivion has kindly seized them as her own. It was not a poetical age; but Thomson and Pope were after all more creditable to its taste than Duck. Possibly politics had a little to do with it. Pope was not thought well affected towards the royal family. At any rate Duck was. Queen Caroline was so pleased with the thresher that she not only settled on him a small sum annually, but in 1703 made him one of the Yeomen of the Guard; and was the means of advancing the sale of his works, so that he did what poets often do not — derived considerable pecuniary advantage from his literary efforts. A still greater change was in store for him; Duck studied for the Church — at which of the Universities it does not appear — and was ordained in 1746 or 1749. Afterwards he was appointed Keeper of the Queen's select library at Richmond, with apartments allotted to him, which long after his death were inhabited by his surviving daughter. He was then appointed Preacher at Kew — was next preferred to the rectory of Byfleet in Surrey, and in four or five years afterwards put an end to his apparently prosperous career by drowning himself near Reading, in a fit of temporary insanity; and yet, surely, if poet had ever reason to be happy and satisfied with his lot it was he. But alas! man, poet or otherwise,

"Never is — but always to be blest."

Poor Duck, it seems, was not happy after all. In his first position the world went easier with him than when he obtained the patronage of courts. And yet he seems to have had a situation for which his natural love of study fitted him; his latest biographer says, "it was indeed a hazardous experiment to raise him so completely from his original sphere, and to place him in a situation for which his early education and habits had not fitted him." This is not altogether correct. Every day men rise into positions "for which their early education and habits" unfit them, and they are happy nevertheless. In all European countries such instances are plentiful. Where there is no caste, as among the Hindoos, all may rise; and every profession abounds with instances of men who have risen from the humblest to the loftiest ranks. Duck was a man of literary taste and habits, and he was placed in a situation in which he could indulge them—there was nothing hazardous in placing him in such a situation, and according to any theory of probabilities he should have been the last man to have committed suicide. Yet poor Duck had his detractors. The satirists, of course, did not spare him. His good fortune excited the envy and jealousy of less successful writers; and the bitter Dean of St. Patrick's was but too happy to find in him a subject for his sarcastic pen. Swift's epigram upon poor Stephen is certainly like many other of his compositions—more true than kind,

> "The Thresher Duck could o'er the Queen prevail,
> The proverb says, no fence against a flail;
> From threshing corns he turns to threshing brains,
> For which her Majesty allows him grains;
> Though 'tis confessed, that those whoever saw
> His poems think them all not worth a straw.
> Thrice happy Duck, employed in threshing stubble,
> Thy toil is lessened, and thy profits double."

Now comes a question which even Swift did not care to discuss. How is it that these village poets rise up in every age, and become popular, in spite of the scorn of the learned and the sneers of the wits? There is a reason for this. It seems to us, we are to answer this question thrown back on general principles. Is it not clear that of truth and nature the world will never tire? The fashions of this life pass away; but the human heart in its loves and hates, in its hopes and joys, remains invariably the same. That forms the connecting link between the generations which have gone and those which are to come. Men and women are far more alike than we often fancy. The milkmaid and the queen—the clown in his cottage and the monarch on his throne, have a common nature, and on the average, we doubt not, a common amount of joy or grief. Hence is it that the low-born peasant shall speak what shall be sung in baronial halls, and that high-born beauty shall shed tears over the "short but simple annals of the poor." Hence is it that, in times of artificial civilisation and monotonous correctness, we turn back to the ballad poetry of an earlier day, find in its simplicity a beauty which defies our imitation, and return to modern life all the better for our converse with the men, and the manners, and feelings of an extinct age. If it be a bad sign in a man that he looks down on the classes socially beneath him as vulgar, it is worse in a nation when in its refinement and affected gentility it turns up the nose—as the English nation did under the leaden reign of the Georges—at the ballads which in an earlier day had permeated in the heart of the people, and had stirred them up, as such ballads as those of *Chery Chase* undoubtedly did, to noble endeavour and heroic life. Distant be the day when these rude lays shall have died out from amongst men. What our old muscular games are to men's bodies, these are to men's minds. Our belief is, that the public has at last got clearly to see this. At any rate, for the mere sake of contrast, and relief, and variety, our old rustic literature will become increasingly dear to us. In that amusing book called *Memorials of my Own Time*, by the late Henry Cockburn, he tells how, when a young lad, he was surprised to find his father, and noble lords and dukes, leaving their comfortable mansions, and betaking themselves to some wretched ale-house for the sake of having a merry-making; but no one but a mere youth would have felt wonder at such conduct. So it is with literature. The public, that had grown tired of Cowley's *Metaphysics*, rushed to Pope's *Pastorals*. After the careful verse of Pope, Duck was a relief. After Hayley, Burns was a God-send; the objective poetry of Scott and Southey made people hail with delight the rising of the Transcendental school. Thus is it in England, and Scotland, and Germany; the men of greatest *cultus*, and most imbued with poetic sympathies, explore the dark corners of the land, recover ancient ballads, however incomplete, and gather up the fragments, that nothing may be lost. All honour be given to Bishop Percy, the first English collector worth mention in the field. Second, and but second only in the rank, stands immortal Walter Scott. Professor Aytoun comes next. He has left very little behind him for subsequent gleaners, and no man living is better qualified for his task. "From my earliest years," he writes, "I have been familiar with the traditionary poetry of my country, and I cannot say with truth that subsequent study, or an acquaintance with those compositions which rank as classics, has in any way lessened my admiration for those simple but impassioned strains. They have become to a certain extent the firstlings of my memory, and verses or snatches of them occur to me more readily for illustration than lines of Horace, which are commonly cited by parliamentary speakers, or even the epigrammatic and antithetical couplets of the poets of the age of Queen Anne."

LITERATURE.

The Minister's Wooing.*

In his splendid article on Milton, Lord Macaulay did justice to our English Puritans. The world was taken by surprise. With the exception of their more immediate religious and political descendants, we had thought of them as hard, dull, fierce fanatics—crop-eared, canting, and leaden-eyed, destitute of the warm sympathies and living passions which make it hard for many to renounce the world and to "set their affection on things above." That they abandoned the world

* *The Minister's Wooing.* By H. Beecher Stowe, Author of *Uncle Tom's Cabin, Sunny Memories*, &c. London: Sampson Low, Son, & Co.

as unworthy of their immortal destinies; that they were "a chosen people, a peculiar generation;" that they were "kings and priests unto God;" that it would be their proud prerogative, when the feverish dream of life had passed away, robed in white, and with victors' palms in their hands and crowns of gold on their heads, to walk the streets of the New Jerusalem — to join the general assembly of the redeemed — to sit down at the marriage supper of the Lamb — was not for a moment imagined by the ribald crew, who saw in them nothing but disaffection to Church and State, and laughed at their uncouth manners and quaint words. What Lord Macaulay did for the Puritans of old, Mrs. Stowe has done in the volume before us for the Puritans of New England: the difference between them is this, that the Peer writes as a rhetorician whose heart is untouched, while Mrs. Stowe writes from the heart and with all her heart. The people of whom she treats are, in her belief, the exeellent of the earth. She has lived in the land haunted by their traditions and peopled by their memories. They had crossed the sea and had gone out into the wilderness to find freedom to worship God. Their talk was of religion; they applied scriptural tests to the conduct of daily life; they spoke of the commonest events of life in the language of Scripture. In the virgin soil of the New World the fashionable frivolities of the Old had not taken root. Hence there was a largeness and grandness in their nature; they were cast in an heroic mould, religion elevated and absorbed their being — their common business seemed less common — their lives less earthly — their language more true and earnest, than those of ordinary men. Mrs. Stowe could not have selected a more suitable field for the exercise of her fascinating pen. In no idle spirit has she gone about her task. At the very outset she warns off the idle and profane. "It is impossible," she exclaims, more than once, "to write a story of New-England life and manners for a thoughtless, shallow-minded person. If we represent things as they are, their intensity — their depth — their unworldly panting and earnestness must inevitably repel lighter spirits, as the reverse pole of the magnet drives off sticks and straws." This religious spirit runs through the book; the minister who woos is a profound metaphysician like President Edwards, a divine of a type so utterly unworldly as to be almost an impossibility; the women who tend him and admire are strong in the domestic department, but are stronger still in the evidences of religion — on the doctrine of election and the beauty of disinterested love. The beautiful saint, who is resolved to marry him (her true lover having been reported drowned), to aid him in his holy avocation, is a creature almost

> "too bright and good
> For human nature's daily food;"

and the men who figure on the stage are equally religious and devout. The gayest girl of the group, Cerinthy Ann, who wonders how any girl could marry a minister, and declares, for her part, that she should just as soon think of setting up housekeeping in a meeting-house, becomes reconciled to marrying a consumptive preacher by reasoning that, if she be unregenerate, still she knows how to keep things in order, and if she should keep such a man's soul in his body, she supposes she should be doing some good in the world, "because if a man don't *live*, of course he can't convert anybody." Mary herself quotes Scripture with her sailor-cousin, and in a way which would make many a lover nowadays stare. It is true there are some wicked people: there is Colonel Burr, who dies dishonoured and unwept. There is a sparkling Parisienne, who flies about like a distracted fairy, before she can make up her mind to live happily with her husband in her home in France, looking out on the Mediterranean. There is Simeon Brown, a rich man, professor of the gospel and dealer in slaves, whose usual demeanour was that of the most leathery imperturbability, who stops his subscription to Dr. Hopkins' meeting-house and goes to hear Dr. Stiles, because the former denounces the slave traffic as odious and abominable to God and man. But the chief personages are good, in the religious acceptation of the term. The scene is laid in Newport, a flourishing town in New England. The story is simple. Mary Scudder, the saint and beauty of whom we have spoken, is in love with her cousin James, who goes to sea, is shipwrecked, and reported as drowned, just as she is on the point of marrying Dr. Hopkins, her pastor, and thus fulfilling the dearest desires of her mother's heart. James comes to life and claims her as his bride. This he can fairly do, as, since his shipwreck and wonderful escape, he has become a converted character. The Doctor comes to hear of this love, and magnanimously resigns all pretensions to Mary, and thus saves her from the cruellest of all fates. For

> "It is hard to give the hand,
> Where the heart can never be."

Thus ends "the minister's wooing." Few of our readers will regret his disappointment, for happy marriages are so rare — according to the author of *John Halifax*, they are but one in five thousand — that were the novelist to condemn a couple who do really love each other, and are really suited to each other, to matrimony with the wrong people, we feel that we have a right to complain. In conclusion, we ought to mention that Mrs. Stowe gives us a few of her lifelike nigger sketches. We have Candace with her black face and yellow-striped turban, her hearty, joyous laugh, and "a voice that might have done credit to any man living." There is her husband Cato, "a small-built, nice, softly-spoken negro, addicted to a gentle chronic cough," to whom Candace held with "a vehement and patronising fondness, so devoid of conjugal reverence as to excite the comments of her friends." Then there is Digo, the house-servant and *factotum* of Dr. Stiles, "who not only swallowed all his master's opinions whole, but seemed to have the stomach of an ostrich in their digestion;" but these characters have little to do with the story, which, as we have intimated, is a picture of life and manners which existed in New England in the early days of her national existence. Whether it will be as popular as *Uncle Tom's Cabin*, we cannot say. In that tale Mrs. Stowe appealed to two great sections — the grave and the gay of the general public. In the present case she appeals to a more select audience. We rise from the perusal of her later work with an increased admiration of the writer's powers. There is a beauty and a pathos in this work,

an elevation of thought and feeling, which ought to obtain for it a welcome entrance into every old English home.

Life of Mary Anne Schimmelpenninck.*

"It is a duty," says Benvennto Cellini, "of upright and credible men of all ranks, who have performed anything noble or praiseworthy, to record in their own writing the events of their lives; yet they should not commence this honourable task before they have passed their fortieth year." Whether wittingly or not, Mrs. Schimmelpenninck acted in the spirit of this injunction. The fragment of autobiography which occupies the first portion of this work was dictated, her biographer informs us, during the last three years of her life, when the act of writing was distasteful and burdensome to her. It received neither subsequent addition nor alteration from its author; we may also add, that it is precisely the part which the general public will most care to read. The reason is obvious; any one who comes before us with a truthful tale of human hopes and experiences at once gains a hearing. No life is so barren, no heart so empty, but that it may teach some lesson or yield some profit. It is altogether different when a third person becomes the narrator — then the spell is broken and the charm is gone.

There are few books more interesting in the English language than the *Memoirs of Port Royal and its Saints*. In a sensual and sinful age, what wonders of reformation were wrought by the Sisters Arnauld! It is difficult to decide what is the debt the world owes to the Port Royalists. Some of the finest verses of Racine were meditated whilst a boy at school within the walls of Port Royal; the controversial and theological works of Arnauld, the *Thoughts* and *Letters* of Pascal, the grammars which at one time had a universal reputation, had a similar origin. The aged Tillemont, in his last will, requesting interment at Port Royal, says, "For the education I there received I bless God with all my heart, and through His mercy I hope to bless Him for it throughout eternity." When evil days came — when the sunshine of prosperity had vanished as speedily as it dawned — when the Court, the Jesuits, and the Clergy, persecuted the little band with a rancour rarely met with, save when the truthful and conscientious are called to win the martyr's crown — when the Mère Angélique, exhausted by a persecution of five-and-twenty years, was on her death-bed, is not the aspect of the Port Royalists almost sublime? Yet in England how little was known of them till Mrs. Schimmelpenninck did justice to their memories. Had she been cast among them, she herself would have occupied no mean place in that illustrious group. Mrs. Schimmelpenninck, it is clear, was no ordinary woman; and as we read how she was trained, with what powerful intellects her early youth was passed, we feel almost inclined to regret that a lifetime of unusual extent should have resulted in so little real work. Select Memoirs of Port Royal, Treatises on the Principles of Beauty, Essays on Gothic and Grecian Architecture, and other subjects, are very well for those who can do nothing greater. Says Aurora Leigh:

> "Carpet-dusting, though a pretty trade,
> Is not the imperative labour after all."

Miss Galton, the future Mrs. Schimmelpenninck, was was born on the 25th of November, 1778, in Steelhouse Lane, Birmingham. One of her earliest reminiscences is "the image of old Lord Montboddo approaching the house on horseback, with a huge package on his horse behind him, so that I, looking from a window, called out to my mother that the tame dromedary we had seen a few days before was coming back to us." She remembers about the same time Dr. Smeaton, the builder of the Eddystone Lighthouse. Her parents belonged to the Society of Friends, and her education partook of Spartan severity. "One day, some cotton which was in my hand having caught fire, my mother bade me bring it slowly to her. She was at the opposite end of a long room, and I was told to walk slowly, lest the flame should catch my dress. I did so, but the scar remained on my hand many years." On another occasion George Bolt, the Friends' dentist, drew four of the little lady's teeth. "The operator said I was 'the best little girl he had ever seen,' and took from his pocket a paper of comfits as my reward. But I drew up, and said, 'Do you think Regulus, and Epictetus, and Seneca would take a reward for bearing pain, or the little Spartan boys?'" *Sandford and Merton* was her darling study, and from its perusal she learnt an abhorrence of finery which appears to have lasted her all her life. A lady came one evening to drink tea with the family. She wore feathers, and had a very smart head-dress. In the course of the morning our heroine's heart warmed to her, and "I asked her what she had done, and if she might not take off her fool's-cap." At that time curious experiments were made with children. Sabrina Sidney, the *élève* of the once well-known Mr. Day, stood unmoved when he fired, as he did every morning, a pistol close to her ear, and bore melted sealing-wax dropped on her face and arms. At Great Barr, to which place the family afterwards removed, a similar training was pursued. Here the objective part of the autobiography becomes very interesting. Our author saw much of Dr. Priestly, "a man of admirable simplicity, gentleness, and kindness of heart, united with great acuteness of intellect." Of the Rev. Mr. Berrington, the Catholic priest of Oscott, and the historian of the *Literature of the Middle Ages*, who was a finished gentleman of the old school, and a model of the ecclesiastical decorum of the church of ancient monuments and memories; and of Dr. Withering, who was "the personification of a physician and naturalist," we had marked sketches for extract, but are compelled to pass them by for want of room. One sample we must quote — that is her description of

"Boulton and Watt.

"Mr. Boulton was one of those whose characteristics I clearly recollect. He was in person tall, and of a noble appearance; his temperament was sanguine, with that slight mixture of phlegmatic which gives calmness and dignity; his manners were eminently open and cordial; he took the lead in conversations,

* Author of *Select Memoirs of Port Royal*. Edited by her Relation, Christiana C. Hankin. Second edition. One vol. London: Longmans.

and with a social heart had a *grandiose* manner like that arising from position, wealth, and habitual command. He went among his people like a monarch bestowing largesse. His forehead was magnificent; the organs of comparison, constructiveness, and of individuality were immense. The characteristics of his partner, Mr. Watt, were altogether different. Mr. Boulton was a man to rule society with dignity; Mr. Watt, to lead the contemplative life of a deeply introverted and patiently observant philosopher. He was one of the most complete specimens of the melancholic temperament. His head was generally bent forward or leaning on his hand in meditation, his shoulders stooping and his chest falling in, his limbs lank and unmuscular, and his complexion sallow. His intellectual development was magnificent; comparison and causality immense, with large ideality and constructiveness, individuality, and enormous concentrativeness and caution. Whilst Mr. Boulton's eye and countenance had something of radiance, Mr. Watt's were calm, as if patiently investigating, or quietly contemplating his object. His utterance was slow and unimpassioned, deep and low in tone, with a broad Scottish accent; his manners gentle, modest, and unassuming. In a company where he was not known, unless spoken to he might have tranquilly passed the whole time in pursuing his own meditations. But this could not well happen; for in point of fact, everybody practically knew the infinite variety of his talents and stores of knowledge. When Mr. Watt entered a room, men of letters, men of science, nay, military men, artists, ladies, even little children thronged round him. I remember a celebrated Swedish artist having been instructed by him that rats' whiskers make the most pliant and elastic painting-brush; ladies would appeal to him on the best means of devising grates, curing smoking chimneys, warming their houses, and obtaining fast colours. I can speak from experience of his teaching me how to make a dulcimer and improve a Jews' harp.

"Many years after this, I think it was during the peace of Amiens, Mr. Watt visited Paris. It so happened that, while going through one of the palaces, I believe the Tuileries, a French housemaid appeared much perplexed concerning some bright English stoves which had just been received, and which she knew not how to clean. An English gentleman was standing by, to whom she appealed for information. This was Charles James Fox. He could give no help: 'But,' said he, 'here is a fellow-countryman of mine who will tell you all about it.' This was Mr. Watt, to whom he was at the moment talking; and who accordingly gave full instructions as to the best mode of cleaning a bright grate. This anecdote I have often heard Mrs. Watt tell with great diversion."

The society of such people must have materially promoted the intellectual growth of Miss Galton. At an early age she appears to have had an insight into a sophism. A friend said to her, "See how beautiful are the sober and unobtrusive colours of the linnet, or the dove, or the redbreast. I hope thou wilt imitate them in thy attire." Her reply was: "But art thou not glad, though, that it pleased God not to create grandpapa's peacocks and golden pheasants on Friends' principles?"

We get a glance at a woman conspicuous in her day. We mean

SELINA, COUNTESS OF HUNTINGDON.

"As my mother grew better, she frequently took me with her to the Pump-room, and she sometimes told me anecdotes of those she had seen there when a child. On one occasion, when the room was thronged with company—and at that time the visitors of Bath were equally distinguished for rank and fashion—a simple, humble woman, dressed in the severest garb of the Society of Friends, walked into the midst of the assembly, and began an address to them on the vanity and follies of the world, and the insufficiency of dogmatic without spiritual religion. The company seemed taken by surprise, and their attention was arrested for a few moments; as the speaker proceeded, and spoke more and more against the customs of the world, signs of disapprobation appeared. Amongst those present was one lady with a stern yet high-toned expression of countenance; her air was distinguished; she sat erect, and listened intently to the speaker. The impatience of the hearers soon became unrestrained; as the Quaker spoke of giving up the world and its pleasures, hisses, groans, beating of sticks, and cries of 'Down! down!' burst from every quarter. Then the lady I have described arose with dignity, and slowly passing through the crowd, where a passage was involuntarily opened to her, she went up to the speaker, and thanked her, in her own name and in that of all present, for the faithfulness with which she had borne testimony to the truth. The lady added, 'I am not of your persuasion, nor has it been my belief that our sex are generally deputed to be public teachers; but God who gives the rule can make the exception, and He has indeed put it in the hearts of all His children to honour and venerate fidelity to His commission. Again I gratefully thank you.' Side by side with the Quaker she walked to the door of the Pump-room, and then resumed her seat. This lady was the celebrated Countess of Huntingdon."

A new character appears on the stage. Our author thus describes

DR. DARWIN.

"It was in the latter part of the morning that a carriage drove up to our door, of that description then called a 'Sulky,' because calculated to hold one person only. The carriage was worn, and bespattered with mud. Lashed on the place appropriated to the boot in ordinary carriages was a large pail for the purpose of watering the horses, together with some hay and oats beside it. In the top of the carriage was a skylight, with an awning which could at pleasure be drawn over; this was for the purpose of giving light to the doctor, who wrote most of his works on scraps of paper with a pencil as he travelled.

"The front of the carriage within was occupied by a receptacle for writing-paper and pencils, likewise for a knife, fork, and spoon; on one side was a pile of books reaching from the floor to nearly the front window of the carriage; on the other, a hamper containing fruit and sweetmeats, cream and sugar, great part of which, however, was demolished during the time the

carriage traversed the forty miles which separated Derby from Barr. We all hastened to the parlour window to see Dr. Darwin, of whom we had heard so much, and whom I was prepared to honour and venerate, in no common degree, as the restorer of my mother's health. What, then, was my astonishment at beholding him as he slowly got out of the carriage! His figure was vast and massive, his head was almost buried on his shoulders, and he wore a scratch-wig, as it was then called, tied up in a little bob-tail behind. A habit of stammering made the closest attention necessary in order to understand what he said. Meanwhile, amidst all this, the doctor's eye was deeply sagacious, the most so I think of any eye I remember ever to have seen; and I can conceive that no patient consulted Dr. Darwin who, so far as intelligence was concerned, was not inspired with confidence in beholding him; his observation was most keen; he constantly detected disease, from his sagacious observation of symptoms apparently so slight as to be unobserved by other doctors. His horror of fermented liquors, and his belief in the advantages both of eating largely and eating an almost immeasurable abundance of sweet things, was well known to all his friends; and we had on this occasion, as indeed was the custom whenever he came, a luncheon-table set out with hothouse fruit, and West India sweetmeats, clotted cream, Stilton cheese, &c. When the whole party were settled at table, and I had lost the fear that the doctor would speak to me, and when, by dint of attention, I could manage to understand what he said, I was astonished at his wit, his anecdotes, and most entertaining conversation. I was particularly amused by anecdotes he told of his patients. There was one lady, the Duchess of D——, whom he had recently been called to attend, who was perishing, he said, under the effect of the white enamel paint which some ladies were then very fond of applying. The doctor at once perceived the cause of her malady, but he knew it would be tender ground to touch upon, since her use of this cosmetic was kept a profound secret, even from her family; he therefore put on a very grave face, and said she was certainly poisoned, asked if she had had her servants long, and if she had reason to think they owed her ill-will; he then said he should make the strictest examination of all the kitchen utensils, which he did: no satisfaction could be obtained. He then informed her Grace that poison might be absorbed by the skin as well as received by the stomach; had she observed the dyes of her gloves, &c.? At last, the Duchess of D——, after a great struggle, confessed she used the white-lead enamel. It was soon removed. Dr. Darwin's ingenuity furnished her with some vegetable cosmetic in its stead; and her Grace completely recovered.

"With this, and various other anecdotes, did Dr. Darwin beguile the time whilst the dishes in his vicinity were rapidly emptied; but what was my astonishment when, at the end of the three hours during which the meal had lasted, he expressed his joy at hearing the dressing-bell, and hoped dinner would soon be announced. At last, to my sorrow, he discovered me, and said, 'I will now see if you are a clever and industrious little girl; translate me these lines of Virgil: on which he began, no doubt, to repeat them, but to me, who could not even understand his English, they were wholly unintelligible. He then quoted some Greek lines, of which language I knew not a word, so that I got into great disgrace with him. This is the recollection of my first childish impressions of Dr. Darwin; an eventful day, not only for myself, was that which first introduced him to our family circle."

But we cannot follow our author in her career. Eventful times are at hand. One fine summer evening Harry, William Priestley's brother, rushes into the drawing-room at Great Barr, waving his hat, and crying out, "Hurrah! Liberty, reason, brotherly love for ever! Down with kingcraft and priestcraft! The majesty of the people for ever! France is free! The Bastille is taken." The subsequent disappointments created in our author the profoundest misery. For a time all was dark before her. Her faith in man's perfectibility had vanished, and she had no sustaining belief to put in its place. In this state she was found by the Moravians, and cast in her lot with them. Her conflict was sharp and sore. How she solved her difficulties, how she fought her doubts and gathered strength, how she found peace and joy, is told in the volume, which also briefly narrates her marriage, her pecuniary difficulties, her literary successes, and her death in 1856, the editor evidently thinking such things of little importance, and thus affording another instance of the defective principle in accordance with which the biographies of religious people are too generally composed.

Here and There in London.*

Most of our readers are already acquainted with the lively and characteristic sketches which Mr. Ritchie has now thrown upon the world in the volume before us. We must apologise to Mr. Ritchie for not having noticed his work before; it was sent us for review, but was overlooked.

Mr. Ritchie is an excellent guide to places of public interest, and makes a visit to the House of Lords or the House of Commons, to a Government office, to Paternoster Row, or the New Cattle-market, an instructive and profitable affair. In his sketch, *Our London Correspondent*, he displays much power of comic narrative, and supplies us with an amusing insight into the mode of getting up those newspapers which we so dearly prize, and on which we so implicitly rely. Mr. Ritchie's narratives are always happy in their style, but perhaps he is most at home in his treatment of those city snares which entrap and destroy the youth of this metropolis. He is by no means a superficial observer. It is not enough for him merely to record the follies and the sins that are unblushingly paraded in the haunts of dissipation; with a shrewd sagacity, he exposes the fostering influences that expand them, while he faithfully moralises on their melancholy issues. Thus he writes of the "Derby Day:"—"Go to Kennington Common, if you wish to see the moral effects of the Derby. Drop in at the places of gay resort at the West-end in the course of the night. Go a little later to Bow Street or Portugal Street. For many a day

* *Here and There in London.* By J. Ewing Ritchie, Author of *The Night Side of London, The London Pulpit.* London: W. Tweedie, 337 Strand.

families will mourn a visit to the Derby. . . . Reckless revelry is too often visible on the Epsom Downs in these enlightened days, when every head is full, and every tongue is vocal with mental and moral reform."

The picture of Portland Place, and the Magdalenes that throng it every night, is sad enough; but it is well that these things should be recorded, lest we forget the plague-spot that fastens on the body politic. It would be well that, having heard of it, we should apply the remedy. Here lust and intemperance destroy the young and the fair, who drag down with them into destruction many a brave and promising son, for whom a mother weeps and prays. "Vauxhall," with its wanton wiles, and the "Penny Gaff," with its indecent proceedings, and its audience of half-grown boys and girls, are sketched by the author in a manner well qualified to impress us with their sinister influences. In "Mark Lane" and the "Stock Exchange" we learn of commercial life; in the "Omnibus Yard" we read many interesting particulars of a useful and laborious class, on whom the Bishop of London has lately bestowed special personal ministrations. The London Hospital is a place we may not all have an opportunity of visiting. If not, we may avail ourselves of Mr. Ritchie's touching sketch of it; it will well repay us for the perusal, and impart to us a melancholy but profitable lesson on the sufferings of humanity, and on some of the causes which contribute to them. We like the moral tone of Mr. Ritchie's writings; it is even a greater merit than their vigorous and manly style. He wields a powerful pen, and it is consecrated to the higher interests of humanity. Especially does the author claim our commendation for the unanswerable manner in which he charges on intemperance the responsibility of our most flagrant social vices, to which it is the chief incentive. This honest dealing with our great social question is a rare virtue. Mayhew and many others have done well in producing faithful photographs of life in its sinful and its sorrowing aspects, but in tracing the origin of our social ills Mr. Ritchie excels them all.

PROGRESS OF SCIENCE.

THE Social Science Congress met at Bradford this month. Towards the last there was an evident hurry in the respective sections to get their work over, and many of the members seem to have been weary and not unwilling to get away. Nor could it well be otherwise. It is impossible for every man to take the same interest in every subject comprised under the head of social reform. Every man has his specialty, and when that has been discussed, and he has heard besides Lord Brougham, and the Earl of Shaftesbury, and Vice-Chancellor Wood, and a few of the other leading stars, he would feel little inclined then to attend any other meeting, or to listen to any other speaker. The best part of these congresses consists in the fact that they arrest public attention, that they bring together men in earnest, that they lead to the publication of papers which germinate in the public mind from year to year.

The evils of lead in water are many, and ofttimes fatal. Professor Faraday, writing to the *Times*, says,—"The Trinity House, in its care for the health of the people engaged under it in the superintendence of lighthouses, has at different times sent to me, as its scientific adviser, certain specimens of waters, which were supposed to be injurious to the persons using them. Lighthouses are, of necessity, often placed in situations where water is obtained with difficulty, and they are frequently dependent, more or less, upon that which is gathered from rain falling upon the leaden roofs, galleries, and gutters of the towers and cottages occupied by the keepers. Now, the salt of the sea spray, which often reaches these roofs, &c., even when they are half a mile or more from the shore, causes the rain-water which falls upon them to dissolve a portion of the lead, which is larger or smaller under different circumstances, and at times rises up to a quantity injurious to health, and poisonous. The water thus contaminated by lead, or rather chloride of lead, is peculiar in this, that it does not lose the poisoning substance either by boiling or by exposure to air, for the metal remains soluble after one or both of these processes. I ascertained that if a little whiting, or pulverised chalk (carbonate of lime), were added to such water, and the whole shaken or stirred together, the lead immediately assumed the insoluble state; so that when the water was either filtered or left to settle the clear fluid was obtained in a perfectly pure and salubrious condition. The process of purification is, therefore, exceedingly simple, for if some powdered chalk or whiting is put into the cistern in which such rain-water is collected, and stirred up occasionally after in rain, the water may, with the greatest facility, be obtained a perfectly fit state for all culinary and domestic purposes."

Dr. Edmund Davy, Professor of Agriculture and Agricultural Chemistry to the Royal Dublin Society, has made some startling statements, conveying the result of his experiments as to the presence of arsenic in crops. He states positively that arsenic, as it exists in different artificial manures (such as the superphosphates) will be taken up by plants growing where those manures had been applied. He found this to be the case with cabbages; and turnips taken from fields in which superphosphate had been used gave the most unmistakable evidence of having been arseniated. The facts thus collected appear to Dr. Davy to have some important bearings, for "though the quantity of arsenic which occurs in such manures is not large when compared with their other constituents, and the proportion of that substance, which is thus added to the soil, must be still small, still plants may during their growth, as in the case of the alkaline and earthly salts, take up a considerable quantity of this substance, though its proportion in the soil may be but very small. Further, as arsenic is well known to be an accumulating poison, by the continued use of vegetables containing even a minute proportion of arsenic, that substance may collect in the system till its amount may exercise an injurious effect on the health of man and animals."

In this age of testimonials our readers will not be surprised to hear that a testimonial is to be presented to Mr. Isaac Pitman, the inventor of phonography. A considerable sum of money was subscribed by the phonographers of America some years ago, as a gift to Mr. Pitman, and it was presented by him to American phonographers to form the nucleus of a phonetic fund. The present testimonial will take another and entirely unobjectionable form. Mr. Pitman is greatly in need of a more commodious and convenient building at Bath for the transaction of the extending business created by his invention, and it is therefore proposed to raise sufficient money to erect a suitable building for him, under the name of a "Phonetic Institute," where the labour of producing the numerous phonetic works, teaching the art, and training others to teach it, may be carried on more pleasantly and satisfactorily than is possible in his present inconvenient office. An eligible site has been selected near the Railway Station, and the solicitor to the Earl of Manvers (to whom the land belongs) has promised to have the necessary deeds drawn up free of expense. A committee has been formed, of which Sir Walter Trevelyan, the President of the Phonetic Society, is chairman. The committee are sanguine that the required funds (1000*l.*) will be easily raised, and they appeal confidently for numerous subscriptions.

According to the American papers a difficult problem has been solved, and an apparatus has been invented by means of which a man can walk on water. The *Toronto Globe* chronicles the feats of a Mr. Hickok; the journal of September 19, says,—"On Saturday afternoon the party invited proceeded to the Don station, with some amount of doubt upon their minds as to the result of the trial. None of them expected that Mr. Hickok would travel at a great speed, or that his new-fangled invention would enable him to dance to the music of the waves, had there been any wherewith to dance to. But on arriving at the spot indicated, the best possible evidence was furnished that it would enable him to walk upon the water, for there he was in the middle of the Don, making his way against the current, which at this place runs rather quickly. He soon neared the party, and when within speaking distance turned round with the greatest possible ease. He had in his hand a small pole, scarcely large enough to afford him any assistance, so far as preserving his balance was concerned. That he could do without it was soon proved, for he threw it from him, receiving in lieu thereof, from a man who accompanied him in a boat, a walking-stick of ordinary size. He commenced a return down the river, proceeding very steadily, and almost as quickly as a pedestrian upon dry land, when walking at a moderate pace. Before going far he threw the stick from him, but shortly afterwards resumed the pole. To the onlookers he appeared to do quite as well without it. When nearly out of sight he retraced his steps, and again came opposite the party. In reply to a question asked, he said he was not all fatigued. After promenading for a few minutes more, having been on the water at least half-an hour, he got into the boat and was rowed to land. The apparatus used by Mr. Hickok is the first he has made, so that, as in all new things, there is room for improvement. The fact is established that a man may, with this invention, walk upon the water, and there is nothing to indicate that the feat is attended with any peculiar difficulty."

Recently a trial was made in the dock of the Bristol Society of Merchant Venturers, of a model vessel, to which an invention, which has been patented by Messrs. James Newcombe and Joseph Gwyer Lovell, of Bristol, has been applied. The model which was exhibited, and which was propelled without screw or paddle, was 10 feet in length, 1 foot 8 inches in breadth, and 1 foot in depth. The principle adopted by the inventors dispenses with all external machinery, shafts, cranks, bearings, &c., and thus avoids the enormous expense incurred in constructing vessels to receive such apparatus. It can be applied to ships already built without altering their lines, and as an auxiliary power to sailing vessels it will be very valuable. By a simple arrangement, in case of leak, the whole power of the engine may be applied to pump the water out, propelling the vessel, if need be, at the same time; while in the event of that most dreadful calamity at sea — fire, the same power could be used to extinguish the flames. The trial of the model was eminently successful, and Messrs. Newcombe and Lovell were warmly congratulated on the results of the experiment.

A few days ago there was deposited at the Crystal Palace for exhibition a lacquered tin box, very much resembling in form a large bottle-jack of the common description. From the lid of this box rises a rod, or rather tube, having at the top of it an indicator scored with lines and numbered with the degrees which its single hand is intended to traverse: in connexion with this is an alarum. This completes the description of the simple-looking machine, which works upon principles perfectly well known to all of us, and yet has been found to have novelty enough for protection by patent. The principle is the old and familiar one, which was in action before us, when as boys we toasted a bladder half filled with air until it lost its wrinkles, hardened, and burst. Such a toy suggested the machine now under notice. It requires no winding, no attention, no trouble; once placed it is left to tell the temperature of the hold of a ship, or of the bottom of a mine, of danger in the dwelling-house or the factory. Should its silent warning be disregarded it can speak, and with a voice that will awaken a household or rouse a village. And now for the way in which all this is done. The box is about two-thirds full of common air—a quantity of, say three pints. The bottom and sides of this air-box are unyielding; not so the top, which is formed of a diaphragm, or partition, of india-rubber spanned across and immovably fixed at the sides. Every variation of temperature causes this india-rubber top to become more or less convex. As the heat of the surrounding atmosphere increases so does that in the box, and as it expands it presses against a spiral spring placed on the top of the rubber. This spring acts upon the indicator until, when dangerous heat is near it, the confined air expands greatly, and, like the bladder, the air-box would burst did not the india-rubber yield at the same time, moving onwards the hand of the indicator until it points to danger and alarms all near. The box, fashioned in an ornamental form as sideboard or bedroom ornament, keeps its silent watch on shipboard, and it shows on deck when the atmosphere below becomes superheated. A modification of the machine acts as a ventilator in a bedroom, barrack, or conservatory. It is only necessary to set it at a temperature which it is desired should not be exceeded, and at any addition to the temperature designated the machine opens a ventilator, which closes only when the desired temperature is regained. The inventors and patentees are Messrs. Taylor and Grimshaw, of Southampton.

Science mourns the loss of a favourite son. Robert Stephenson died on October 12, at the early age of fifty-six. He will we remembered chiefly for the London and Birmingham Railway, for the High-level Bridge over the Tyne at Newcastle, the viaduct (supposed to be the largest in the world) over the Tweed valley at Berwick, and the Britannia tubular bridge over the Menai Strait—a form of bridge of which there had been previously no example, and to which, considering its length and the enormous weight it would have to sustain, the objections and difficulties seemed almost insuperable. In addition to his railway labours, Mr. Stephenson took a general interest in public affairs and in scientific investigations. In 1847 he was returned as member of Parliament, in the Conservative interest, for Whitby, in Yorkshire, for which place he continued to sit until his death. He acted with great liberality to the Newcastle Literary and Philosophical Society, paying off in 1855 a debt amounting to 3100*l*., in gratitude, as he expressed it, for the benefits he derived in early life from that establishment, and to enable it to be as practically useful to other young men. He most liberally placed at the disposal of Mr. Piazzi Smyth his yacht and crew, to facilitate the interesting investigations undertaken by that gentleman at the island of Teneriffe, and very valuable results have been obtained. He was an honorary but active member of the London Sanitary and Sewerage Commissions; a Fellow of the Royal Society, a Member of the Institution of Civil Engineers since 1830, of which institution he was member of council during the years 1845 to 1847, vice-president during those from 1848 to 1855, and president during the years 1856 and 1857. He received a great gold medal of honour from the French Exposition d'Industrie of 1855, and is said to have declined an offer of knighthood in Great Britain. He was also the author of a work *On the Locomotive Steam Engine*, and another *On the Atmospheric Railway System*, published in 4to by Weale.

The great event at the last sitting of the Academy of Sciences was the announcement of the discovery of a new planet by Mr. Robert Luther at Bilk, on the 22nd ult. This planet belongs to the telescopic class, being of the 10th magnitude; it has received the name of Mnemosyne. The same planet was observed on the 25th and 26th ult. at Berlin, and on the 2nd, 3rd, and 4th inst. at Paris, by M. Le Verrier.

THE LORD OF MISRULE.

THE NATIONAL MAGAZINE.

THE LORD OF MISRULE.

Rough and boisterous, but unmistakeably merry, were the pastimes of times past; our ancestors sang and made the welkin ring, though they knew nothing of Sol-fa, and were strange to Hullah; they danced not in the solemn mysteries of modern ball-roomism, but with a right quick step, that made the kirtles swing and the dancers pant for breath; they were social without social science, and played at all sorts of games as if they were not ashamed to emulate children in their mirth. Marry! they were in thorough earnest round a may-pole or a yule log, and kept up Christmas in a fashion that would blanch the cheek of nineteenth century gentilities. We have some traces left—relics as it might be—of old Christmas customs, very feebly representing, however, the brave doings of our ancestors, and bearing about the same relation to them as a Toxopholite club to the merrymen of Sherwood. Among these traces are the ballad singers, who, always supposing the police are placid—tell, in shrill treble, of "tidings of comfort and joy;" so also are the wandering minstrels, who wake us in the night to listen to a strain from Verdi, and a popular gallop to wind up with; and so, albeit it is mostly unrecognised, are the charade actings and singing songs in character—heaven save the mark! What is it when certain members of a Christmas party adopt attire improvised from bed-curtains, ladies' muffs, ribbons, old shawls, and the rest of it, with cheeks berouged, and upper lips beecharcoaled, to go through strange antics to which Eleusinian mysteries were plain? What is it but a poor imitation of those merry fellows, the Christmas mummers, who of old set, not the table, but the house in a roar?

Christmas mummers were, of old, indispensable to Christmas merriment. *Mumm*, say philologists, is derived from the Dutch *momme*, or Danish *mumme*, and signifies to disguise oneself with a mask; a mummer is defined by Johnson to be a masker, or one who frolics in a personated dress. Milton alludes to "jugglers and dancers, antics, mummers, mimics," who, in old days, were commonly classed together. But at Christmas-time it was usual, both at court and in the mansions of the nobility, for the whole company to appear in borrowed characters. These spectacles were exhibited with great splendour during the reign of Henry VIII.; but mumming was practised alike by the lower as well as by the higher classes, and such persons as could not procure masks rubbed their faces over with soot, "painting his visage with fume," as Brant says in his Ship of Fools. Chief amongst Christmas mummers was the Lord of Misrule. Hollinshed, speaking of Christmas, calls it "that time there is always one appointed to make sporte at courte, called commonly Lorde of Misrule, whose office is not unknowne to suche as have bene brought up in noblemen's houses, and among great housekeepers which use liberal feasting in the season." Again: "At the feast of Christmas," says Stowe, "in the king's court, wherever he chanced to reside, there was appointed a Lord of Misrule, or master of merry disports; the same merry fellow made his appearance at the house of every nobleman and person of distinction; and among the rest, the Lord Mayor of London, and the Sheriffs, had severally of them their Lord of Misrule, ever contending, without quarrel or offence, who should make the rarest pastimes to delight the beholders. The pageant potentate began his rule at Allhallows Eve, and continued the same till the morrow after the Feast of Purification, in the which space there were fine and subtle disguisings, masks, and mummeries."

Such a scene as that which was commonly witnessed at Christmas-time in the castles of our old nobility, is represented in the accompanying illustration—a Christmas picture of a time when

> A Christmas gambol oft would cheer
> A poor man's life through half the year.

LORD JOHN RUSSELL.

A PARLIAMENTARY SKETCH.

BY J. EWING RITCHIE.

On the first of July, 1819, Sir Francis Burdett, for the eighteenth time, made his annual motion on the question of parliamentary reform. All that he proposed was that the House should pledge itself to take the state of the representation into its most serious consideration early in the next session of parliament. On the discussion there appeared 58 members with Sir Francis against 153. Amongst the majority was found the name of Lord John Russell, who, though admitting the propriety of disfranchising such boroughs as were notoriously corrupt, could not support a motion that went the length of proposing an inquiry into the general state of the representation, because such an inquiry was calculated to throw a slur upon the representation of the country, and to fill the minds of the people with vague and indefinite alarms. In a few years after this noted speech, Lord John Russell was at the head of the reforming party in this country, and there was a general impression gone forth that a grateful nation would elect him dictator for life. Since then he has been said more than once to have politi-

cally extinguished himself—a phrase used by thoughtless writers, who forget that you cannot extinguish a certain amount of territory in a territorial system of government. At the present time his lordship is not decidedly unpopular, and as Secretary for Foreign Affairs, coming after the Earl of Malmesbury, and representing English sympathy with the cause of Italian nationality, has a fair chance of becoming, in some quarters, a popular man again.

How has Lord John Russell sunk so low? The inquiry is not uninteresting. In the first place, we think the essential aristocratic nature of the man has something to do with it. To be genial is to be popular. Lord John Russell cannot be genial. There is an icy tone in his voice and glitter in his eye; you may work for him—you may write for him—you may canvass for him—you may shout his praises till you are hoarse—and from his lordship you get civil acknowledgment, scarcely that. It is true his lordship is a liberal statesman, but in much the same manner as the Spartan Ephor, who, when charged by his wife with having abandoned half the privileges of his children, replied that he had done so in order that he might preserve for them the other half. Lord John Russell was born a political reformer—just as he is a Protestant. It would never do for the inmates of Woburn Abbey to be catholicised, and no name is so sacred to the Whigs as that of Russell. Then, again, his lordship has made grievous blunders—has alienated his friends, and given encouragement to his foes. Then, again, the days of strong government, and of the sway of individuals, is gone by. We have leaders, but where are the led? We have officers, but where are the rank and file? It is true Pitt had a majority to his mind. It is true the way in which the country gentlemen, and rotten borough proprietors and representatives, followed that jolly old model Whig, Sir Robert Walpole, into the lobby of the House of Commons, was enough to remind a certain gentleman, who shall be nameless,

> "How Noah and his creeping things
> Went up into the Ark."

It is true that Sir Robert Peel, like a Colossus, bestrode the Protectionist Squires, whom he changed into Free-traders; but these men belong to the past. Men have lost confidence in the judgment and tactics and wisdom of those whom they were wont to call their leaders. The individual allegiance to party of which our fathers boasted, exists no longer. Every man does that which is right in his own eyes. It was not so when his lordship served his political apprenticeship. Then, as the scion of the great Whig Duke, he had a right to expect public patronage and support, and his lordship got it. The stage was clear; all that was requisite was a certain amount of industry. Everywhere the fable of the tortoise and the hare is realized, but nowhere more so than in the House of Commons. To a friend entering Parliament, Wilberforce said, "Attend to business, and do not seek occasions of display. If you have a turn for speaking, the proper time will come. Let speaking take care of itself. I never go out of the way to speak, but make myself acquainted with the business, and then if the debate passes my door, I step out and join it." We have similar advice from a still greater man. When Sir George Murray attempted to excuse himself from taking office under the Duke of Wellington, on account of his inexperience in public speaking, "Pho, pho!" said the Duke, "do as I do—say what you think, and don't quote Latin." In accordance with the advice of these men, did Lord John Russell commence his political career. Had he acted more closely in accordance with it his career would have been more successful. But when a second-rate man attempts the part of a first-rate man, we all know what must be the result. It is not then difficult to account for the continued decline in popularity of Lord John Russell. It is a slander on the public to impute it to the fickleness of the people. The people are prone to idolatry, and a Lord on the liberal side is irresistible. Any electioneering agent will tell you it is almost impossible to beat such a man. Lord John Russell especially has little reason to complain; the public have borne with him in the most patient manner; they have picked him out of the mud; they have washed him, and put clean things on him; they have patted him on the head, and bidden him be a good boy and try again. They have repeated these interesting processes over and over again; they have forgiven him seven times, and seem about to do so seventy times seven; yet Lord John is never popular. Indeed, it may be almost hinted that the whole career of England's constitutional and historic statesman has been a mistake. Lord John is by birth the son of one duke and the brother of another. In his youth he associated with the Edinburgh Reviewers, and learnt the *quantum sufficit* of Liberal slang. He has been an unfortunate man through life—always hard up—always out of luck. He wrote a novel that did not sell—a history that no one would read. His philosophy was equally worthless, and his poetry—he wrote a drama—was (the word is harsh, but we really can find no other so fitting)—his poetry was positively damned. Thus abhorred by gods and men, he became a politician, and had a finger in that dainty dish, the Reform Bill, by which the people of England were deluded and deceived. The only thing that can be said of him positively is, that, as it may be said of the great Bedford Flat, he has the questionable merit of being connected with the Bedford family. He belongs to the people as Johnson's friend, Campbell, belonged to the Church. "Campbell," said Johnson, "is a good man, a very good man. I fear he has not been inside of a church for many years, but he never passes one without taking his hat off. That shows, at least, that he has good principles." Lord John omits no opportunity of professing proper attachment to the people, whilst the whole course of his political life makes that profession doubtful. He serves them in the same way as that in which Scrub serves the ladies in the farce, when commissioned by them to obtain information as to the stranger they had seen at church. He tells them he has a whole packet of news. "In the first place," says he, "I inquired who the gentleman was? They told me he was a stranger. Secondly, I asked what the gentleman was? They answered and said, that they never saw him before. Thirdly, I inquired what countryman he was? They replied, 'twas more than they knew. Fourthly, I demanded whence he came? Their answer was, they could not tell. And fifthly, I asked

whither he went? and they replied, they knew nothing of the matter." To the people, thus clamorous for reform, Lord John gives as much welcome intelligence as Scrub did to the ladies. He has a whole packet of reform and retrenchment, if they will but wait; but it is not meant for use. It is never ready when it is wanted. He is a Whig, a Reformer, a friend of the people, an advocate of progress. He does not deny but that further reforms might be made—he is very indignant at being suspected of finality; yet, somehow or other, it does happen that every attempt made in the right direction meets with the most unscrupulous opposition of Lord John and the party whom he represents. He does not think much of Mr. Cobden and retrenchment, and arbitration instead of war. He has but a poor opinion of the ballot, he scornfully eschews household suffrage, and the five points his delicate stomach cannot abide. Now Lord John's presence in the Cabinet is said to be a guarantee for the carrying of a Reform Bill. As usual, Lord John is much too late. He would be a party to no reform when Hume and the rest were urging him to move with the times, and now the people have been so often duped and disappointed by promises of a Reform Bill, that it really seems as if they were becoming apathetic in the matter.

Again, through a long parliamentary life, Lord John has been little and spiteful, and troublesome in opposition. In his diary, Tom Moore wrote of his lordship, that "he was mild and sensible" on a particular occasion, but sometimes his lordship has been neither the one nor the other. Moore regretted that Lord John Russell "showed so little to advantage in society from his extreme taciturnity, and still more from his apparent coldness and indifference to what was said to him." This coolness and indifference, combined with no small opinion of himself, has often led his lordship into conduct which has made him very unpopular. When in this state, and expelled from office, he has not had strength of mind sufficient to lead him calmly to wait till the nation has called him back to the helm of state, but he has tried all sorts of contemptible manœuvres. Never can we forget the appropriation clause which he carried to unseat Sir Robert Peel, and then abandoned when in power. Lord John called "the repeal of the corn laws mischievous, absurd, impracticable, and unnecessary;" yet his Edinburgh letter in favour of their abolition was hastily written and published when he found that his great rival, Sir Robert Peel, was about to take steps in the direction of Free Trade. In his opposition to the budget of Sir Robert Peel, it is questionable whether the force of meanness could further go. Then what a mischievous attempt, on his lordship's part, to acquire popularity was the Durham Letter, and how fatal the rebound. Lord John's "spirited letter" certainly led the nation to open its eyes. That a Minister who had long been suspected of designing to endow the Roman Catholic Church should have written such a letter, was very surprising; but that after writing that letter he should have cooled down; that after roaring like a lion he should have aggravated his voice and roared like a nightingale, was more surprising still. The old adage of "much cry and little wool," was never more ludicrously realized. In the name of the prophet, exclaimed his lordship, with pompous strut and voice. In the name of the prophet—figs! The contrast between his letter and his legislation—between his speech and his bill—was as wide as that between Philip drunk and Philip sober; or as that between

> "Sappho at her toilet's greasy task,
> With Sappho fragrant at an evening mask."

If Popery be what Lord John said in his speech it was—if it be a curse in every country in which it exists; and if legislation can grapple with it,—then the bill was delusive, and a mockery. Lord John, in his speech, complained of synodical action. The bill left that untouched. The greatest condemnation of Lord John's bill was Lord John's speech. Disraeli could say nothing stronger against it than what his lordship himself implied. The truth was, to gain a little transient popularity, or to draw off public attention from the growing cry for further Financial and Parliamentary Reform, the First Minister of the Crown stooped to a line of conduct of which the veriest demagogue might have been ashamed. An intense anti-Catholic feeling was aroused. From almost every county and town—from almost every sect and class—petitions went forth expressing burning indignation at the foolish aggression of the Pope. To whatever an Englishman is indifferent, he is not to the growth of the power which in time past lit up the fires of Smithfield, or the *auto da fe's* of Goa and Madrid, or which, even at the present day, condemns to the degradation of the jail the lover of his country and his kind. Under the influence of that feeling, men steeped in everlasting infamy—such as Titus Oates, or Sacheverell, or Lord George Gordon—have strutted on the stage the heroes of an hour. A wise Minister would have paused ere that feeling was rashly excited. A wise Minister would have considered his power of controlling the storm ere he had bidden it ride forth. A wise Minister, before he put himself in collision with a system, the influence of which exists in every land, would have kept for himself a way of coming out of the strife victorious. Lord John Russell signally failed in doing this. All that he did by his bill was to proclaim a weakness it had been easy to conceal, and to put in bolder relief the magnitude of Papal pretences and the littleness of Ministerial legislation. His letter was a sham. He but touched upon the surface of the evil, and that in a manner not difficult to evade. In all its intensity, the evil remains the same. "With our pleasant vices we make the whips with which we scourge ourselves." That Ecclesiastical Title Bill sealed Lord John's career as Premier. To retain office he had to descend from that lofty position. Under the Aberdeen Administration he committed a similar mistake. A public system had broken down; a magnificent army had wasted away. By many an English fireside was it told how in that winter there had been, far away, a tragedy done unequalled in the worst days of official mismanagement, as criminal as any of the Walcheren and other forlorn efforts of the past. From one end of England to the other, wherever man met man, whether in the haunts of fashion or of business, whether at home or abroad, there were curses uttered, deep and loud, against the men responsible for these disasters. Parliament met;

it was known that the first thing required would be the appointment of the Sebastopol Committee. Of course, that was a vote of censure on the existing administration; but instead of calmly awaiting the vote, and endeavouring to defend himself and his colleagues, Lord John had the littleness to abandon his post, and to cast stones at the men with whom he had sat at the council-board. Again, in his haste to appear before the world, he rushed to Vienna, there still further to be duped and rendered ridiculous. That his lordship, as he grows older, does not grow wiser, is clear from his having had recourse to his old tactics only so lately as the last session of parliament. Reform was a matter of such vital importance that it could not be trusted in the hands of the Derby Cabinet; only Lord John Russell could deal with such a delicate subject. Lord John moved his memorable resolutions. Lord Palmerston, and Russell, forgot their ancient feuds and swore eternal friendship; the liberal rank and file followed suit; the Derby administration was ejected; and as a practical result, reform was delayed for another year at least.

It may be asked, is his lordship's oratory of so fascinating character as for a time to render the House of Commons blind to his many faults? By no means. Look at him marching into the lobby—frigid, dwarfed, and self-complacent. For such a man there can be no real enthusiasm on the part of those who know him. See him in the House—always equally cold and chilling, and civil to all around. Follow him to the platform and the hustings, he is the same repellant, unattractive Whig. But he has lived for the House of Commons, and the House is not ungrateful. To Lord John also is due the merit of having led the House efficiently in time past. In this respect his tact was only equalled by that of his great rival, Sir Robert Peel; and in knowledge of forms and precedents by many he was considered the superior of that distinguished man. There was really something grand in the aspect of the House under his leadership. It was a remarkable instance of the triumph of mind over matter. In a crowded house, at the close of a heated debate, you would see the smallest man in the House advance to the Table, and the noise of the House, and the murmur of many voices, was hushed and still; the opposition became attentive; strangers would lean forward their heads; peers and diplomatists would hearken. Seemingly careless and slovenly, the speech would be found to contain the right amount of liberalism to go down with the back benches; parts here and there are elaborately polished, and sparkle with a quiet irony which the audience would not be slow to appreciate, nor reluctant to apply.

Lord John has much to contend with. His outward form is frail and weakly; his countenance sicklied over with the effects of solitary communing; his figure shrunk below the ordinary dimensions of humanity; his general air that of a meditative invalid. But within that feeble body is a spirit that knows not how to cower, an undaunted heart, an aspiring soul. His voice is weak, his accent drawling and provincial, his elocution broken, stammering, and uncertain, save in a few lucky moments, when his tongue seems unloosed, when he becomes logical, eloquent, and terse. Then is his right hand convulsively clenched, his head proudly thrown back, the outline of his face becomes rigid, and his dwarfed figure expands as if he were a giant. Lord John is sometimes very happy, as when, in his letter to the electors of Stroud, he declared that "the whisper of a faction shall not prevail against the voice of a nation;" or when, in answer to Sir Francis Burdett, who charged him with the cant of patriotism, he told the baronet there was also such a thing as the recant of patriotism. One of Lord John's most celebrated speeches is that known as the Aladdin Lamp Speech, delivered by his lordship in 1819, and which Sir Robert Peel read to the house during the debate on the Reform Bill, in 1831. "Old Sarum," said Lord John, "existed when Somers and the great men of the revolution established our government. Rutland sent as many members as Yorkshire, when Hampden lost his life in defence of the constitution. If we should change the principles of our constitution, we should commit the folly of the servant in the story of Aladdin, who was deceived by the cry of 'New lamps for old!' Our lamp is covered with dust and rubbish, but it has a magical power; it has raised up a smiling land, not bestrode with overgrown palaces, but covered with modest dwellings, every one of which contains a freeman enjoying equal protection with the proudest subject in the land. It has called into life all the busy creations of commercial prosperity. Nor, when men were to defend and illustrate their country, have such men been deficient. When the fate of the nation depended on the line of policy which she should adopt, there were orators of the highest degree placing in the strongest light the arguments for peace or war. When we decided upon war, we had nerves to gain us laurels in the field, and wield our thunders in the sea. When again we returned to peace—the questions of internal policy, of education of the poor, of criminal law, found men ready to devote the most splendid of abilities to the well-being of the community. And shall we change an instrument, that has produced effects so wonderful, for a burnished and tinsel toy of modern manufacture? No; small as the remaining treasure of the constitution is, I cannot consent to throw it into the wheel for the chance of obtaining a prize in the lottery of revolution." Let me add, that in debate Lord John is always a gentleman; not merely are his sentences and phrases indicative of polish and refinement, but he is always courteous, never flippant, like Lord Palmerston, nor savage, like Mr. Disraeli.

In one of his numerous works, Lord John Russell says, that the House of Commons, while it admires a man of genius, always gives its confidence to a man of character. It is on his character that Lord John takes his stand. Character, as we all know, is one of the most delusive phrases in the English language; one man may steal a sheep, while another may not look over a wall. Half the scoundrels that are tried at the Old Bailey were like Redpath, and Sir John Paul, and other men of good character. A good character is the *dernier resort* of a man who has little or nothing else to recommend him. And Lord John Russell certainly has made no little capital out of his character, and that of the great family to whose history he adds another very interesting page. Herein is Lord John

Russell's speciality. He takes his stand upon his character. He had a good character twenty or thirty years ago, and he reaps the benefit of it at this moment. "So long as your father sticks to that ugly wife of his, and goes regularly to church," said Erskine to the Prince of Wales, "he will always be popular," and Lord John has gained much of his popularity in a similar way. What a man he is for public meetings! How familiar are Exeter Hall, and the Freemasons' Tavern, and the City of London Tavern, with his name. How amusing is that account Mrs. Stowe gives of her visit to his lordship at Pembroke Lodge. "We were received," she writes, "in the drawing-room by the young ladies. Two charming little boys came in, and a few moments after their father, Lord John. I had been much pleased with finding on the centre table a beautiful edition of the revered friend of my childhood, Dr. Watts's Songs, finely illustrated. I remarked to Lord John that it was the face of an old friend. He said it was presented to his little boys by their godfather, Sir George Grey. And when, taking one of these little boys on his knee, he asked him if he could repeat me one of his hymns, the whole thing seemed so New England-like that I began to feel myself quite at home."

"Private vices," says Mandeville, "are frequently public benefits." Is not the converse true, and are not private virtues public mischiefs? "George the Third's constancy to his wife and his shoulder of mutton," wrote Albany Fonblanque, in the palmy days of the Examiner, "his taste for regularity and simplicity, enabled him to plunge us into wasting, unjust, and unnecessary wars. Had he kept various concubines, and dined off French dishes at nine o'clock, the people would have had a lively perception of the depravity of his politics, and an intimate persuasion of their wrongs."

I confess that, to myself, Lord John Russell seems more an historical than a real flesh and blood at this day existing man. His was a name dear to the nation, and always received with delight, when the men and women of to-day played with dolls and marbles, and feasted on indigestible pastry. I remember well the almost idolatrous veneration with which he was worshipped by reformers, and that large and influential class, the Protestant Dissenters, whose unrighteous shackles, by means of the abolition of the Test and Corporation Acts, he had been the means of removing. In that era, Lord John was deemed the champion of what was much talked of then, civil and religious liberty all the world over.

> "We have changed (for worse or better?)
> Since the time of Charlemagne."

And I have lived to see the House of Commons grow restive under his leadership, his followers diminished, and the country, if not weary of, at any rate very indifferent to, the man. I fear gratitude can never be a permanent state of the mind, unless, as in O'Connell's acceptation of the term, a sense of thankfulness for favours to come; or rather, that the law of humanity is, that when a man has done his work and taken his wages, he should trouble us no more. It is not the individual that makes revolutions. The age makes them, and merely honours an individual as an agent. We should have had Parliamentary Reform had Lord John Russell never lived; and the Test and Corporation Acts, and the Slave Trade, would have been swept away in a similar manner. These changes are made when the time for them has arrived. The statesman who carries them is in reality carried by them. He is merely the servant of the public, and translates, with legislative enactment, the wants, and wishes, and convictions of the age. Had Lord John Russell realized this truth, he would never have lost himself by talking of finality, as if in this world of eternal change finality could be predicated of any one thing. *Mors janua vitæ*, death is the gate to life, is true in politics; reform is a never-ending process. The old Whig view is different. It is the man who covers the land with plenty—who removes evil—who admits the *profanum vulgus* to a limited suffrage, and who reaps his reward in the blessings of ages yet to come. But to any man who looks at the core of things, who seeks to know the causes of what may seem revolutionary changes, and who remembers the influence of an oligarchy, it is clear that if Lord John had never lived, some other scion of the noble house of Bedford would have done that which he has done, and, if of equal industry and devotion to public life, would have formed as material a part of a liberal cabinet. The conclusion, if not flattering to his lordship, is very much so to his lordship's order, and especially to his family, indicating, as it does, the rigidity and fixedness of what is called a popular system of government.

Tennyson makes Ulysses say,

> "Old age hath yet his honour and his toil."

Similar language might be put into the mouth of Lord John Russell. He is full of what may be termed, House of Commons knowledge. If his lordship has been ambitious, his has been no mean or contemptible ambition. His aspirations have all been of an ancient and heroic mould. He carries us back to the great days of Parliamentary eloquence. His principles were formed, and his habits acquired, and his style fashioned, on principles and persons now no longer known. He has still around him some of the lustre acquired by contact with the immortals. Mournfully he may exclaim, as he reviews his diminished *prestige* and fading power,

> "Much have I seen and known; cities of men,
> And manners, climates, councils, governments,
> Myself not least, but honoured of them all,
> And drunk delight of battle with my peers,
> Far on the ringing plays of windy Troy."

In the decline of his lordship's reputation there is reason for national regret. When he trips and falls, the feeling created is one of sorrow and vexation. Lord Sydenham declared that his lordship was "the noblest man he had ever the good fortune to know;" and through the old hosts he led to victory the statesmen who were proud to call themselves his followers. The public speakers and active politicians in our chief towns and cities, who stood by his side on many a platform, are gone never to return; we wistfully gaze still on the pluck and ambition and varied fortunes of his lordship. The nation cannot but sympathize in his lordship's decline and fall. There was a time when manners and fashions were more courtly and dignified than at pre-

sent; when gentlemen wore wigs and knee-breeches; when ladies did not dance the polka; when fathers and sons addressed each other in the most distressingly respectful language. Lord John, in political life, retains something of this grand air, which always tells, just as what the actors say about a man who lays hands on a woman is a brute, is approved by the gods, who return home and whop their wives with a double gusto after cheering so virtuous a sentiment. In his character of a Roman Senator Lord John is always successful. The strangers in the gallery are always delighted, and no wonder, for then the little figure draws itself up to its full height; the eye glistens; the husky voice becomes animated and tremulous with emotion; his lordship looks boldly round on admiring back benches, defiantly to the well-filled ranks of opposition in front, and you would swear that he was at least six feet high.

HARRY LECHMERE'S LOST LOVE.

BY EDWARD BRANTHWAYT,

AUTHOR OF "DEERBROOKE PARSONAGE," ETC.

"CAN you really give me no more for my drawings? It is so little, that I have to work very hard to gain a few shillings after I have paid you for the materials."

The warm-hearted little shopkeeper looked quite distressed.

"I would give you more, Miss, if possible, but, though I allow myself the smallest profit, I find it difficult to get the drawings off my hands. If you would take a few lessons from a first-rate master, I could offer you much more, and you would reimburse yourself for the outlay very soon. The gentleman who bought that mill the other day, said he had never seen so great promise combined with such inexperience, and he is one of the best judges in London. I am sure, if you take my advice, you will not regret it."

She shook her head sadly. "I cannot afford it at present at all events. Will you give me some paper like the last, for I have none left?"

At this moment there darted into the shop a young man with laughing blue eyes and a bright smile on his fair face.

"Ah, Parkins, you falsest of men!" he exclaimed: "where are the colours you promised me so faithfully? I have a moment of inspiration, and the vision will have fled before I can embody it."

"I am very sorry, Mr. Lechmere," said the colourman apologetically: "I have been so busy that I quite forgot. As soon as I have got this paper I will give them to you."

Though a nod showed his willingness to wait, the new-comer was evidently too restlessly active to remain quiet for this brief period.

"What an exquisite bit of colouring," he exclaimed, taking up a painting from the counter, "but this shadow is wrong—too opaque and dark. This view is capital too, but the perspective is faulty."

Parkins had been making energetic signs, but they did not seem intelligible, for they had not had the intended effect of stopping these criticisms. So Mr Lechmere started, when a soft voice said, with some perplexity in its tone, "I could see the defects you mention, but I did not know how to remedy them."

He turned. Instantly his cap was in his hand. In spite of her plain dress she was so evidently a lady, and, still more, in his artist eyes she was so lovely.

His fair face flushed as he said beseechingly, "I had no idea the drawings were yours, or I would not have been so uncourteous."

"Nay! there could be no discourtesy," she replied: "you would do me a kindness by explaining what is the fault."

Art was almost a religion with him, and, when pressed, he pointed out the errors most conscientiously. She listened eagerly to his clear explanations, seeming to understand his instructions with wonderful quickness. To compensate himself for his uncompromising criticisms, he concluded by prophesying great things for her when experience should second her natural talent.

Parkins now chimed in: "Just what I was saying before you came, Mr. Lechmere. A few good lessons would work wonders."

"They are so very expensive," she murmured, more to herself than to them.

The young artist had been examining her as closely as he could without annoying her. He would carry away in his memory all those beauties, if possible. So he catalogued each charm; the delicate, classical profile—the eyes of the darkest grey, overshadowed by long curling lashes, which ever and anon swept her cheek—the glossy brown hair—the cheek pale, but with a skin so exquisitely fair, so purely transparent, that the want of colour seemed a beauty rather than a defect—the scarcely parted lips of the tenderest rose, around which played a smile, pensive and almost melancholy—the graceful neck—the slender hand, and form slight, but rounded till every line was beautiful.

As he gazed, a sudden plan occurred to him. He turned to the fair, shy lad of fourteen or fifteen, who, from his likeness, was evidently her brother.

"Do *you* draw also?" he asked.

The boy coloured as he replied, "Sometimes I copy Margaret's paintings, but I cannot get on without being shown, and I do not like to take up her time."

"I see you would like some lessons too," said Lechmere, smiling: "I have thought of a way for both your sister and you to obtain them without expense. I am beginning a painting for which her face would suit admirably, and if she will sit to me, I will give you lessons in return."

A look of pleasure came over her face, but it was followed by one of doubt, and a faint flush tinged her fair cheek.

"Neither of us would be indebted to the other," said Lechmere, to anticipate a possible objection: "your sittings would be of use to me, and my lessons to you. It would be a fair exchange."

Still she looked embarrassed.

"Ah! she hardly feels sure what I require of her," thought Lechmere, and he made a fresh attempt.

"My studio is only a few yards off, so if you do not mind waiting, your brother can go with me now to see the place, and the rough sketch of my subject, or he

can call any day before six," he said, handing to the lad his card.

He coloured, and drew himself up slightly, as he took it, for their not having this small necessity of society reminded him of their fallen fortunes.

"Thank you," he said: "I will go with you now, Mr. Lechmere, for that I see is your name—ours is Anstey. Margaret can make up her mind about your offer while we are away."

"I accept it now," said Margaret Anstey, for the artist had removed her grounds for hesitation: "But I do not wish to incur an obligation, so you must promise to let me know when my sittings are no longer of use to you, that our lessons may cease at the same time."

An hour was fixed for the first lesson the next day, and they parted.

Cheerily Lechmere whistled as he painted away at the canvass on his easel. He had stocked his palette with the colours he had sought at Parkins'; and now, under his rapid pencil, the sunlight seemed to sparkle more brightly through that leafy covert.

Soon the lively measure grew more plaintive, and by degrees the flute-like sound died away.

"How lovely she was," he murmured; "yet she looked very pensive, if not sad. Poor thing! I fear she has trials of some kind. So beautiful and so young, she ought to be gay."

He put his own precept in practice himself, for quickly dismissing these ideas, strangely sombre for him, he resumed his lively melody.

Punctually the next morning the Ansteys were in Lechmere's studio. Margaret, who looked still more lovely now her bonnet no longer concealed her beautiful head, nor her mantle the slight but rather stately form, took the position he wished with a grace that charmed him, and sat most patiently.

They were a silent party. Margaret seemed plunged in thought. Lechmere gave all his attention to the sketch, which, he felt, failed to do her justice, and Charles Anstey drew steadily from the plaster cast before him. He had told Lechmere that he preferred figures to landscapes, and had been directed to make a sketch of the head of Hercules, to show what he could do.

After a time, Lechmere laid down his pencil, and said, "Ah! that is better, but hardly what it should be. But I must not fatigue you, Miss Anstey, by a longer sitting. After you have rested a little, you shall have your lesson, if you please. And now let us see what you have been about."

Taking up Charles's paper as he spoke, he saw not only two sketches of Hercules, but also likenesses of himself and Margaret. The lad had not liked to interrupt him while he was so absorbed, so he had occupied himself as best he might.

"These yours!" exclaimed Lechmere: "and you say you are untaught! Why, they are wonderful! You should be one of us—what say you?"

The lad's eyes glistened, but he turned to his sister instead of replying. Evidently it was to her he looked for counsel in any emergency.

"Is it not sadly up-hill work?" she asked.

"Yes, an artist has a hard fight for it," he replied: "but what occupation is there without many difficulties to be overcome at first? If *you* were a man, I would not advise you to become a painter, though you have talent well worth cultivating, but your brother has GENIUS, and he must succeed."

Six months passed away, but Lechmere had not yet told Margaret that he found her sittings no longer of use. So she came regularly to the studio, and sat with admirable patience. Still she wore the same kind aspect—still the same pensive smile, with its tinge of sadness. And Lechmere sketched again and again those lovely features, till he had by heart every lineament. He never regretted now that she was not more brilliant, more sunny. That ethereal beauty grew upon him; it gained an influence over him, which softened and subdued him strangely.

Charles Anstey quickly became devoted to his master. Shy and shrinking at first, Lechmere's genial, happy manner soon gave him confidence, and inspired him with an affectionate admiration, which he showed plainly enough. He had taken Lechmere's advice, and was preparing himself for his profession with an ardour that made his progress rapid.

Margaret, too, found that she was herself reaping ample benefit. Already Parkins offered her larger sums for her drawings, and held out hopes of a further increase.

How Lechmere got on may be seen by an extract from a paper noted for that personal gossip, about men brought at all before the public, that is such a widespread and growing nuisance in these days.

"Mr. Lechmere is another young artist who, always meritorious, has made a decided step in advance. Nor is this improvement due to mere increasing dexterity in some mannerism; he has very wisely, it seems to us, struck into a new field. Formerly we have laughed with him, now we must weep with him. 'Bereaved' and 'The Captive' are both, at first sight, painful subjects, but they are not revolting, like some we have already censured.

"In the first, we have an interior (admirably painted), with a grey-haired old cavalier lying lifeless, having fallen probably in defending his castle for his king, as two of the Ironsides are visible in the anteroom. Bending over her parent is a lovely girl, with her face so sad that one's heart aches for her.

"The other picture takes us to the sunny Mediterranean, with a vessel becalmed on its sleeping waves, while not a cloud mars the intense blue of the sky. But if Nature is peaceful, men are not, for scattered arms and the body of an English sailor strew the deck, on which are thronging grim, turbaned men. The good ship is in the hands of pirates.

"In the midst of these ruffians stands a fair young girl, with her eyes raised prayerfully to heaven. Her hands she cannot raise, for cutting into her soft, white arms are ropes binding her to the mast. Can they fear such a feeble enemy, or is it a precaution against her seeking a grave in those cold depths to escape a worse fate?

"Now may be seen why we said the subject was painful at first sight only. While his companions are still in security, one of the pirates wears a look of dis-

may, for his eye has just fallen upon two boats creeping round the point. There is no escape from those manly English arms, now tugging at the oar, but soon to wield the cutlass. Your prayer is answered, fair damsel, for rescue is at hand.

"In both works we notice that the girl is the same, and having found such a lovely model, the artist did well not to rove. That face has haunted our dreams; and here we rejoice in our anonymity, or we might be poaching on the manor of some fierce spirit. Though, as we have shown, Mr. Lechmere has chosen graver subjects for his pencil, we can venture to assert that he is no less happy. Both his change of style, and his great progress, are probably owing to the influence of that powerful motive, a passionate love—*for his art.*"

"Yes, I do love her," said Lechmere, after a growl at the reviewer's impertinence, "but does she return my love? That is the momentous question, and I cannot answer it very confidently. She seems so calm, so uninfluenced by any earthly passion, as if vowed to heaven. Well, I will try my chance, for this uncertainty is terrible."

An hour later Lechmere was standing pale and sad by Margaret's side. He had sent Charles across to Parkins, and, during his absence, urged his suit, alas! without success.

"Is there no hope for me?" he asked.

"None," she replied, so unhesitatingly that he ceased to plead.

"Could you not see my love for you?" he asked reproachfully: "why did you not check it ere it grew so strong?"

"I only saw that you were very kind to us both," she said sadly: "Love is a forbidden thing to me, and I did not even think of it. I forgot that you had no such safeguard."

He made no inquiry, for he knew she would have told him her secret if she could.

"Forget what has passed, then," he said: "let us retain our friendship."

"It cannot be," she said gently: "after learning your feelings towards me, I cannot come here as I have done. Hush! here is Charles! Do not let him know this."

It was a hard task, but he had given her the right to command him, and he must obey.

His voice did not tremble as a little later he observed to Charles, "The critics have noticed that all my girls' faces are alike, and I must give them greater variety. You remember my promise to your sister, so her lessons are to cease. With you it is different; you are my friend, are you not? and you will not refuse a favour from me which after all costs me nothing."

So they parted; and Lechmere felt that all his gaiety of heart and hopeful vivacity could not dispel the gloom that fell upon him.

Charles, who came to the studio and worked diligently as ever, saw that something was amiss. Great as was his curiosity, he asked no questions; his sister and his friend did not think fit to confide in him, and he felt they must have good reasons for their silence.

One evening Lechmere was walking along a street, which ran at right angles to that in which he lived, and nearly opposite his dwelling. He was passing the Ansteys' house, and his steps lingered, for there was a vague pleasure in being near Margaret, and he might even catch a glimpse of her. Often had he accompanied Charles to the door, but never had he entered it, even before his avowal of love to Margaret. They lived in strict seclusion, on which none might intrude.

Hark! what was that he heard? Shrieks and fierce yells as of a wild beast, but amidst the confusion came plainly to the lover's ear that cry for help in the voice of his mistress.

Hurriedly he tried the door. It was fast.

He glanced keenly upwards—one look took in the whole situation.

A lamp overhung the entrance, and with a leap and a swing he was on the iron bar supporting it. Another wild clutch and he had seized upon the balcony. Quickly he stood upon it, and before him was the open window, for it was a hot summer day.

He entered, and what a sight met his eyes!

A woman, a fiend rather, with glaring eyes and hideous grin of rage, was crouching over Margaret, grasping her slender throat till her face was livid. Charles was vainly trying to rescue his sister; of what use were his puny efforts?

With a cry of horror Lechmere sprang forward, and seized those murderous arms as in a vice, till the fell clasp was loosened. Now the fury turned upon him. She could not shake off his hold, but in spite of his efforts her face neared his. Already he felt her warm breath, and saw her gnash the teeth which would soon be tearing his flesh.

At this moment, a grim, lard-featured woman hurried into the room. With a stout strap she pinioned the arms of the madwoman, who instantly lay helpless as an infant, but yelling with impotent rage.

Lechmere was now bending over Margaret, who quickly opened her eyes.

"Is she hurt?" was her first eager question.

"What! that monster?" exclaimed Lechmere: "How could even a madwoman have the heart to hurt you?"

"Hush!" she said mournfully: "she is my sister."

He shuddered. This then was the obstacle to his happiness—this was the life of sacrifice to which she had doomed herself.

He could not speak, but stooping he kissed her pale cheek and hastened from that dismal house.

An hour later Charles came into Lechmere's studio.

"Is Margaret suffering? was she hurt at all?" he asked eagerly.

"She is quite well, though shaken. She says I may tell you our story," replied Charles.

Lechmere signed to him to proceed.

"Three years ago we (that is, my father, Margaret, Ellen, and I, for my mother died when I was born) were living on a fine estate in Westmoreland, which had long been in our family. A Mr. Dacre, the son of one of our neighbours, was constantly in the house, and after a time he proposed to Margaret, who refused him. That evening we heard a shot fired on the lawn, and all rushing out we found Dacre lying in a pool of blood with a pistol in his hand. He spoke a few words, up-

A NOBLE ANIMAL.

Mrs. S. C. Hall, in her Midsummer Night's Eve—a fairy tale—has introduced the above incident: A storm had arisen on the Irish coast, the vessel struck on a rock, the crew and passengers were in danger, and would have been lost, had not a large Newfoundland dog on board established communication between the vessel and the shore by means of a rope. Mrs. Hall may have heightened the story in telling it. Artists who handle pens or brushes are prone to a little exaggeration for the sake of effect, but the main outline may be safely assumed to be founded on fact. Such incidents, where such sagacious animals as dogs are concerned, are within the bounds of probability. Cases equally wonderful may be met with. In that amusing book, for we considered it such in our young days, Bayle's Animal Biography, we read: During a severe storm in the winter of 1789 a ship belonging to Newcastle was lost near Yarmouth, and a Newfoundland dog alone escaped to shore, bringing in his mouth the captain's pocket-book. He landed amidst a number of people, several of whom in vain attempted to take from him his prize; the sagacious animal, as if sensible of the importance of the charge which, in all probability, was delivered him by his master, at length leapt fawningly against the breast of a man who had attracted his notice among the crowd, and delivered the book to him. The dog immediately returned to the place where he landed, and watched with great attention for all the things that came from the wrecked vessel, securing them and endeavouring to bring them to land.

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braiding Margaret with her cruelty, and fell back dead. Ellen threw herself upon his body, and when we forced her from him she was raving mad. We learned from her incoherent words that she loved Dacre, though we had no suspicion of it till then. The shock killed my father, and nearly broke Margaret's heart. She had brought, though so innocently, a violent death upon one human being, and insanity upon another. Still worse, the sister she loved so fondly now bore her a hatred of which you saw proof to-day. My father's affairs were in sad confusion, and we were left with a mere pittance; but whatever we had to deny ourselves Ellen has had every comfort she could enjoy in her wretched state; there is no hope of her recovery, and she requires constant care. Her keeper fell asleep this afternoon, overpowered by the heat, and you know what an escape we had from a fearful tragedy. Margaret knew you saved her, for she did not faint till the danger was over. When I came out, she said, 'Tell him all. He has saved my life, and if I can do no more, I will give him my confidence.'"

Now Lechmere knew the motive of her conduct, Margaret became even dearer to him if possible. He saw that death alone could remove the barrier, and the wretched maniac would not improbably outlive them both.

"Poor dear Margaret," he said: "no wonder she shrank from the very thought of love. What a life for her to lead! It is terrible."

About a week later Lechmere was sitting in his studio one night, brooding over his hapless love. He heard the clocks strike twelve, one, two, but still he sat there. Why should he lie down on his bed, when sleep would not come?

Suddenly through the still night arose the terrible cry of fire. He threw open the shutters. From some

point, near at hand, were rising heavy wreaths of smoke with a lurid glow as they reflected the flames beneath. And ever and anon leapt up sharp tongues of fire.

"It is in Peel Street," said Lechmere, and leaving the house he hurried to the spot.

That vague fear was realized—it was the Ansteys' house.

"Have they escaped?" he inquired eagerly of a policeman, who with several strong men was trying to force the door.

"No, Sir," was the reply: "they have not shown at all yet. I have not discovered the fire three minutes. It is at the back of the house, but I never saw one so sudden; it seemed to come from everywhere at once."

Now a window opened high up, and a voice cried, "Is there a fire escape?"

"Not yet," answered the policeman: "I have sent for it and for the engines."

"I am below, Charles," shouted Lechmere: "is Margaret awake?"

"I went into her room when I woke, but she was not there. She must have gone down the stairs, but they are on fire now and I cannot pass."

"Tie your sheets together and fasten them firmly to the bedstead," cried Lechmere again. "You have no time to lose."

Close at hand there were lying some building materials, and pointing to them Lechmere said, "Raise that beam, some of you. Here, I will help. We *must* have this door open."

A swing, a crash, and bolts and bars gave way. He sprang in and two or three after him.

First they came to a parlour, next to a room with two beds, on one of which a woman was sleeping, and he saw she was the keeper. He shook her, but she only uttered a groan.

"She has been drinking," he said; "carry her out while I try the stairs."

Charles came in just in time to hear these words.

"And where is Ellen?" he asked anxiously.

As he spoke a hideous laugh, a chuckle as of a vengeful fiend in the room above, fell upon their ears.

Lechmere and Charles looked at one another. Each saw the same horrible suspicion in the other's face.

Without a word they hurried to the stairs, but the smoke and flames drove them back.

"I hope you have knotted the sheets firmly," said Lechmere, "for I must go up by them."

Soon climbing hand over hand he reached Charles's room.

Margaret was not there, neither was she in the next room, which from its feminine knicknacks he knew must be hers. Almost in despair he looked down the stairs where the fire was raging. Through the dense smoke he caught a glimpse of something white lying there.

In an instant she was in his arms, his Margaret.

She was insensible, he saw, but oh! thank Heaven, the cruel flames had not reached her.

"I have found her, Charles," he shouted: "has the fire escape come?"

"Not yet," was the reply.

There was no time to be lost. The smoke was rolling into the room till he could hardly breathe, and the floor was already becoming hot.

"I must trust to the sheets," muttered Lechmere, "though the weight will try the knots."

Tearing down a curtain from the bed, he bound Margaret firmly to him so as to leave his arms free. Then he commenced the descent, feeling as if his arms were being dragged from the sockets by the weight.

A cry of horror arose from the crowd, and he looked up.

The madwoman was standing at the window he had just left. She deliberately struck a match and set fire to the curtains.

Then her eye fell upon him and his dear burden. With a yell of fierce delight she held to the sheets her lighted match.

Swiftly the rope glided through his hands, and a score of arms broke their fall just as the blazing coil fell in their midst.

Just opposite was a lamp with glaring lights of red and blue, and the chemist stood at his open door. There Lechmere bore her, and laid her on the sofa in the little room behind the shop.

How beautiful she looked! The rich tresses fell upon her white neck—her gently parted lips almost smiled—her eyes were closed, but on her cheek, little more pale than its wont, lay the long dark lashes.

Lechmere could almost fancy she slept the calm and happy sleep of youth and innocence, so peaceful and lovely did she seem.

But the chemist in a hushed voice said, "She has not suffered, for the smoke rendered her insensible—but life is gone for ever."

And Lechmere on his knees, passionately kissing her pale lips, felt from their chill that those dire words were too true.

He was alone in the world.

In a studio at Rome, a group of English artists was assembled. They were all young men; and, quaintly dressed and quaintly bearded, they were lounging with all the careless freedom of their tribe, while they gossiped idly. The arrival of fresh visitors, the undertaking or completing of new works, the scandal of the English colony, and, above all, the doings of purchasers, were gaily and sometimes even wittily discussed.

"Whom do you think I have just left?" cried a man, who now joined them: "an old friend of yours, Leycester."

"How can I tell?" drawled the handsome dark-eyed man thus appealed to. "You are tiresome, Sinclair, with your puzzles. Carry Minever, if I *must* guess."

"Hark to Ladykiller!" said Sinclair with a laugh. "It was Lechmere, who came last night."

"What, laughing Lechmere, happy Harry, as we used to call him at old Gamboge's? Is he as overpoweringly lively as he was?" asked Leycester, actually aroused, even to the point of taking his cigar from his lips.

"No, he is gloomy enough now. It is a terrible story," replied Sinclair.

"What is it? Tell it us by all means!" was shouted in chorus.

Briefly he related that tragedy.

"Poor fellow!" sighed Leycester: "I will go and see him to-morrow; the sight of an old friend may cheer him a little."

"Take care then how you touch the wound, for it is still very sore," said Sinclair. "You will see some things worth looking at. He has improved wonderfully since we painted together, and he has a friend with him, quite a boy, who will beat us all some day, I fancy."

That gay set soon found that Harry Lechmere was not to be cheered by all their efforts. He shunned all society but that of his youthful companion, who was clad in the same deep mourning, and wore the same sorrowful look.

Harry Lechmere and Charles Anstey could sympathise with one another, for their hearts were in the same grave. Careless of all beside, they devoted themselves to Art, their friendship, and that memory.

DANTE TO BEATRICE.

I GAZE upon thy lovely face,
My lady chaste and kind,
And mark the gentle, modest grace
That shows thy perfect mind.

When with a sweet and modest love
Thy fragrant lips I see
Join'd in a dear embrace, to prove
A cordial sympathy,

I envy not, but silent stand,
Trembling, I know not why;—
God never made a thing more grand
Than maiden purity.

When others praised (and praises flow
Spontaneous from the heart
Of all who gaze upon thy brow,
So beautiful thou art)

Thou heard'st, but in humility
So graciously art drest,
The temper'd radiance of thine eye
No conscious worth confest.

As if an angel from the skies
Should come with starry face,
Thou showest to our wondering eyes
A miracle of grace.

Gazing on thee a joy serene
Flows streaming o'er the heart,
More than they know who have not seen
How beautiful thou art.

The breath of flowers, soft music's voice,
The songs that wake the grove,
Make not my fainting soul rejoice
Like thy sweet words of love.

As a fair spirit gliding by,
Hidden in holy thought,
Thy accents move, and tremblingly
I sigh, with love o'erfraught.—W. K.

SHOEBLACKS IN THE PROVINCES.

WE all know, and honour highly for his works' sake, Mr. Recorder Hill, of Birmingham. In his late valuable charge, he congratulates his audience on the decrease of crime which is manifest all over the country. To the large class who tell us that this decrease is to be attributed solely to the increased prosperity of the working classes, he replies that is not so, inasmuch as the working classes, in prosperous times, give way to habits of intemperance, and that, as we all know, is one of the most wide-spread causes of crime. What then is the cause of this decrease? Mr. Hill says, the establishment of Reformatory Institutions. It is true the number of inmates in these institutions is not large, not more than two thousand, but then these two thousand consist chiefly of the ringleaders,—the bad boys who make yielding boys bad,—the sickly sheep, as Dr. Watts says, who infect the flock and poison all the rest. When they are shut up in Reformatories, not merely are they kept from crime, but those whom they would have led astray are preserved from their malignant influences. Of a similar beneficial character with Reformatory Institutions, are the shoe-black brigades, by means of which the young Arabs of the streets are caught up and trained to become respectable members of society. In London, we have found this to be the case, and we rejoice to find it is the same in the country. As an illustration of this truth let the reader accept the following narrative.

All travellers on the Great Northern Railway, on their journey from London to Edinburgh, remember looking down on the black spires and ancient walls of the fine old town of Newcastle. It is a considerable port, the birth-place of Collingwood, of Lord Eldon, and Lord Stowell. It is a county in itself, has numerous communications by railway, and is the centre of the great northern coalfield. It is governed by a mayor, fourteen aldermen, forty-two councillors. In the time of Edward I. a parliament was held there, and since 1295 it has rejoiced in two members. According to the latest census the population of Newcastle was 87,774, chiefly engaged as shipbuilders, coal-miners, and in the coal trade generally. As an index to the wealth of the place, let us add, that the assessed taxes are £14,961, and that the real property paying income tax is of the annual value of £250,802. Fine limbs, and magnificent heads, have these Newcastle men; they come of a conquering race; the best blood of Saxon, of Roman, of Dane, of Norman, flows in their veins. Familiar were they, in old time, with fire, famine, and slaughter; under their lofty battlements the burghers have hurled defiance on hostile Scotland, and have thrown back the tide of civil war. Parliament and king have shaken, with thundering cannon, its frowning walls; Oliver, a guest, and Charles, a captive, have ridden under its grim gateways. Later still, daunted by its ready guns, the Pretender and his Highlanders faltered and turned aside. But worse foes are in Newcastle at this day; the sons and daughters of ignorance, and vice, and crime—young outcasts ready for any devil's deed. Well, in Newcastle, a phi-

lanthropic lawyer, Mr. Edward Glynn, has taken these young outcasts in hand, and his narrative, printed for private circulation, has just been placed in our hands. We publish part of it for two reasons; in the first place, as a confirmation of the universal experience of all practical philanthropists, that these young outcasts can be made just as decent members of society as Smith or Brown; and secondly, as an example to gentlemen all over the land.

Mr. Glynn happens to be on good terms with Inspector Clincher. The latter says he knows a sharp boy who wants to get into a Reformatory, but can't, because he has never been convicted. Will he do for a shoeblack, asks Mr. Glynn; Inspector Clincher thinks he will. Accordingly, in a day or two, Joe makes his appearance. Joe was rather an unpromising subject. A round bullet head with a rough shock of hair, face deeply pitted with the small-pox, shambling gait, and hang-dog look, were not very promising. His clothing was a master-piece of ingenuity. Everything depended on one button—if that gave way, the boy stood naked as when he was born. In a few days, Joe was rigged out in the costume now so familiar to the Londoner. Poor Joe, at first, had terrible struggles to undergo. Other street vagabonds resented his desertion from the ranks of the Bohemians, pelted him with stones, broke his blacking bottle, called him opprobrious names, and hooted or mobbed the first daring individuals whom his solicitations had induced to lift their boots to the public gaze. One brute, worse than the worst of the vagabond class, put his foot on the box, and when the poor boy went on his knees to brush his boots, kicked the shoeblack in the face, and then rushed into the railway station, and went off by the starting train. This became too much for endurance, and the protection of the chief constable was invoked. He took the matter up, appealed to the bench of magistrates, and orders were issued that the police should aid and defend the infant movement. The boys found, also, an auxiliary in an unexpected quarter,—the "cabbies" came to their assistance, and every cab-stand was a place of refuge for the persecuted members of the new body, who now mustered three, having added to the original shoeblack two brothers, fine smart lads of respectable descent, who had been abandoned to the mercies of the world by an unworthy father, and had "walked the unions" ever since, doing, from time to time, in the large towns, a little shoeblacking on their own account. People now began to wonder where these red-coated boys came from, spoke to them in the streets, asked them questions, and gave them small donations. Mr. Glynn and his friends soon found that many people were disposed to assist; seldom a day passed that the Inspector did not bring home a crown or two in his pocket, and an occasional half-sovereign dropped in. A respectable, motherly woman, who kept a cook-shop, undertook to board and lodge the boys; the little bedroom over the shop, though the access was up a ladder, was clean, and the beds, though homely, were better than the paving stones of the gas-yard, partly sheltered from the rain by the hot wall of the retort-house. The idea had taken root and flourished. A well-known inhabitant of the town, whose son was secretary to the Ragged School, announced his willingness to receive subscriptions. A committee was formed, and they found to their amazement that they had founded an institution. The number of boys increased to six, and three beds were crowded into the little room. Day-room they had none but the police-station, where some of the inmates, now willing, had been unwilling visitors. The chief constable and the stipendiary magistrate good-naturedly winked at the boys coming "home" to the station, the boys' boxes were paraded in the morning as regularly as the policemen's lanterns at night, and the "reserve men" ruled the scraps of waste paper for the boys' copy-books as if they had been bred up to the business.

Nothing astonished Mr. Glynn so much as the good behaviour of the boys, and the manner in which they stuck to their stations, at first. The change in their appearance he was prepared for—the magical transformation produced by the few trifling articles enumerated by Doctor Kitchener, "food, clothing, air, exercise, and sleep," to say nothing of soap and water; but the change in their habits was amazing, and of their countenances not less so. The half-sullen, half-defiant look, the sense of insecurity which made them bring up their arms over their faces, when spoken to, as if they apprehended ill-usage from every stranger, disappeared, and they now had a bright and trustful expression. Much of this was due to Inspector Clincher, who knew his subjects, and chose them well. One day, in a Committee of Ways and Means, the Inspector proposed another candidate for admission. "This boy," said he, "is the cleverest young thief in Oldminster, and has just been discharged from prison for stealing the contents of the poor-box in the Catholic Chapel. He is a master thief," said the Inspector; "I want to take his man, who is a fine sharp boy, and I know it is no use taking one without the other, for these young thieves *do so cling to each other.* They know no one else, poor things, and it 's natural they should."

Enter an amiable-looking, fair boy of fourteen, and a little shrimp of twelve, with a fine broad forehead and an eye full of drollery and fun, though rather cowed by the Committee—these were the master and the man. Nothing else for it, but to make the boys sleep three in a bed, and admit them. "If I can save these two boys," said the Inspector, "I shall save myself a monstrous deal of trouble for some years to come, and the borough will save some hundreds of pounds." The "master" is now "under boots" at an hotel, after having been promoted for good conduct to the dignity of a non-commissioned officer, and taking the command of the force as serjeant; the "man" is as full of tricks as a monkey, tumbling, "bending the crab," and walking on his hands, as "recreations in the intervals of business," and petitions strongly to be apprenticed to a travelling circus.

Down a narrow lane in Newcastle, there is a small court, flanked on one side by what once was a good house. The cornices in the two upper rooms, and the wide staircase, which was protected by a handsome baluster in walnut wood—till a printer, the last tenant, pulled it down,—bear testimony that the place was, in its best days, highly respectable. The shoeblacks, now numbering twelve, became occupiers of this mansion. It was a great stride when the Committee got a house

of their own, with a table and two forms for the boys to sit at in the kitchen, and twelve iron bedsteads in the two rooms up-stairs. The detectives, in their hours of relaxation, ably seconded the Inspector, arranged the beds and bedding, nailed up the pegs to hang the boys' clothes on, and did other odd jobs; and the first night that the dozen of poor outcasts from the streets were all in bed, in comfort and cleanliness, such as they had never before known, tears were detected in the eyes of a detective, as he looked upon the row of well-known faces, and thought of what they had been, and what they were.

"One Sunday night," says Mr. Glynn, "I gently pushed open the front door to go in. I heard a deep voice reading aloud with good accent and emphasis, and at the risk of eaves-dropping I paused to listen. My ears were struck with the words of Scripture. The inner door was partly open, and through the few inches which stood ajar I beheld a scene which alone amply repaid me for any time and trouble I had devoted to bring it to pass. Near the end of a long table which projected from the wall, under the gas-light, stood Inspector Clincher, with a Bible in his hand; opposite was one of the sharpest of the detective officers, and ranged on each side of the table, in dead silence, with eager faces, were the shoeblack boys, devouring with eyes and ears the words of the sacred volume: "For I was hungered and ye gave me meat, I was thirsty and ye gave me drink, I was a stranger and ye took me in, naked and ye clothed me, I was sick and ye visited me, I was in prison and ye came unto me." I was startled, and well I might, to hear such words from a policeman to a squad of young thieves. Unwilling to interrupt the service, and, if I must confess it, somewhat abashed, I remained on the threshold till the chapter closed. "Let us pray," said the Inspector, solemnly, and a dozen poor children fell on their knees, and repeated after their self-constituted spiritual instructor the words of the evening prayer—words of Christian supplication long strange to their lips. I never heard anything more impressive in a church. This seems a better plan than letting the thieves alone till they are old enough to be taken to prison, or, perhaps, to strangle the men who might be their benefactors."

"Every medal has its reverse," say the Italians; and, of course, all did not go smoothly with the Committee. They found that among the boys they had picked out of the streets there were some they could make nothing of. The first dismissed was a sort of hero amongst the street boys. "Sir Colin" was the name he bore amongst them, and he had all the daring, if he had none of the prudence, of his namesake. Another boy was sent to the County Hospital, until, by the care of the house surgeon, he was cured of bronchitis, contracted by sleeping on staircases, and lying out on wet flags all night in the rain. Then there was a mutiny! Finding that the system worked well on the whole, some of the Municipal Council who could see a little farther into the future than their neighbours, granted the committee the occupation of a house, the property of the borough, at a nominal rent, while the Committee furnished in a rough way the kitchen and dormitory. Who so proper, they thought, to take charge of his own work as their friend, the Inspector? And so he was installed in the management, and took up his residence in the house.

This did not suit the views of some of his superiors, and he received notice to quit, under pain of suspension. Why, the Committee never knew. But so it was. The Committee thought that he was very well employed, nipping crime in the bud, instead of waiting for the harvest; but the Vigilance Committee, to whom belonged the administration of the borough police, thought otherwise. As soon as it was known amongst the boys that the Inspector was about to leave them, they first crowded about him to beg him to remain, and finding this of no avail, became completely demoralised; and one night, at bedtime, broke into a riot and insisted upon being let out to walk to some Fair, many miles away. The dragoon was present, so he called out the military, in his own proper person, and quelled the riot without bloodshed, by locking the door and putting the key into his pocket. The lads howled themselves hoarse and then went to bed. The next morning a court-martial was held. The serjeant was reduced to the ranks, one of the rioters had his good-conduct stripe cut off his jacket, and the third was expelled the force. It was not many hours before the boy who was expelled prevailed on the other two to leave. This was "a heavy blow and great discouragement," as the serjeant was the younger of the two brothers mentioned above, and had succeeded to the vacant office on the elder having obtained a respectable situation. The Committee could not see this lad go to ruin, and kept their eyes on him. Through the kindness of a large railway contractor, they got him on to the works of a new railway. Of five boys dismissed, one remains in the town, the hospital patient. The others have disappeared, some to earn an honest living, some to end their days in the hulks. The poor lad has been seven times in the hands of the police in four months, the first for *stealing bread*, the last for *picking pockets*. On the other hand, the Committee have clothed and equipped and apprenticed to the sea nine boys, who will turn out smart, active sailors, instead of smart, active thieves; and have placed six others in the way of maintaining themselves. The "master" thief is now providing for himself by honest labour, and the "man's" younger brother, aged ten, has joined the shoeblacks, and earns as much, or rather more, than any boy on the list. The brother of the "master" was too old and too far gone to grapple with. A short time since, he came, for by no means the first time, into the hands of the police, and was locked up in a cell with three or four others. The Inspector passed the grated window where the poor wretches were caged like wild beasts. "I'm very, very hungry, Mr. Clincher," said the prisoner, "will you send me some bread." The inspector stopped to listen to his request. "How's my brother getting on?" he continued. On being informed of his brother's good conduct, his wan, dirty face brightened up, and turning to the companions of his misery, he said, "Look there, now! Had there been such a thing when I was his age, I should never have been here! But it's too late now." And he turned away from the grating.

The eldest brother of the family was at that moment in the police cells of the borough of Sunderland,

and his sister in Newcastle gaol. Yet at this moment, writes Mr. Glynn, we are thrown on our backs, and our infant institution in danger of shipwreck, because the Vigilance Committee will not grant us an hour or two in the week of Inspector Clincher. Let us hope that when the Vigilance Committee read this interesting narrative of Mr. Glynn, of whom we now take leave with regret, they will alter their minds.

A GROWL.

I AM not in the best of humours. The wind and weather of the last few months have been bad enough to vex the temper and destroy the patience of a saint. I wish the papers would write a little more about reforms at home, and not trouble themselves about the Emperor of the French. I wish country gentlemen, when airing their vocabularies at agricultural dinners, would not talk so much of our friends across the water being desirous to avenge the disgrace of Waterloo, as if there were any disgrace to France, after having been a match, single-handed, for all Europe for a generation, in being compelled to succumb at last. I wish we would be content with trading with China, without sending ambassadors to Pekin, and endeavouring by fair means or foul to make that ancient city, as regards red tapeism and diplomatic quarrels, as great a nuisance as Constantinople is now. I wish Mr. George Augustus Sala, with that wonderful talent of his for imitating Dickens and Thackeray, would quite forget there were such gentlemen in the world, and write independently of them. And I wish the little essayists, who copy Mr. George Augustus Sala, and are so very smart and facetious by his aid, would either swim without corks, or not swim at all. Thank heaven, none of them are permanent, and most of them speedily sink down into limbo. Where is the *Idler?* dead. Where is the *Train*—in spite of the monthly puff of it, by its proprietor and editor, in a certain illustrated newspaper? dead. Where are the gaudily-covered miscellanies, and other light productions of this class? if not dead, why on every second-hand book-stall in London, in vain seeking a sale at half price, and dear at the money. But the spirit of which they are the symptom, of which they are the outward and visible sign, lives. Directly you take up one of these books, you know what is coming. But after all, why quarrel with these butterflies, who, at any rate, have a good conceit of themselves, if they have but a poor opinion of others? Fontaine tells of a motherly crab, who exclaimed against the obliquity of her daughter's gait, and asked whether she could not walk straight? The young crab pleaded, very reasonably, the similarity of her parent's manner of stepping, and asked whether she could be expected to walk differently from the rest of the family?

This fable throws me back on general principles; our writers—our preachers—our statesmen are fearful, and tremble at the appearance of originality. The age overrules us all, society is strong, and the individual is consequently weak. We have no patrons now, but, instead, we have a mob. Attend a public meeting,—the speaker who is the most applauded, is the man most given to exaggeration. Listen to a popular preacher,—is he not invariably the most commonplace, and in his sermons least suggestive, of men? When a new periodical is projected, what care is taken that it shall contain nothing to offend, as if a man or a writer were worth a rap that did not come into collision with some prejudices, and trample on some corns. In describing some ceremony where beer had been distributed, a teetotal reporter, writing for a teetotal public, omitted all mention of the beer. This is ridiculous, but such things are done every day in all classes. Society exercises a censorship over the press of the most distinctive character. The song says,

"Have faith in one another."

I say, have faith in yourself. This faith in oneself would go far to put society in a better position than it is. A common complaint in everybody's mouth is the want of variety in individual character—the dreary monotony we find everywhere pervading society. Men and women, lads and maidens, boys and girls, if we may call the little dolls dressed up in crinoline and flounces, and the young gentlemen in patent leather boots, such, are all alike. Civilization is a leveller of the most destructive kind. Man is timid, imitative, and lazy. Hence, it is to the past we must turn, whenever we would recall to our minds how sublime and great man in his might and majesty may become. Hence it is we can reckon upon but few who dare to stand alone in devotedness to truth and human right. Most men are enslaved by the opinions of the little clique in which they move; they can never imagine that beyond their little circle there can exist anything that is lovely or of good report. We are the men, and wisdom will die with us, is the burden of their song. We judge not according to abstract principles, but conventional ideas. Ask a young lady, of average intelligence, respecting some busy hive of industry and intelligence and life. "Oh," she exclaims, "there is no society in such a place." Ask an evangelical churchman as to a certain locality, and he will reply, "Oh, it is very dark, dark indeed;" as if there was a spot on this blessed earth where God's sun did not shine. The dancing Bayaderes, who visited London some fifteen years back, were shocked at what they conceived the immodest attire of our English dames, who in their turn were thankful that they did not dress as the Bayaderes. All uneducated people, or rather all unreflective people, are apt to reason in this way; orthodoxy is my doxy—heterodoxy yours. But we English, especially, are liable to this fallacy, on account of our insular position, and the reserve and phlegm of our national character. Abroad people travel more, come more into collision with each other, socially are more equal. We can only recognise goodness and greatness in certain forms. People must be well dressed, must be of respectable family, must go to church, and then they may carry on any rascality. Sir John Dean Paul, Redpath, and others, were types of this class. Hence it is society stagnates—such is a description of a general law, illustrated in all history, especially our own. Society invariably sets itself against all great improvements in their birth. Society gives the cold shoulder to whatever has lifted up the human race—to whatever

has illustrated and adorned humanity—to whatever has made the world wiser and better. Our fathers stoned the prophets, and we continue the amiable custom. Our judgment is not our own, but that of other people. We think what will other people think? our first question is not, Is a course of action right or wrong? but, What will Mr. Grundy say? Here is the great blunder of blunders. John the Baptist lived in a desert. "If I had read as much as other men," said Hobbes, "I should have been as ignorant as they." "When I began to write against indulgences," says Luther, "I was for three years entirely alone; not a single soul holding out the hand of fellowship and coöperation to me." Of Milton, Wordsworth writes, "his soul was like a star and dwelt apart."

The great original thinker of the last generation, John Foster, actually fled the face of man. What a life of persecution and misrepresentation had Arnold of Rugby to endure, and no wonder, when we quote against the conclusions of common sense the imaginary opinions of an imaginary scarecrow we term society. This deference to the opinion of others is an unmitigated evil. In no case is it a legitimate rule of action. The chances are that society is on the wrong side, as men of independent thought and action are in the minority, and even if society be right; it is not from a desire to win her smile or secure her favour that a man should act. It is not the judgment of others that a man must seek, but his own; it is by that he must act—by that he must stand or fall—by that he must live—and by that he must die. All real life is internal, all honest action is born of honest thought; out of the heart are the issues of life. The want of exercising one's own understanding has been admirably described by Locke. It is that, he says, which weakens and extinguishes this noble faculty in us. "Trace it, and see whether it be not so; the day labourer in a country village has commonly but a small pittance of knowledge, because his ideas and notions have been confined to the narrow bounds of a poor conversation and employment; the low mechanic of a country town does somewhat outdo him—porters and cobblers of great cities surpass him. A country gentleman who, leaving Latin and Learning in the University, returns thence to his mansion-house, and associates with neighbours of the same strain, who relish nothing but hunting and a bottle; with these alone he spends his time, with these alone he converses, and can away with no company whose discourses go beyond what claret and dissoluteness inspire. Such a patriot, formed in this happy day of improvement, cannot fail, as we see, to give notable decisions upon the bench at quarter sessions, and eminent proofs of his skill in politics, when the strength of his purse and party have advanced him to a more auspicious situation. * * To carry this a little further: here is one muffled up in the zeal and infallibility of his own sect, and will not touch a book, or enter into debate, with a person that will question any of those things which, to him, are sacred." People wonder now-a-days why we have so many societies—the cause is the same. Men cannot trust to themselves; to do that requires exercise of the understanding. A man must take his opinions from society; he can do no battle with the devil unless he have an association formed to aid him—a public meeting in Exeter Hall, and a live lord in the chair. At Oxford the example of an individual, Dr. Livingstone, has created a generous enthusiasm. A society was formed under distinguished patronage, subscription lists were opened, a public meeting was held, and the most renowned men of the day—the Bishop of Oxford and Mr. Gladstone—lent to the meeting not merely the attraction of their presence, but the charm of their oratorical powers. The result is a very small collection, and a talk of sending out six missionaries to christianise Africa. When societies are formed there is no end to the absurdities they are guilty of. Just think of the men of science at Aberdeen all rushing over hill and dale to Balmoral, where they were permitted, not to converse with majesty (that were too great an act of condescension), but to have lunch in an apartment of the royal residence. Then again, what murmurs were there at Bradford because, at the close of the meeting, the younger members of the Social Reform Congress were not permitted to dance the polka. If old Columbus were alive now a new world would never have been discovered. We should have had a limited liability company established for the purpose. A board of lawyers and merchants and M. P.'s, as directors, would have been formed. Some good-natured newspaper editors would have inserted some ingenious puffs,—the shares would have gone up in the market,—the directors would have sold out at a very fair rate of profit. Columbus would have made one or two unsuccessful voyages—the shares would have gone down—the company would have been wound up—and no western continent with its vast resources would ever have been heard of. I like the old plan best; I like to see a man. If I go into the House of Commons I hear of men, somewhat too much talk of men is there; on one side of the house Pitt is quoted, on another Fox, or Peel, or Canning. If Pitt and Fox and Canning and Peel had done so, depend upon it we should never have heard their names. It is a poor sign when our statesmen get into this habit; it is a mutual confession of incapacity, of inability to act according to the wants and necessities of the age. They quote great men to hide their littleness. They imagine that by using the words of great statesmen they may become such, or at any rate get the public to note them for such themselves. They use the name of Pitt and Fox as corks by means of which they may keep afloat. Well, I must fain do the same; while I rail against custom I must e'en follow her.

"He seems to me," said old Montaigne, "to have had a right and true apprehension of the power of custom, who first invented the story of a country-woman who, having accustomed herself to play with and carry a young calf in her arms, and daily continuing to do so as it grew up, obtained this by custom, that when grown to a great ox she was still able to bear it. For, in truth, custom is a violent and treacherous schoolmistress. She by little and little, slyly and unperceived, slips in the foot of her authority, but having by this gentle and humble beginning with the benefit of time fixed and established it, she then unmasks a furious and tyrannical countenance, against which we have no more the courage or the power so much as to lift up our eyes. We see it at every turn forcing and violating the rules

of nature. *Usus efficacissimus rerum omnium magister.* Custom is the greatest master of all things."

And now I finish with a fable. A knight surprised a giant of enormous size and wickedness sleeping, his head lying under the shade of a big oak. The knight prayed to heaven to aid his strength, and lifting his battle-axe dashed it with all his might on the giant's forehead. The giant opened his eyes, and drowsily passing his hand over his eyes murmured, "The falling leaves trouble my rest," and straight he slumbered again. The knight summoned his energies for another stroke, again whirled his axe in the air, and furiously dashed it to the utter destruction of the giant's scull. The latter merely stirred and said, "The dropping acorns disturb my sleep." The knight flung down his axe and fled in despair from an enemy who held his fiercest blows and his vaunted and well-tried might but as falling leaves and dropping acorns. Reader, so do I. My hardest blows shall seem but as leaves and acorns to the giant with whom I am at war, and would fain destroy.

BREAKING UP.

Breaking up—what a pleasant sound! I fear in school circles it is the one event looked forward to directly the half-year commences. I am sure it was in the days when I was young. The teachers, and schoolmasters, and mistresses, were only too glad to be rid of us, and it was with equal pleasure we saw the last of them. I believe now-a-days schools are better managed; that they are generally carried on by people who take a real interest in the happiness and improvement of those committed to their charge, and that boys and girls find the path of learning more attractive, more strewn with flowers, than was wont to be the case. No wonder that most of us who are elderly have such miserable associations connected with school days; the bulk of professional educators were persons who took to education because they could find nothing else to do. It was a mode of life taken up with reluctance, and often with struggles of mortified pride, and generally in a state of mind the most unfavourable for its successful prosecution. With numbers it was meant to be a resource only temporary, and as a means of getting something better. With such it was a mechanical routine performed when the thoughts were far away. Their meditations, their hours of freedom, were spent in a brighter world, their business received little of their energy and affection, it was a drudgery needful for a supply of food, an intellectual treadmill from which one day they were to be free. To many, alas, so long as they lived that day of freedom never came, and on they went with hearts heavy with sorrow, and seared, and soured with disappointment. Alas for the youth thus trained! young children intrusted to such training had much to contend with—small chance had they of becoming what men and women ought to be. "Even the lowest standard of education," wrote the late Mr. Lalor in his admirable Prize Essay on the subject, "cannot be realized by such instructors. The merest intellectual culture cannot take place without thought; mechanical routine will teach nothing but mechanical routine; thought can alone excite and develope thought. But far less can moral education be accomplished. The highest work of man, to enlighten his brother man and to elevate his moral being, must have the mind's entire force of thought and passion concentrated upon it."

Thank Heaven, we have had a school reform. The Society for the Diffusion of Useful Knowledge, under the presidency of that universal genius, Lord Brougham, led the way; others followed; Mrs. Ellis took in hand the ladies; Mr. Charles Dickens the boys; while the great William Makepeace Thackeray administered a little gentle satire to schoolmasters and schoolmistresses alike. English schools have remarkably improved within the last twenty years. Dr. Arnold did wonders at Rugby; and among the schoolmistresses of England, there are many ladies by birth and breeding who have consecrated themselves with a devotion almost saintly to the care of the young, and can often understand and sympathize with, and develope, a child's heart and head better than the mother herself,—who, with all her natural love for her offspring, may not have the requisite patience and true insight. "Mothers," says old Montaigne, and few wiser men ever lived, "mothers are too tender, and their natural affection is apt to make the most discreet of them all so over-fond, that they can neither find in their hearts to give them due correction for the faults they commit, nor suffer them to be brought up in those hardships and hazards they ought to be. So there is nothing like a good school for either boys or girls. Cowper would not write now as he did in his Tirocinium:

> "Survey our schools and colleges, and see
> A sight not much unlike my simile.
> From education, as the leading cause,
> The public character its colour draws;
> Thence the prevailing manners take their cast,
> Extravagant or sober, loose or chaste:
> And though I would not advertise them yet,
> Nor write on each *This Building to be Let*,
> Unless the world were all prepared to embrace
> A plan well worthy to supply their place,
> Yet backward as they are and long have been
> To cultivate and keep the morals clean
> (Forgive the crime), I wish them, I confess,
> Or better managed, or encouraged less."

And surely—if we may believe our artist—the breaking-up we have given on the opposite side denotes a model school, where the teachers are really such, and where the taught have not been slow to teach. It is evident they have been good girls all this half—that they have got on with their French, and their drawing, and their history, and all the other histories, and graphies, and onomies, and ologues, for which young ladies are famous now-a-days. Many of them are, I dare say, as accomplished as Aurora Leigh. Hear her catalogue of graces and accomplishments:

> "I learnt the collects and the catechisms,
> I learnt my complement of classic French,
> And grammar also, a little algebra, a little
> Of the mathematics—
> I learnt the royal genealogies,
> Of Oviedo the internal laws

THE BREAKING-UP.

Of the Burmese empire.
I learnt much music; fine sleights of hand,
And unimagined fingering, shuffling off
The hearer's soul through hurricanes of notes,
To a noisy Tophet, and I drew costumes
From French engravings, Nereids neatly draped
With smirks of simmering godship—I wash'd in
From nature landscapes (rather say wash'd out),
I danced the Polka and Cellarius,
Spun glass, stuff'd birds, and modell'd flowers in wax,
I read a score of books on womanhood,
To prove if women do not think at all,
They may teach thinking (to a maiden aunt,
Or else the author), books demonstrating
Their right of comprehending husbands' talk
Where not too deep."

Well, if with all this—and in spite of all this—the subjects of this training come to be Aurora Leigh—we will not quarrel. There is time for that yet. In the mean while let them dance, and sing, and play school as well. The vacation has commenced, indeed here we are in the hall, flys and cabs are now getting ready to drive up to the door to take them to their homes, or to the station that leads there. Papa and mamma, brother and sister, perhaps some one else, are waiting. Girls, sing and play merrily, Home, sweet home,—for there is nothing in the world so sweet as home; if we enter it feeling that outside of it we have done our duty, and that inside of it there is joyous welcome and luxurious rest.

DOWN AMONG THE FACTORIES.

BY A LADY.

Although it is a fault, into which we are all too apt to be betrayed, to imagine that anything which interests ourselves must be equally absorbing to others, it has its opposite error, by which we cannot but think the world is often deprived of much that might both amuse and instruct—the supposing that those things, with which one chances to be familiar, and which, therefore, claim little of our attention, are equally so to others; by whom, in fact, many matters, to us of every-day occurrence, would be received as interesting and novel.

This idea has haunted us repeatedly, during a mental discussion relative to the present sketch, on which we at last resolved, with the reflection that there may possibly be others in a like position to ourself, to whom, a few months ago, the subject would have certainly been attractive.

We shall not pretend to depth or finish, most literally this is but a "sketch;" a jotting down of our own impressions of "facts."

Statistics so overflow—all who desire know so well where to seek them; from these (except in some particular cases) and from all party matters we abstain. Of antiquarian remains and ancient belongings we disturb not the dust; our business is with the present.

That is to say, no farther back than the July of 1858, when for the first time we took our downward flight among the factories.

To tell about the start from the bustling terminus, to describe the constantly recurring groups of such a scene, the leave-takings, the oddities, the disagreeables, and extravagances among our fellow-travellers, would be only to attempt what has been so well done again and again.

How angularities and asperities seem gradually to smooth off, and soften down, in the course of the journey, till one begins to congratulate oneself on one's company; how sour visages, ensconced, at first, behind fortifications of daily journals, begin, after a few miles, to emerge and descend to a consciousness of kindred humanity; till, having achieved an interchange of the several barricades, universal peace and amity are established—these are matters known to every traveller, from Bow to Bagdad.

Also how, on the experience of tunnels, notes are compared, watches consulted, time and length calculated, and friendly advice given, relative to closing the windows, &c. &c.

Touching the said tunnels, one curious fact is noticeable, the strong smell of spirits almost invariably pervading the carriage soon after entering into darkness; for which no cause is discoverable in the unconscious faces which so anxiously regard one another, as we emerge into open day.

Sunshine bathed the roofs of the great city as we quitted it, early morning sunshine; and the green hedges, and the golden harvest-fields, poppy-gemmed, literally smile on us, as we speed fast and faster on, leaving it far behind.

Faster now, and still the same bright panorama of meadow, farm, and river, green hedges and harvest land. As a poet among us says—"Fields of the real cloth of gold, where the kings Plenty and Industry shake hands."

We have passed Peterboro', and gossipped of its cathedral; and pretty Grantham, reminding one of toy-box villages of long ago—with its houses, clear red and white and blue, its gravelly roads, and small shady gardens; and are on again full speed.

And now the corn-fields are no longer golden-ripe, no more the ruby poppy decks the hedgerows, which have lost their vivid and luxuriant green; you begin to feel you have left summer behind you, and such of your fellow-passengers who have not made the journey before join in exclamation at the backwardness of the harvest.

Getting out for refreshment, and gladly to stretch your cramped limbs, you find it singularly cool, and hasten to avail yourself of the rug, which you had been persuaded into encumbering yourself with, quite contrary to your own inclination: but a greyer mantle is now interposed between you and the sun that shone so brightly when you quitted home this morning.

Soon the green hedges quite cease, and in their place are the stone fences, so strange to unaccustomed eyes. Some, of the solid block, iron clamped, but most built up of roughly-hewn brick-sized pieces, piled breast high, without mortar.

We are passing whole regions of black desolate moors, looking as if they had never known the foot of man; stretching away to the wild Yorkshire Hills, that rise dark and rugged against the sky, and in whose clefts lie the drifted snows of March yet unmelted, so to lie, one might well believe, till winter shall

add to the store, so stern and cold and dreary is the scene, though grand, as we all agree—the ladies with a shudder—and some tell of Jane Eyre, and Wuthering Heights, thereby connecting these in the mind evermore with stone fences and bleak Yorkshire Hills, not inappropriately.

We have passed a black hole steaming with smoke and slush, repugnant to every sense; and, learning it is Sheffield, wish we had looked more curiously, and console ourself with a promise of an early visit, and now with increasing interest view the varying landscape, which, though it has wholly lost the luxuriant softness of the journey's commencement, is wild or beautiful in turns.

Broad streams, swollen by the heavy rains, rush down from the hills, and gush through woods, and along rocky channels; brawling and tumbling over weirs, in foamy torrents, to reservoirs below; where man's ingennity awaits them to turn all to his own purpose, for from such resources the neighbouring towns are supplied.

We have joined in all the enthusiasm due to a first sight of the beautiful Stone Valley, with its quiet village nooks, and clumps of noble trees, meandering paths, and distant hills, with the ribbon-like streams varying their dark surface.

Now we fly on more swiftly, at a speed almost terrific, remembering that this is the most critical portion of the journey: but we have loitered of late, and our entry must be made with something of éclat.

Our fellow-passengers begin to arouse themselves. The initiated inform us of our whereabouts, a hasty toilette is performed,—caps exchanged for hats,—bonnets set right,—cloaks smoothed, and robes shaken.

Eagerly looking out, on either side, we see waste grounds, rough and uneven, stagnant marshy pools, here and there a plot of cultivation, a row of cottages, an unfinished building. The roads and pathways are black, they are in fact covered with ashes, largely employed here for the purpose.

And now a dense grey cloud hovers in the air, and we glide in, over house-tops, looking down upon skylights and leads, and dirty water tanks, and, far below, the busy, narrow, sweltering streets.

Now, on every side, towering over all, our eyes encounter high narrow brickwork buildings, tapering to the skies; each pouring forth a dense cloud, each the staff of a black banner, which, surging out, uncoils and spreads, and mingles with its fellows, into that grey mass that shuts out the setting sun.

More of them, as we glide in, more on every side. Countless as the trees of the forest, as the masts of the distant fleet. Signs of ownership, and wealth, and power, great as forests ever yielded, or armed fleet obtained. Signs of endurance, misery, and suffering, greater than fleet or forest ever witnessed.

Churches there are, and halls and institutions, powerful for good and improvement, but these outnumber all.

Our journey is ended, the day is drawing to a close, whose dawn we saw in London; we are among the chimneys of a great town, which proudly owns itself only second to that.

Leaving the terminus at which we have arrived, the chief thoroughfare lies straight before us.

Piccadilly, with its Infirmary, its statue groups, its fountains, and handsome massive lamps, is really a fine street; and while we have smiled at those of our Manchester friends who, in the pride of their native town, have equalled this place with our Charing Cross and its Square, we could readily admit the justice of their admiration.

It has been said that a Londoner-born can never know the sensation of pride and wonder which the first sight of the country's capital cannot fail to excite; for our own share we are perfectly content to have forfeited all possibility of such knowledge, and in the pride of our metropolitan extraction had imagined the feeling must be all the other way on visiting any provincial city. But our impression on entering Manchester for the first time simply was surprise at its extreme resemblance to London—at least of a particular part.

Its lofty warehouses, with the cranes, bales of goods, and packers, the hurry to and fro, the business-like aspect of things and people, the remarkable absence of ladies in the public ways, at once recall the neighbourhoods of Cannon and Thames Streets. One is ever expecting to come upon the more fashionable and easy-going promenades—which one does not.

Unless it be Tuesday or Saturday (the former the great market and exchange day, the latter the half holiday) ladies form the exception in the bustling meditative throng. The dainty toilettes of Regent and Oxford Street are not; the ribbons and silks, which do break up the monotony of the tweed-mixtures and straw hats, have an air of business too, and the narrow streets with their dingy warehouses, sweating packers, loaded lurrys (i. e. waggons), seem to frown on the very footsteps of the fair beings for whom so many of the busy brains and brawny frames are toiling, into whose laps these gloomy mines pour out their stores of wealth.

But as we proceed, the peculiarities of the great town strike us. The lurry, which takes the place of almost every form of cart that throngs our London streets, approaches the nearest to the brewer's dray, but is stronger, heavier, and longer in form, the horses being some of the finest creatures we have seen anywhere.

At every turn we meet these, lumbering along, at times blocking up the narrow streets, laden with bales of cotton bleached and unbleached, or roughly-packed masses of the raw material, on its way to the mills.

You notice, too, with surprise the extensive use of the under-ground cellars, throughout the city; as places of business, trade, and refreshment. Many of the best dining-rooms, frequented by merchant millionaires, are below the pavement, no idea of inferiority attaching to such a situation as with us.

Newspaper and reading rooms—sellers of cloth and household stuffs—more especially of remnants, or, as they are here called, "fents,"—nay, bread, butter, cheese, and milk shops, in fact every calling alike, find their livelihood below the level.

It is no uncommon sight to see ladies, bent on a bargain, descending the steps to these cellar-stores, it being

reasonable to suppose the owner of such may offer goods at a smaller profit than his brethren of plate glass and gilding pretensions.

The amusement so favoured by our young ladies of "looking at the shops," would rather convey a meaning hardly so entertaining, since the warehouses, here filling the place of our large shops, though marvels of solidity, extent, and even grandeur and finish, will scarcely, from the outside, be a satisfactory substitute for the shawls and mantles of Ludgate Hill and St. Paul's Churchyard, or the bonnets and silks of Regent Street windows.

A lady acquaintance, anxious to induct a new comer to the attractions of her native town, volunteers to show her the "shops in Deansgate." The unsuspecting innocent gladly accedes, and patiently follows her leader, elbowed and fretted down a long thoroughfare no broader than Chancery Lane, expecting every moment some glory to burst upon her sight which shall compensate for such a pilgrimage, till, arriving at the "shambles," her obliging conductress, who has been expatiating inaudibly in advance, turns to inquire what she thinks of the shops; these averaging from Clare Market to the middling-class ones of Holborn.

The visitor delivers herself of the most flattering sentiment available; the predominant one being a hearty desire to escape into breathing space, and, if fortunate enough to be led by King Street into St. Ann's Square, may rest satisfied she has had the best shop-sighting experience Manchester can afford.

Herein we believe we have discovered the true cause of the paucity of female display I have hinted at. There is little room for the pretty amusement, the playing at "shopping" as it might be termed; the most remorseless trifler would hesitate at mounting a flight of steps and entering a palatial structure rivalling the marble arcana of Pall Mall, to "inquire the price" of a ribbon, or toss over some gross of glove boxes, with a view of acquiring the cut of a new mantle, or the last mode of a hat trimming.

For it is in the warehouses, those enchanted recesses where the genii of taste, skill, and luxury attend the ring of the true coins, that the paradise of "shopping" must be sought; where from a darning-needle to a Turkey carpet or a "duckey bonnet,"—from a footstool to a chariot,—may be obtained all of earthly necessities, all with which man contrives to render supportable his Maker's gift.

Most of the shops, visible and ostensible, in Manchester, are what is called "cutting" shops (it is the very elysium of "sales," "auctions," and "fire damaged," or "bankrupt" stock); and though a native well knows the difference between warehouse and shop purchasing, and a stranger soon begins to appreciate the information,—"I bought it at the warehouse,"—the latter is usually a long sufferer ere he can bring himself to imagine that these imposing structures with their contents really await the choice and disposal of his purse and pleasure.

Each story, to the height of five, six, and even seven, is usually appropriated to a different class of goods. A carpet warehouse, for example, will have a floor exclusively devoted to Brussels, another to tapestry—Bright or Crossley;—to Kidderminster; to hearth-rugs; these again divided into qualities; a mat department, another of hassocks and footstools; and when we imagine nothing more remains, lo! we are introduced to a vast under-ground store of mattings, oil cloths, and coarser goods of every description and denomination.

The centre of each floor is of thickest glass, for purposes of light, of which, together with fresh air, one is not long in perceiving a painful necessity during the visit.

Space cannot be afforded here to give any idea of the quantity, the variety, the order, and compact arrangement, to which description can indeed hardly do justice. The impression is one of astonishment, and with the knowledge that around on every side are streets of buildings so filled, comes a conviction which remains for ever connected in the mind with the place and people; and as you walk up one of the dingy narrow streets you find yourself mentally speculating, how many thousands will be turned in the course of the day within its sombre recesses; and while your eyes follow a carelessly-dressed man, who, his hands in his pockets, shoots past you, down a fluffy, musty, mouldy entry, you are wondering by how many hundreds he will be a better man at supper time than at breakfast.

Probably the conjecture will only serve to irritate you, and you will seek to get rid of the subject as quickly as convenient. Supposing you to be not forty-eight hours' old in Manchester, you may not have visited the Free Trade Hall, and we know of no more wholesome diversion to your perturbed spirit.

We speak from experience. We had been chilled to the bone, scorning to provide against the variation of climate at a distance only of 200 miles from home. In making some necessary purchases, we had discovered that though more expensive the articles were all London-made; our ears had been already filled with complaints of the inefficiency and unworthiness of the servant-girls who "wore no caps;" we had been jostled and bustled by the foot passengers, on whom even the printed request affixed to all the lamp-posts, that they would "keep to the right," seemed to have not the least effect,—and, more in the hope of finding some fresh excuse for grumbling, than with any other motive, we entered the Free Trade Hall.

It was with a conscious sense of magnanimity that we pronounced we really had nothing equal to it in London—"of the kind," of course,—and we don't know that we are at all disposed at this space of time to alter the verdict.

St. James's Hall is, we imagine, the only one which can at all compare with it, but where that is elegant, light, pretty, the Manchester edifice is grand, solid, profound. Exeter Hall one recalls as a big money-box, when seated in a balcony of this truly magnificent building.

It is amusing to us to remember the various and opposite attractions which have, at different times, called together the multitude within its walls.

Dinners, lectures, legerdemain, sermons, concerts, Piccolomini and Mr. Gough, Barnum and Lord Shaftesbury, Herr Frikell and Mursell, Jullien and Lola Montez, Messrs. Cobden and Bright and the Christy

Minstrels, "Little Dombey" and "The Chimes,"—"Whip Behind," and "Hoopde Dodendoo."

One incident in connection with that well-known platform we should like our readers to have the benefit of, only hoping they may enjoy its relation, as we did the original.

A distribution of prizes was to take place, in connection with the Mechanics School (of which anon); a certain well-known writer had consented to take the chair; the announcement had the effect, of course, of filling the Hall very rapidly.

It was certainly a most interesting sight. The prizeholders, many of them children, as they passed along the platform, receiving not only the prize, but that which we are certain they valued far more, a kind congratulation and a hearty shake of the hand from the chairman, who in some cases (many of the poor fellows were maimed) rose from his seat to do so.

Yes, it was a sight not to be easily forgotten.

But speeches must be made, and, in the course of events, it fell out that a gentleman, mayor of a certain place, stood forth to render an account of the doings of an instruction class and reading society in his town: in the course of which, he begged to impress upon his audience, as a proof of the astounding progression of the said institution, that in the last few months they had replaced all the works of fiction in their library, by biographical, geographical, and similar volumes.

This with one who may, with truth, be styled the Prince of Fiction, in the chair!

We supposo the good man was visited by a sudden idea that he had somehow *said* something; for the murmur that ran through the Hall was scarcely to be mistaken for one of approbation. He proceeded to rectify himself by adding: "That is to say, of course, we have all Mr. ——'s works," mentioning the name of the gentleman in question, "we should not think of being without them."

We doubt if the huge chimneys ever looked down on a nearer approach to a fairy scene than is set forth in the Free Trade Hall, by the indefatigable Dr. Mark at his annual ball for the children.

One might fancy the very walls echoed with an unwonted pleasure, the ringing laughs, the merry voices, the lightly-tripping feet, and skilful childish fingers of that night's performance, when the grand hall, with its glittering lights, floral decorations, and rich embellishments, was metamorphosed into a very bower of enchantment, for those happy children.

But the evening is over. We are out into the streets again, and are struck with their stillness and gloom. The natives here observe very strictly one portion of the rule which is said to insure health, wealth, and wisdom, that which, though put last in the distich, would, one might suppose, go a good way to secure the two first.

Most of the shops are closed at seven, or half-past, the latest by eight, excepting such as are dependent on the places of amusement, which are generally over by half-past ten. The household is terribly dissipated where the gas is not turned off by eleven.

Apropos of gas. It is in much more general use than with us. Scarcely a private house but has it in every room; the little cottages of three or four rooms in the suburbs all have the gas burner, most usually set above the mantel-shelf.

But a stranger will be amused, returning home on a moonlight night, perhaps at eleven o'clock, to see a man going the round, busily employed extinguishing the street lamps. One feels an intense desire to have the power of sending a rack of clouds up the blue space to wrap her serene majesty from sight, and cast dismay among such trusting mortals. In some districts, if it bid fair to be fine, they will not light the lamps at all.

It seems the more remarkable, as the gas does not cost one half what it does in London; it is at the disposal of the corporation.

In the matter of early rising our Manchester brethren are not a whit in advance of ourselves; in fact, the shops which with us are well open by eight, have here but one eye unclosed at that hour, and seldom get fairly on their legs before nine. But the circumstance of most of them being "lock up," may well account for this, the owners seldom residing on the premises, but, padlocking up house and stock, go home to supper and to bed.

You have been "among the chimneys" a couple of months, and we are quite prepared to meet you full of complaints of what you will call the "rudeness" of the people. Tradesmen, workpeople, domestic servants, in all classes, both sexes, all denominations.

Well, you know *they* call it "independence," and after all, what's in a name? it may be independence; suppose we call it so. Yes, say you, but when you recall, with a sigh, the courteous demeanour of the London shopkeepers, the good folks talk of "servility,"—"meanness"—so you don't very well know what *is* what. Wait a bit, and if you get thoroughly into the subject—right warm upon it—the chances are you will have all the vices of "*your* aristocracy" to answer for, and will be called upon to say what "*your* London would be without its court?" We have known some very promising friendships cracked beyond repair in this fashion; ay, beginning no more formidably than on the civility question.

But take up the cudgels, an' thou wilt, in the name of merry London—the Saints from St. Giles to St. James speed thee!—my word for it, you will find prejudice for prejudice, sting for sting, taunt for taunt—"rude and cold"—"servile and time-serving"—"close and hard"—"purse-proud and poor." At it you go, and the longest wind and sharpest tongue has the best of it, and you leave off where you began, and, if you are wise, shake hands upon it, which we fear we oftenest do not. Prejudice is hard to overcome, hardest when it is so difficult to decide how far we are ruled by her.

And suppose—by way of penance for the outbreak into which your warm blood has carried you, in the face, not improbably, of hospitality very readily afforded you—we now set about observing some of the many advantages which cannot fail to have struck you in your peregrinations "among the chimneys."

Look at this moving machine, this humanly-piled-up monster, an omnibus carrying its eighty passengers! It would create a sensation in Cheapside, we rather fancy, and a couple of them, with their horses

three abreast, meeting under Temple Bar, would somewhat impede the traffic of a morning.

But in their native element they fulfil their mission efficiently enough; all for business, all to save time; the conductor walks up the middle, between the rows of lady passengers, without disturbing a flounce or offending a crinoline, and receives the monies; no delay at getting out, there is no door to open and shut, the business men have a knack of effecting a lodgment inside with a run and a jump, while the vehicle is in motion; when it does stop, that break, which the coachman sets in motion with his foot, is admirably contrived to prevent the weighty machine from running down the horses.

Sometimes we have fancied it might not be a bad "spec" for an enterprising crossing-sweeper to organise a body of his craft, but we have our doubts upon the whole. The want does not seem to be felt, and though the blue-jerkined fraternity who perambulate the streets every morning would seem, on first consideration, hardly sufficient against the contingencies of the heavy rains that occasionally favour Manchester, a charitable consideration for the interests of the shoe-black boys will prevent our carrying into operation a half-formed plan for an importation of brooms from our over-supplied mother metropolis.

One is in many ways reminded how much less is here of that surplus industry, seeking available employment than, in London.

Fewer hawkers, beggars, street musicians, wanderers of every kind. Domestic servants in constant demand, good ones lamentably scarce.

How surprised we are, too, in purchasing shirts, collars, and such articles of female handicraft, at the invariable information of their being "London made;" the same with boots and shoes, while dress-making, laundry work, &c., are higher paid, with far less satisfactory results than with us.

Thus, coals are shot down, loose from the carts, before the doors alike of cottage and mansion, and shovelled from the pavement to the cellars, sacks being unknown.

Half one's admiration of the beautiful and refreshing strawberry vanishes on seeing them heaped pell-mell in a dirty window, a printed label stuck in the midst "6*d.* per quart;" the suitable and familiar pottle has yet to make an introductory visit "among the chimneys."

One is not long in learning that labour is tending all one way; that the smoky pennons which greeted you on your arrival, were apt auguries of the great bent and purpose of the multitudes dwelling beneath their shadow.

It is a scorching day in August: you have found that the rule, "it always rains in Manchester," is proved by a very considerable exception, and just when you had begun to think of laying in a life-long stock of lamb's wool and double soles, you discover that tweed mixtures and straw-hats are not such positively insane inventions as you had imagined.

In a word, you find, to your astonishment, that you had outstripped the summer, which now arrives, with a second harvest of those fruits which were over when you quitted London.

The pavements are grilling your very soles, the heat only just bearable—one degree more and you could *not* bear it.

You are passing one of those huge gaol-like buildings—whence comes the ceaseless clang and dash and whirr, from which your yet unaccustomed ear shrinks instinctively—whose towering funnel vomits forth unremittingly the dense black smoke. An obliging friend seizes this very opportunity to play the cicerone, his leisure and yours is limited, as well now as ever, and you enter a cotton factory—technically "th' mill."

In the open air by the Mersey's bank you found it hot; stifling, in the broad street—what is it now? The windows are all open—and they will be so at times when you are shivering with the outer breeze—for air, air.

You pass on, through this wondrous place, this mighty product of man's summed intelligence and industry. Your obliging cicerone leads you from room to room, you behold the progress of the work, from the lumpy soiled mass to the fleecy snow-like flake, from the delicate film to the strong firm thread, through sizing, spinning, weaving, warp, and woof, to the strong broad brown web, through folding, weighing, stamping—through all and every process, and never tale of magician seemed more astounding to your bewildered brain than this.

But what have you heeded most?

Through clang and crash, and click, click, clack, through dizzy whirr, and shouted explanations, what have your eyes most retained, what will they ever retain in connection with that sound?

Those heated, half-clad, fluffy figures, those thin clammy hands, gaunt necks, and pallid faces. Those bare-foot perspiring men, so strange in their human form, their machine-like movements, trot, trot, to and fro, to and fro, unceasingly.

Girls, and women soon to be mothers (most probably of infants who never draw the breath of life), little girls, young lads, and men, all so alike in gaunt, ghastly weariness,—it is the only term we can think of to convey that look, it is not decay, nor disease, nor the consuming pallor of the gin-drinking, alley-haunting London outcast,—in dwarfed, sharpened, bleached humanity.

This will strike you, this you will remember as you pass those open windows and iron grates, as you feel the hot breath, and hear the clang and crash of the huge monster within; and perhaps the tears will force themselves to your eyes as you hurry from the intolerable atmosphere, where hundreds of delicate females must pass the half of all their life; and it may be you will ask yourself, can we indeed be the better for a system involving such an existence to thousands? and you will scarcely suppress a wish that such places could be swept away by a flash, and each pallid worker turned, spade in hand, to the wide fields and heaths. Then remembering all you have heard (which all curious in factory history must hear) you will not wonder, but rather thank God, that in such a life one atom of goodness and charity, one spark of our better nature, can be preserved.

Ay, London has her sins to answer for—late hours, over-work, insufficient pay—room enough for

amendment, Heaven knows! But none, no, nor milliner, nor needlewoman, nor ballet girl, nor lodging-house drudge, but may have pity to spare, from her own lot, to that of her sisters of the mill

Let those who doubt it inquire for themselves; not in statistics, not in committee reports, in pleasant fictions, nor of those blinded, unconsciously may be, by interest, but simply of themselves. Bringing to the inquiry only common decency and common sense.

Some we have known bring far more,—prejudice in favour of independence, the superiority of such labour over domestic servitude, &c. We know, too, how the truth has startled these; not given as a grievance either, more frequently as taking their own view of the matter; for the "hands" have a great contempt for domestic service, and, if induced to try it, most frequently end by throwing it up, and returning to the old employment.

We have heard a married woman, mistress of a comfortable house, mother of a young family, and wife of a kind husband, regretting the days she spent in th' mill. So may some regret the licence of the camp, the society of the gin-shop.

Grand, indeed, are the instances of self-denying, high-minded worthiness, which shine the more brightly in the surrounding darkness, how far induced by system, how far such system irreparable, it is not for us to decide.

But to lighter matters.

Not least among the peculiarities which strike us during our ramble through the town, is the appearance of the female factory hands; who after hours throng the streets in couples and groups, arm in arm.

The short cotton dress, the cotton jacket, short-sleeved, the bib apron, with pockets in front, are universal, varying, of course, in quality, and put on, as greatly as the owners' habits, from smartness to abject slovenliness.

They wear no bonnet; some have a shawl thrown over the head, but this is not universal in Manchester. The hair is tightly fastened in a knot with a comb, and the never-failing string of red beads about the throat. A factory girl without her beads would be like an Indian without his paint, a Turk without his turban, an African gentleman in a dark waistcoat.

Nor must we forget the wooden clogs, so universal here, you will not easily become oblivious of them, till you have become so accustomed that their clattering over the pavements at 6 a. m. fails to arouse you from a sound sleep. The effect is most singular to a stranger.

We are assured that in this class there still exist some descendants of the famed "witches;" but we should be sacrificing truth to politeness did we deny that the discovery has yet to be made as far as we are concerned. Good looks can scarce be ever preserved without health, though in this respect the factory hands of Manchester have an advantage over those of the neighbouring districts, their appearance being rather less debilitated, which may be attributed to their more general use of animal flesh; which is in fact almost ignored in some parts. At Stockport, a factory town seven miles from Manchester, meat is barely procurable any but the last two days of the week. We were puzzled at first to know what the natives did subsist on, and should, we verily believe, have perished, but for the eggs, which were by no means plentiful either.

Boiled cabbage, pickled onions, red-herring, cheese, with a little fat bacon, formed their diet. But tea was the staple commodity. Tea, tea, tea, from morning till night. The poor over-tasked frame finds in this refreshing beverage a welcome stimulant, which, to their honour be it told, they seek far less than might be expected in intoxicants. The drunkards in Manchester, which are plentiful, as in every great town, are not generally speaking the factory hands.

But let us glance at the great fact, which shines out in undeniable brightness, over which there can be no cavilling, on which even prejudice cannot but smile approbation.

It is Saturday, between one and two o'clock. As we pursue our way through the streets, the blue-jerkined phalanx is everywhere at work with brooms, scrapers, and the attendant cart, cleansing the highways and kennels; the fountains in front of the Infirmary are throwing up their diamond spray, sparkling in the sunbeams, affording their share of brightness to the general half-holiday, in honour of which they are always set in full play.

The black banners are furling on all sides, the huge iron monster clangs his last for awhile, Labour cries, Hold, enough.

Banks, offices, warehouses, mills, all are closed. Building, toiling, planning, all are over till Monday morning.

Now the great thoroughfares are in their glory. Shops are filled with customers, the pavements thronged with the tide of released employed and employers. Now may be seen smart toilettes, gorgeous in colour and extent, and pretty faces radiant in the prospect of meeting lover, husband, father, friends, some to make market together, and then home to the pleasant suburban villa or cottage, some to avail themselves of the fine weather to enjoy an "out," in company.

Now at the curb wait well-appointed equipages, snug brougham, fast-going chaise, or gig, or car; now omnibuses confidently await their freights, and these loaded at every available point drive off; and come others in their turn, and still the crowd seems rather to increase, and still the cry is, "they come."

Now there is general rush to the post with last despatches, and men suffer their brows to unpucker, and raise their eyes from the pavement on which they have been bent the last five days long, and the smiling faces, fresh costumes, glad sunshine, meet them, and you may read soon in all what is written everywhere. It is the Saturday Half-Holiday; clerk, employer, warehouseman, and factory girl, all have breathing time; from the sweeping-boy to the millionaire, all may if they please for the next forty hours enjoy the pure air of the country, and take rest from head and hand work. And they do.

They flock in crowds to where the excursions by train and 'bus await them. From the pic-nic of Alderly Edge to the trip of Rhyl, Buxton, Liverpool, Birkenhead, Chester—the emancipated hundreds avail themselves of these welcome opportunities, and to those to whom circumstances may forbid so extended an

absence, remains an enjoyment healthful and inexpensive, in the gardens of Belle Vue. At which it will well repay us to pause awhile; not merely to renew our acquaintance with the lions, leopards, hyænas, bears, monkeys, camels, eagles, owls, and parroquets; though to those in whom the Zoological tastes of boyhood have survived, these will have attractions, the specimens being remarkably fine, and well selected. Perhaps you will hardly associate the idea of enjoyment this warm afternoon with the thousands of couples already pursuing their favourite pastime on the great dancing platform.

Suppose then we turn into the covered walks, where under the shade of mountain-ash and vine, and trellised jasmine and honeysuckle, in serpentine meanderings of varied luxuriance, we may either sit, or stroll, listening to the music of the band, the distant roar of the animals, and the merry laugh and prattle of a multitude, oblivious of a Monday with its return of labour and care.

You would little think, perhaps, viewing this as a place of amusement, what an example it is of perseverance, skill, industry, and determination.

Sitting here, looking out from one side on wide lawns, tasteful flower-beds, always blooming with the season's favourites; on grouped statuettes, half hidden by a fragrant drapery of some clustering creeper; on grottos with their trickling silvery stream, or dashing fountain, and drooping ashen bowers, and cunning shady nooks; and on the other, the smooth lake, its boats, its gravelly banks, broad walks, and seats, and winding groves, away, far as the eye can reach, farther than you will care to stroll to-day;—you would hardly think that the tiny acorn from which has sprung the huge tree of enterprise, which is even now but in its youth, was twenty years ago a small tea garden, to which the price of admission was one penny, and where the humble holiday-makers of Manchester were wont to bring their families and their leisure for a quiet evening.

We deal only with the present, letting pass all its upward growth, and the skilful training which has made it what it is.

To-day, then, the gardens of Belle Vue cover forty acres, twenty of which are laid out in those flower-beds, of which we have seen yet but a small part, everywhere decorated with artistic groups, cunningly devised grottos, and streams, and rustic bridges, everywhere pleasant, everywhere attractive.

The conservatories, pineries, and fern-houses will delight even you who are a connoisseur; the specimens in the latter, many of them, quite equal those of Kew.

That smooth, even, well-kept piece of ten acres is for archery and cricketing,—how acceptable to the young men and lads you may imagine; we could only wish the ladies might more affect the first of these sports than they seem inclined to do here.

The maze is every whit as delightful in its labyrinthine entanglements as that of famed Hampton Court; but most of all in this portion of the grounds, the taste displayed, everywhere Art studying from Nature; copying, not marring; preserving, availing of, not formalising or dwarfing her beauties, while providing for comfort, enjoyment, and pleasure.

Suppose we stroll now in the direction of the upper lake; this is four acres in extent: from its eminence we look down on a small plain, where a huge rhinoceros is browsing at large, surrounded by a wondering crowd, who maintain a very respectful distance, and back promiscuously upon each other at every move of the unwieldy brute.

Here the "lads" and "lasses" appear to find the most perfect enjoyment, pulling around the lake in the hired boats, or making its tour in the model steamer, which makes its little voyage many times in the course of the evening; in this case there is certainly no possibility of deception, all the machinery being literally "above-board."

On this lake, too, take place exhibitions of swimming-matches, and feats of all descriptions. Here, to an admiring throng of between nine and ten thousand, Professor Poultoun displayed his skill in eating an apple, drinking a bottle of soda water, and smoking a pipe, with his head under water; having previously divested himself of his usual apparel in the same peculiar situation.

In the midst is what may be termed the nucleus of an island, intended shortly to become an object of no less beauty than the rest; at present it serves as a resort for the swans, which are very fine, and add much to the general effect.

But we should weary you were we to attempt only a recital of all the attractions of these truly admirable gardens.

Vauxhall, Cremorne, Surrey Gardens, the Zoological enclosures of Regent's Park, all sink into insignificance beside them. This, bear in mind, to a Londoner, prejudiced as we are told we invariably are, perhaps with more truth than we are inclined to own.

On the lower lake is the panoramic and pyrotechnic display, similar to that of Surrey Gardens. Opposite is the large Music Hall, which will accommodate 15,000 persons. It is decorated with frescoes of mythological subjects, of the four seasons, pillars adorned with mirrors, and admirably contrived gas chandeliers run the whole length of the room, where 3000 have on a grand night stood up to dance.

The platform outside, appropriated to that recreation during daylight, and moonlight too, in fine weather, is half as large again as the famed Leviathan of Highbury.

For the refreshment-rooms, though that element enters far less into the enjoyments of the Manchester holiday-seekers than with their London brethren, the supplies in quantity are something fabulous, which for quality, with all deference to Messrs. Sawyer and Strange, with their predecessors, we can say with truth, that under their several dynasties at Sydenham we were never better catered for than by the purveyors of this provincial elysium, while the prices would cause the hair of those gentlemen to rise on end in dismay.

We may mention *en passant* that by these Manchester victuallers was supplied the dinner given to Mr. John Aspinall Turner, M. P., in the Free Trade Hall, for 1100. In their own premises they can dine 3000,—2000 hot dishes, 1000 more at a cold collation. They have accommodation for baiting 200 horses. The gallery, for viewing the fireworks, seats 2000 persons.

In their icehouses we have seen, this scorching August day, some hundred tons of ice, obtained in Nov. 1858. They furnish with this article most of the hotels and fishmongers of Manchester.

And now one word as to the great cause of this great success from so small a beginning.

The proprietor and his large family of sons take upon themselves the entire supervision of the whole. To no other shoulders is the responsibility of each department transferred.

They rear their own beasts, for the tables of the guests and the carnivorii. They milk their own cows —cure all the hams—grow all the vegetables, watercresses, fruit, used on the establishment.

They are their own architects—make their own bricks—print their own bills. In a printing establishment on the premises, 20 men are now at work under the superintendence of one of the young masters, evidently *au fait* in all belonging to the craft. All those huge posters and small hand-bills, relative to the gardens, rail, or 'buses running to it, are issued thence.

They carve their own statuary—make their own fireworks—manufacture their own gas—make and bake their own bread, pies, and pastry, including the famed Eccles cake, in perfection. They churn their own butter—brew their own beer—import the toys for their bazaar—are their own landscape gardeners. Nay, run their own omnibuses and horses to and fro the gardens—have their special trains from miles round.

So system, unity, and perseverance have overcome, and the triumph seems yet only half won, since each year sees new additions, every season fresh improvements, the work is for ever going on. More acres added, more objects of interest gathered together, more amusement offered.

It will scarcely be believed that 200 hands are the most employed even at the height of the season,—very few when we consider the extent and perfection of the arrangements; but the eye of a master is everywhere. The younger branches dispersed throughout: the old gentleman—now here, now there—silently looking on, leaning on his stick—talking note of all. It is good to see.

For if to afford cheap, healthy, and rational enjoyment to a hard-worked multitude be a good work, this is one. Concerts, vocal and instrumental, dissolving views of well-executed photographs (of ancient ruins, natural landscapes, and groups of statuary), fairy fountains, sports and games—athletic and aquatic,—all these and many others are afforded to the visitors of Belle Vue, at *one* price, that of entrance.

One word more. We have walked at all hours, at every season, through its refreshment-rooms, its halls, its trellised walks, and lamp-lighted avenues; but never, under any circumstances, have we been met by an offensive sight or sound—by aught that would call forth the reprehension of the most rigid moralist. A noisily drunken person is a rarer specimen than many of the caged animals. Here we may observe upon the great quantity of milk which is sold and drunk at the counters and in the rooms, which is clearly an advantage to such as may prefer it to a stronger beverage.

Yet, there is a something you miss; much as you cannot fail to admire all about you, it is different to what you have seen elsewhere. Yes, and we can imagine how a stranger, with all his prejudices about him, might find his first impressions anything but complimentary to our veracity.

The gaiety of the scene receives little of that addition of elegant toilettes you have been accustomed to note. The grace of a really good dancer is somewhat marred, you think, by a calico gown, or velveteens. And "the custom of the country" which has elsewhere offended you is carried to its height around the monkey cage, where the great rivalship is, who shall "spit on yon big beggar's tail." or in "yon little chap's eye," while to a fastidious ear the "ma word," and the "hov," and the "fettled," and the "greadly," may deteriorate from the Stabat Mater or Trovatore of the excellent orchestra.

But never heed, they come for enjoyment—take you yours, and let these mere motes not mar the sunbeam. Think of the fluff, and the clang, and the whirr, that ceaseless discord to which their own apt distich runs:

> "Clickety, clackety, calico Jack,
> Salt in your porridge, and hardly that!"

Think of the stiving heat, the bitter cold, and that cruel scourge attendant on low diet and damp, foul air—rheumatics; and in the glorious sunshine, among the shadowy quiver of the glad leaves, the perfume of the flowers, the plash of waters, let us be thankful for the pleasures that can be accepted as a compensation.

"BLOOD IS THICKER THAN WATER."

The following fine lines, from a well-known pen, are taken from the *Boston Transcript* of the 11th ult.:—

> "From either beach
> The voice of blood shall reach,
> More audible than speech,
> We are one."
>
> WASHINGTON ALLSTON.

HEAR what the gallant Tatnall said,
  At the mouth of the Chinese river,
When through Asian balls and English dead
  He press'd on to deliver;
His starry flag to each British heart
  Flash'd hope through that dark slaughter;
And his word, as he play'd his manly part,
  Was, "Blood is thicker than water."

Yes! land of our sires, the strife is o'er
  That arm'd us against each other:
We give thee the homage of sons no more,
  But the love of a free-born brother.
We bid thee hail, as the noblest State
  That bends to a monarch's orders;
Prosperity dwell in thy palace-gate,
  And peace within thy borders!

Hear it, proud realm of the grey old past,
  From our young land of the present!
Let the word ring forth like a trumpet blast,
  Our greeting to prince and peasant.
And if wrathful thoughts again are stirr'd,
  Ere we rush to fraternal slaughter,
Let the madness cease at that homely word,
  That "Blood is thicker than water."—S. G. B.

CHRISTMAS EVE.

It was Christmas Eve, and Roger the Woodcutter with his wife and children gathered around the blazing log. It was the time to gather round a fire—a cold, bitterly cold night, with thick snow on the ground and snow still falling heavily, with a keen biting wind that now and then drifted the snow before it, and scattered the flakes in wild confusion, and that sweeping through the forest made strange music, and set the wolves a howling for prey. Sitting by the blazing log, looking with a fixed attention into its ruby glow, watching with curious interest the embers as they fell, and the brilliant showers of sparks that whirred upwards, and the smoke wreathing in fantastic forms,—Roger the woodcutter fell to thinking. Thinking of old times, Roger saw faces that were never more to be seen in this world—he heard voices that had long been silent, and now a smile played on his lips as he thought of some boyish Christmas prank, and now a tear stole gently down his cheek as he remembered those who were far away, or slumbered in the grave. Roger was poor, but he had a strong frame and sometimes a brave heart, that enabled him to face trouble and privation, to work with a will when work was to be done, and if bad luck came to-day to hope for better luck to-morrow.

"The wind does not always blow north," Roger said when things went badly; "depend on it the weather will soon change." But he was not always prepared to make the best of all things, and on this Christmas Eve, as he sat looking into the fire, he could not but remember he was poor; the hut was a poor home and scarcely withstood the weather; there was not much to spread a Christmas board with in the cupboard; his wife and children too were thinly clad, and on that day, as on many a day before, he had been hardly dealt with by my lord's retainers,—my lord who lived in the castle, and owned the land and the peasants who belonged to it. Roger was moody and silent, and his wife saw it, and her heart was heavy, but she spoke gently, cheerfully, hopefully,—bade one of the children sing an old Christmas song that she knew him to admire,—did all a woman with a wife's heart could do to turn his thoughts to better, brighter things.

Roger stopped the child before it completed the first stave; it was a song of a merry Christmas, about which he said they knew nothing. It was while he was speaking that the latch of the door was lifted, and a tall stranger wrapped in a riding cloak presented himself. At that moment, a blast of wind so shook the crazy tenement that its timbers creaked like those of a ship at sea. The stranger as he entered lifted his steeple-crowned hat and bowed in a way half serious, half comic, saying:

"This sharp weather is the best apology for my intrusion; I lost my way in the forest; the friendly light from your window guided me here—may I remain?"

"Certainly," Roger said, "he was welcome to the

shelter of the hut and the warmth of the fire, he had nothing else to give."

The stranger bowed again, threw down his hat, and leaning over the fire warmed his hands at the blaze. As he stood there in the red light, the woodcutter had the opportunity of observing him closely. He was tall and slim, his face long and haggard, black hair brushed sharply up on either side and forming a little peak on the forehead, full black eyebrows, bright black eyes, altogether with an expression peculiarly unfavourable; his long hose, tightly fitting doublet, imparted an angularity to his figure that was very singular, and which was increased by the fantastic manner in which he moved. He was very talkative, very gay, very much at home immediately; he spoke to Roger as if he had known him for years, chatted with his wife, praised his children, seemed to know everybody in the neighbourhood, though he had not, he said, been in those parts for years. If there was much in his manner that was fantastic, there was much also that was fascinating; and Roger, who seldom knew what it was to receive a civil word from a man in a good coat, was pleased with the tone of equality which he assumed.

"Ah, my good friend Roger," he said as the other told him of his hard trials, "I know too well the lives these noblemen lead, and how hardly they oppress those to whom fortune has been unkind; one day or other this must be set right."

"In the other world—perhaps," said Roger.

"Why not in this?" the stranger asked with a persuasive smile; "this world we do know something of,—as to another, well, who shall say anything about it—who ever visited that shadow land and came back to tell the news?"

"Well, I don't know," Roger said, "but I suppose there is some comfort in thinking there is a better world."

"And," the stranger interrupted him, "by all means say a worse." With that he fell to talking to the children, told them a wondrous story of a poor man, who entertained a prince, and was made chief ruler in a palace with more gold than he could use, and more servants than he could count. Then he pleased them by forming with his hand strange shadows on the wall, now a cowled priest that was suddenly changed to a crocodile, and many other things which delighted them amazingly. After awhile he asked, would the woodcutter be so obliging as to drink with him? The woodcutter had no liquor in the house,—they might gather some snow and melt that! Not the slightest necessity to put themselves to any trouble, the stranger said, he had some excellent cordial which the woodcutter would probably be good enough to taste. The liquor was in a curiously old-fashioned bottle, and as he held it before the blazing fire it seemed as clear as amber. Whether there was in the appearance of the bottle something to occasion alarm, or whether some sinister expression in the stranger's face excited the suspicion, is uncertain, but the children shrank away and the woodcutter's wife begged her husband not to touch the draught.

The stranger laughed gaily,—"I assure you," he said, "this is capital stuff, of an excellent vintage and a rare old age; sure he was that his good friend the woodcutter would not be foolish enough to refuse it." He poured a little of it into a glass and held it towards him. "The powers of this draught," he said, "are stronger than you suppose; it makes the poor rich; it gives strength to the weak; it gives vengeance to the oppressed——"

"Enough, enough," said Roger, "if it will do all that I'll drink it."

"On one condition, one which a man of your excellent sense and genial disposition will not refuse."

"What is the condition?"

"That of drinking success to your best friend."

"That is——?"

"Myself!"

"By what name shall I call you?"

"No matter for the name, I am known by many—say rather the Nameless One."

"Not for a thousand worlds," the wife cried out. The stranger laughed, put up his bottle, made the shadow of a hideous crocodile upon the wall, and as he did so there was a slight knock heard, the latch was again lifted, and another stranger appeared. A well-favoured young man was the new comer, of a comely visage and a graceful bearing; he smiled kindly as he entered, and asked as the other had asked for shelter from the storm. This was readily granted, and he sat by the fire opposite the first visitor, and seemed to scrutinize him narrowly. Beneath that fixed look the Nameless One, as he had called himself, appeared to shrink; he shifted his position, sang the refrain of a drinking song, and made more hideous shadows.

"We are very poor, sir," said the woodcutter's wife, "and have nothing to set before you."

"Poor!" said the new comer, "then surely you are keeping Christmas as it was kept at first. He was poor whose birthday we are to keep to-morrow; a poor man and the friend of the poor man, knowing all about suffering and sorrow, and having sympathy with those who are in poverty and privation."

The first visitor placed his foot on the burning log, and with an insolent leer said:

"A fat grace that for a lean larder,—the talk of plethoric priests to starving peasants; texts never mend a hole in the roof, or clap a chicken in the pot o' Sundays."

The new comer made no answer to this speech, but, turning to the woodman, who had fallen again into an abstracted mood and was staring into the fire, asked what he was thinking about.

"Thinking!" said Roger reviving from his abstraction like a man waking from a dream, "I was thinking why it was that we poor men should be the scorn of the wealthy, why our shoulders should always bear the burden—why it was the north wind blew so keenly."

"For the best of purposes," the stranger said, "as we shall all one day find out; trials are heavy and temptations strong, but from the source of all strength, the weak and erring, the tried and tempted, may derive inexhaustible supplies."

"You should get polled by the barber, my dear sir," said the Nameless One, "adopt the frock and come out as priest. Roger here requires something more substantial than words. Drink, Roger, drink!" He presented the glass to the woodman's lips, but at that

moment the solemn chiming of a bell was heard, it was the bell for the midnight mass; the cup fell from his hands, and as the children led by the stranger began to sing a Christmas hymn, he uttered a howl of pain or derision and was gone. And while they were singing the hymn and while the chapel bell was sounding, the second stranger was gone also, and Roger looked round upon his family and said—

"Thank Heaven, the Good Spirit has triumphed. I am free again—sure the wind does not always blow north."

No; the wind shifted, and from that day Roger, more cheerful, contented, and industrious than ever, made his way in the world and became quite prosperous. He seldom alluded to his two visitors that Christmas night, but whenever he heard people complaining of hard work, hard times, and hard fare, he used to say, —"Don't give way before trouble, but keep a good heart, and as sure as the sunshine follows the storm, all will come right in the end."

THE REV. C. KINGSLEY.

A PULPIT SKETCH.

Some years back, in one of the many Episcopalian churches with which the neighbourhood of Oxford-street abounds, a sermon was preached by a young clergyman, who in glowing language had endeavoured to depict the thoughts that breathe, and words that burn, of chartist shoemakers and tailors. At the time "Alton Locke" appeared, there was some novelty in this. Still, of the two millions and a quarter males and females living in London then, but few had assembled to hear the author of the deservedly popular work. The usual service was performed in the usual manner. Here and there, by the awkwardness with which he took part in the worship, it was evident that some black sheep, unused to the church service, attracted by the undoubted talents of the preacher, had dropped in. But it was manifest the congregation as a body was of the ordinary character. When the time arrived for preaching, there walked up into the pulpit evidently no ordinary man. The speaker was young, redolent of strength of body and of soul; on his face, rather pale than otherwise, there sat serious thought, and in his voice, a little conventional (forms are the last things a man can shake off), there was a clear ring, denoting great oratorical capacity. The dark clear eye, the wiry frame, the active appearance of the man, were striking. Of the sermon itself little need be said; it was taken from the old Hebrew Gospel, and was but a repetition of the message from the Mount; but the language was wonderfully Saxon, the style indicated great intellectual cultivation, and the application of old truths to new circumstances was as felicitous as it was rare. A tale is told of the celebrated Lauderdale, that when his father was ill and unable to sleep, he, then a mere lad, recommended that a certain orthodox Scotch divine, famous for the skill with which he despatched his audience to the land of dreams, should be sent for. On the occasion to which we refer, nowhere was there any tendency on the part of the audience to somniferousness; and least of all was there a sensation of that kind when at the close of the service, by way of winding up, the minister or incumbent of the place begged his hearers fully to understand that the doctrines they had been listening to were of the most pernicious character, and that he for his part could not be satisfied without putting in his protest against them. Since then Mr. Kingsley has become chaplain in ordinary to Her Majesty, and no clergyman would be guilty of such an act of impertinence now. He has made good his standing in the pulpit: perhaps he has less faith in Christian socialism; the longer a man lives the less he becomes a social reformer; and if not a popular preacher, in the modern acceptation of that term, if not a Bellew, or a Melville, or a Dale,—if not considered exactly orthodox by old-fashioned divines, as a preacher of what is called the Broad Church party, Mr. Kingsley occupies a foremost rank, can always get a congregation, and never fails to interest and instruct. As a lecturer he cannot be said to be very popular; but I confess I prefer him on the platform. Many preachers break down utterly on such occasions; and I have no doubt many an Irish curate not worthy to hold the candle to Mr. Kingsley at a Protestant grievance meeting, or anti-Maynooth gathering, as regards claps and cheers, and external manifestations of delight, would be judged by the class usually met with on such occasions by far the better orator. The ancient who, when his audience applauded, stopped and asked if he had said anything so very foolish, was a judge of public meetings where vehemence and exaggeration and declamatory assertions are generally considered essential to popular speaking. There he who most raves and rants is sure to bear away the palm in any gathering, no matter what—the judicious few always being in the minority. The only time the writer ever heard Mr. Kingsley on the platform, he certainly considered that he made as effective a speech as it was possible for a man to do. The preacher has greater freedom on the platform; you see him stripped of all the trammels of the priestly office; the conventionalities of voice and manner which even Mr. Kingsley exhibits in the pulpit do not follow him there. The occasion to which we refer as an illustration was the annual meeting of the Ladies' Sanitary Association, held in the course of last summer at Willis's Rooms, St. James's Square. The hour of meeting was an extremely fashionable one—the chairman was a noble earl and popular philanthropist—the audience consisted chiefly of ladies, who drove up in their own carriages, and were oppressively genteel. We felt oppressed in the atmosphere;

> "All round the coast the languid air did swoon,
> Breathing like one that hath a weary dream."

The speakers and speeches were of the mild, undemonstrative, lulling character one is accustomed to "in good society." The business was puerile, and one could not help smiling when noble orators grew enthusiastic on the successful operations of the society, one of them being the publication of half-penny tracts on the evils resulting from the use of perambulators. Just as we were regretting that we had come amongst such a set of rosewater philanthropists,—just as the

proceedings were on the point of degenerating into farce,—just as a gentle dulness was settling on every face, —just as the younger portion of the fashionable assembly had taken to the study of the bonnets present, as a refuge from *ennui*, and the few men there were quietly slipping out of the room, there started up one—the name we could not catch—who, in his opening sentence, sounded a note which at once vibrated through every heart. Standing with arms folded across him, and with eyes uplifted, as if almost unconscious, the speaker dashed right into the midst of his subject, and a beautiful subject it was,—The wonder and the mystery and the sanctity of the life of a little child. What a frightful fact was that mortality amongst children established by unerring statistical returns: for the death of a man who has lived and suffered and done what it is appointed man to do and suffer, is natural, and not in violation of order, as when we build the grave for a little child. On went the speaker, holding all spell-bound as he poured the golden light of his genius on what had otherwise been barren and common-place. I thought of Campbell's lines,

> "But prophet-like that lone one stood,
> With dauntless words and high;
> That shook the sear leaves from the wood,
> As if a storm pass'd by."

At the conclusion, or rather long before the conclusion, we had come to the conviction that Kingsley was the orator, for it was full of Kingsley doctrine. Like all men with a mission, Mr. Kingsley repeats himself; and in sermons, and in speeches, and in poems, and in novels, all in their way good and beautiful, the prominent idea, muscular Christianity, is everywhere apparent; and as you look at Mr. Kingsley, you feel that he is the muscular Christian of whom he writes. His limbs are lithe and sinewy, he has not an ounce of fat about him; yet his face is flushed with health and strength; and you see that every bit of brain, and muscle, and bone is in admirable working order. The list of his books, for a man not much more than forty, is astonishing. And every year we look for a new volume from his pen. This is the advantage of being minister of a small Hampshire parish. In a city Mr. Kingsley's time and attention would be more occupied. Much as Mr. Kingsley has written, he has not surpassed his earlier works. What a noble vindication of the wronged have we in "Alton Locke!" What a plea for free thought and action have we in "Yeast!" The latter especially is a favourite of ours. It is a book to be read during the Parliamentary recess, and amidst the luxuriant vegetation, and the clustering woods, and the brown harvest-fields, that are found in such perfection, as Mr. Kingsley states, on the banks of our chalk rivers. We read it in such a country, and we felt how truthful was its description of nature—with how loving an eye Mr. Kingsley had looked on her—how the lore she teaches he had learnt, and had come from communion with her to mourn the want of harmony with her everywhere displayed, to mourn the moral blight which the glorious beauty of "mother earth" renders yet more sad—to mourn what, alas! is but too true as a general truth, that

> "All save the spirit of man is divine."

Yet the moral world is equally as full of glory as that outer one whose golden sun and balmy air whisper peace to the troubled heart. It waits but the hour for the Divine Spirit, as of old, to separate its light and darkness—to evoke from its chaos order and law. With a degraded peasantry—with a higher class mindful of the rights, but careless of the duties, of property—with selfishness rampant in town and country alike—with a Christianity that has long grown weary of witnessing against the world, and become dumb—England has little need to boast of what she has come to be in this age of ours. Nor, when we turn to remedies, do we find more cause for congratulation. What can Puseyism and mediæval art do to better us? how can the dead form again become a living power? In the age of the printing-press, and the railway, and the thoughts that move mankind, can we worship the past without at the same time committing high treason against the "increasing purpose" which runs through all the ages, and which bids us to go deeper than Puseyites or High Church or Low Church dare? In "Yeast" the question is asked, but not satisfactorily answered. We are told that the eternal gospel will stand, and conquer, and prove its might in this age, as any other; but of that eternal gospel itself we learn but little from the author. We hear of some dream-land where practical Christianity reigns triumphant, and presents to the world an embodiment of the "city not made with hands, eternal in the heavens;" but it is here, not there, we want the embodiment. One great part of Mr. Kingsley's gospel seems to be the substitution of Christian socialism for the selfish capitalist. We cannot accept the change. Capital we hold to be labour's friend, not foe. What is wanted in the working-man is self-dependence. With all due deference to Mr. Kingsley, we cannot see how that will be increased by the Socialism which will make the workman more dependent instead of less. Mr. Kingsley can tell us of men who, in their wretchedness, have been compelled to take whatever scanty pittance the capitalist might feel disposed to grant; but we can tell him of the imprudence, and intemperance, and neglect which have placed those men in that condition—which have made them the slaves of the capitalist, when they might have been capitalists themselves. Socialism will not make these men more prudent, but the reverse. For ourselves, our blood boils when we hear them pitied as victims of grasping capitalists, who trade in their blood and bone, when the truer representation would be that which showed that they were the victims of their own folly—that with their pleasant vices they had made the whips with which they scourged themselves. We accept Mr. Kingsley as an eloquent, as a true, and as an earnest expositor of social wrong—we take him to be a man of fine Christian feeling, with great artistic powers; but his sympathies have thwarted his judgment; his vehement indignation against social wrongs has led him to, it seems to us, error as to their cause. In "Yeast," however, less than in "Alton Locke," have we what is objectionable. It is very clear that the Church has failed; that Dissent, according to the confession of the Editor of the "British Quarterly," has failed, though not so hopelessly as Mr. Kingsley supposes; that the

landlords have failed; that the educated mind of the country is wandering away from the gospel of their fathers. It is clear that young men must speak and act in an incoherent, fragmentary, chaotic way, that old systems of thought and actions are breaking up, that we are altogether in a yeasty state. This is the burden of "Yeast,"—the burden of all Mr. Kingsley's teaching. Definite conclusions we must therefore not expect. He merely represents the age; and that it represents the age faithfully no one who reads the work with attention can for a moment deny. We have had somewhat too much of dogma. "Dost thou believe in what I believe?" says one man to another, "if not, be damned." "Are you Shelley, the atheist," said a furious Englishman to a man whose whole life was one round of well-doing, of charity and benevolence, and he knocked him down. Southey, in like manner, after he had abandoned the generous aspirations of his youth, and become Poet Laureate, trusted, by calling William Smith, M.P. for Norwich, a Socinian, and Lord Byron Satanic, that they would be won to his religion; the real truth is that men are repelled, not attracted, by these rough ways of propagating Christianity. For creeds and definitions, and religious terms and articles, Mr. Kingsley would substitute a Christian spirit, and a Christian life. Charity, in his estimation, covers a multitude of sins.

Where the nature of the subject is so difficult to be understood—where there have been such wide differences of opinion between men equally honest and intelligent and religious and earnest in the investigation of truth—where the great Teacher Himself has taught such lessons of tolerance, why seek confirmed belief, and persecute doubt, "as devil born?" Why not wait for truth and light, and in the mean while honour what is noble and just? "Let us," Mr. Kingsley exclaims, "be brave and bold, let us love the good and the true; *au reste*, let us take care of our digestion, let us hunt and dine, and shoot and run, and love girls (we need no advice from Mr. Kingsley on that head) who are handsome and merry, with pretty faces and warm hearts. This world of ours is under the fatherly guidance of a God who is too wise to err, and too good to be unkind, and whose every kindness is every evening and every morning new. Just as David wrote that 104th Psalm, about this earth and the things on it (I quote Mr. Kingsley's Village Sermons)—of the light, the clouds, and the wind, of hills and valleys, and springs on the hill-side, of wild beasts and birds, of grass and corn, and wine and oil, of the sun and moon, and night and day; the great sea, the ships, and the fishes, and all the wonderful and nameless creatures which people the waters; the very birds' nests in the high trees, and the rabbits burrowing among the rocks," subjects which our religionists would avoid as not sufficiently spiritual, so would Mr. Kingsley talk of nature's gifts as the gifts of God, and see piety in the recognition of this fact, rather than in the repetition of unmeaning phrases or outworn creeds. In this hearty, genial religiousness Mr. Kingsley is the Luther of our present age. Luther, introducing to his friend Ambrosius a painter, named Sebastian, says,—"I do not know whether you have need of him according to your own notions, but I confess I should like to see your house more decorated, more elegant in its details, if only to please the flesh, which needs gratifications of an innocent and tranquil nature, to keep its attention from being diverted to others not of an innocent or tranquil nature." Mr. Kingsley is in this respect of the school of Luther. The leading religious bodies in this country, the evangelical clergy, and the great mass of dissenters, have been of a contrary opinion; an opinion which Watts has versified as follows:

> "Lord, what a wretched land is this,
> That yields us no supplies;"

an opinion, however, finding less favour now than formerly. Against the asceticism of Puritanism a reaction has fairly set in, and at the head of this reäction may be placed the name of the Rev. Charles Kingsley, Rector of Eversfield, Hants, and Chaplain in Ordinary to the Queen. Hence his admiration of the old pagan forms of Greece and Rome, his earnest advocacy of sanitary law, his care to save the bodies as well as the souls of men. Baths and washhouses, flannel waistcoats and thick boots, a good meal and a good atmosphere; a canter on the breezy downs, or a day on the moors, are some of his appointed means of salvation. But first and foremost is his idea of duty, Man is like a soldier at his post, not to sing songs nor offer prayers, or to brood over that fathomless abyss, the heart; nor to frame definitions of the infinite and the undefinable; but to do his duty. In his sermons and books, we are constantly reminded of that magnificent ode of Wordsworth's on the same subject. Our modern Pharisees find no advocate in Mr. Kingsley; not lip worship, not outward forms, not lifeless orthodoxy, is what the gospel seeks from man, but duty. When the Spartan mothers bade their sons farewell as they went forth to battle, they bade them come back either on their shields, or with them—either victors, or slain in the effort for victory. In just such a stern, resolved spirit does Mr. Kingsley bid us fight the battle of life, and few are there who can read him, or hear him, and not feel braced up by contact with his healthy and manly nature.

RIFLES AND BOWS AND ARROWS.

In spite of Lord Palmerston's injudicious attempt to check the rifle movement in its infancy, there can be no doubt now but that it is a complete success. The appeal to the martial spirit—more or less strong in the hearts of all Englishmen—has been most cheerfully responded to. Something of the kind was evidently required to excite the energies and to occupy the leisure hours of our numerous youth. We are always in danger of becoming too peaceable a folk. Our avocations, all of a mercantile or professional character,—our amusements, less out-door and more sedentary than ought to be the case,—the very humane spirit which pervades all English society,—our enormous wealth; all tend to make us peaceably disposed. None can be alarmed at our warlike demonstrations. No nation in Europe need fear a British invasion. No foreign government can possibly pretend that the British government harbours designs of active hostility

against any European power. Indeed, the naturally and necessarily peaceful intentions of this country are candidly acknowledged by the most eminent men in France itself. Michel Chevalier, in his account of a recent visit to this country, has done ample justice to our moderation and to our desire to be at peace with all the world.

We may then view the increase of our volunteer riflemen without any alarm—nay, rather, with a considerable amount of pleasure. It is with unmixed satisfaction that we see, day by day, the long columns of the *Times* filled with the names of the towns which have just joined the movement, and the proceedings of those which already possess a corps of riflemen. The *Times* tells us, that already the force thus raised consists of hundreds of thousands ; but the movement, we trust, will continue to be developed for some time to come. Every young man should join it, as it gives him healthy recreation, soldier-like habits, and a feeling that he is a son of our common mother—fine Old England, the land of the brave and the free. We are much in the habit of doing our work by proxy. Shareholders in companies leave the management to a few directors, and learn, too late, to curse their folly. Institutions of the most excellent character, in the hands of a few, become perverted, and are often real stumbling-blocks in the way of reform. So it is with our army and navy. We pay for them handsomely, we intrust their management to a few, and then we wake up to find that we have been trusting on a broken reed ; that our guns and muskets are old-fashioned ; that routine and favouritism in office are more than a match for the cleverest of officers and the bravest of men ; and that we have almost all our work to begin over again. Now, one great advantage of the rifle movement is that it throws us back upon ourselves—that it teaches us all to feel that we have a personal stake in the defence of the country—that it recalls the martial energy which we are fast in danger of losing, and makes all panic fear for the future impossible. Surely also the moral effect of all this on Europe must be great. The nation that arms itself is always respected. It is the French army that makes the name of the French Emperor so famous in all parts of the world. Again, the nation that is always protected is safe from attack. People do not go to war with strong states but weak ones. In the fable, the wolf quarrels not with the wolf but the lamb. It ought not to be so, we freely admit ; but we must take the world as we find it, and act accordingly. And the *morale* of all history is that there is no such safeguard of peace as the knowledge that a nation has set its house in order, and is thoroughly prepared for war.

Look back to the olden time, when we triumphed at Agincourt, and Cressy, and Poictiers—when we won for England her foremost place among the nations of earth. A writer in the *Cambridge Chronicle* has collected all that he can find relative to the "*The Long Bow of the past, the Rifle of the future*," and done good service by its republication under the title already given

There is a muster roll of the army of Henry V. preserved among Rymer's unprinted collection in the British Museum. The Earl of Cambridge appears in it with a personal retinue of 2 knights, 57 esquires, and 160 horse archers. The Duke of Clarence brought in his retinue 1 earl, 2 bannerets, 14 knights, 222 esquires, and 720 horse archers. The roll includes 2,536 men-at-arms, 4,128 horse archers, 38 arblesters (cross-bow-men), 120 miners, 25 master gunners, 50 servitor gunners, a stuffer of bacinets, 12 armourers, 3 kings of arms. A Mr. Nicholas Colnet, a physician, also brought 3 archers, 20 surgeons, an immense retinue of labourers, artisans, fletchers, bowyers, wheelwrights, chaplains, and minstrels. Foot-archers are not enumerated, but the total number of effective soldiers amounted to 10,731. These were the men who gained the field at Agincourt. Philip de Comines acknowledged that English archery excelled that of every other nation, and Sir John Fortesque states "that the might of the Realme of England standyth upon archers." In the reign of Henry II. the English conquests in Ireland were principally owing, it is recorded, to the use of the long bow. The victory gained over the Scots, by Edward I., in 1298, at the great battle of Falkirk, was chiefly won by the power of the English bowmen. In 1333 Edward III. with small loss gained a signal victory at Halidown Hill, near Berwick, when attacked by the Scots, under the Earl of Douglas. Speed gives, from Walsingham, the following description of the battle :—"The chief feat was wrought by the English archers, who first with their stiff, close, and cruel storms of arrows made their enemies' footmen break ; and when the noble Douglas descend d to the charge with his choicest bands, himself being in a most rich and excellently tempered armour, and the rest singularly well appointed,—the Lord Percy's archers making a retreat did withal deliver their deadly arrows so lively, so courageously, so grievously, that they ran through the men-at-arms, bored the helmets, beat their lances to the earth, and easily shot those who were more slightly armed through and through. Gibbon notes the singular dread with which the English archers filled their enemies in the crusades, and states, "that at one time Richard with seventeen knights and 300 archers sustained the charge of the whole Turkish and Saracen army." In the reign of Richard II., in 1377, the Isle of Wight was invaded by the French, who landed in great force at Franche-Ville (called afterwards Newtown), which they destroyed, and then directed their march to Carisbrooke Castle for the purpose of taking that stronghold. The news of the invasion soon spread throughout the island, and no time was lost in mustering the forces which it possessed. These forces consisted chiefly of archers, who so admirably posted themselves in ambush, that they rendered a good account of the advanced division of the French. The other division of the enemy had commenced an attack on Carisbrooke Castle, when the victorious archers advanced to its relief, and soon cleared the island of the intruders. The battle of Shrewsbury in 1403 was one of the most desperate encounters ever seen in England. The archers on both sides did terrible execution. Henry IV. and the prince of Wales on one side, and Earl Douglas with Henry Hotspur, son of the Earl of Northumberland, on the other, performed prodigies of valour. At length, Hotspur being slain and Douglas taken, Henry remained master of the field.

The bow was the most ancient and universal of all weapons. Our ancestors in this island at a very early period of their history used the bow, like other nations, for two purposes. In time of peace it was an implement for hunting and pastime; and in time of war it was a formidable weapon of offence and defence. It was not till after the battle of Hastings that our Anglo-Saxon forefathers learned rightly to appreciate the merit of the bow and the cloth-yard shaft. Though a general disarming followed that event, the victor allowed the vanquished Saxon to carry the bow. The lesson taught by the superiority of the Norman archers was not forgotten. From that period the English archers began to rise in repute, and in course of time proved themselves, by their achievements in war, both the admiration and terror of their foes, and excelled the exploits of other nations. The great achievements of the English bowmen, which shed lustre upon the annals of the nation, extended over a period of more than five centuries, many years after the invention and use of fire-arms. All the youth and manhood of the yeomanry of England were engaged in the practice of the long bow. England therefore in those times possessed a national voluntary militia, of no charge to the government, ready for the field on a short notice, and well skilled in the use of weapons. Hence sprung the large bodies of efficient troops which at different periods of English history, in an incredibly short time, were found ready for the service of their country. These men were not a rude, undisciplined rabble, but were trained, disciplined men, every one sufficiently master of his weapon to riddle a steel corslet at five or six score paces; or, in a body, to act with terrific effect against masses of cavalry; while most of them could bring down a falcon on the wing by a bird-bolt, or, with a broad arrow, transfix the wild deer in the chase. There is little at the present day in England to afford any adequate idea of the high importance, the great skill, and the distinguished renown of the English archers. Some few places still retain names which tell us where the bowmen used to assemble for practice,—as *Shooter's Hill, in Kent; Newington Butts, near London;* and *St. Augustine's Butts, near Bristol.* Many of the noble and county families of Great Britain and Ireland have the symbols of archery charged on their escutcheons; as, for instance, the Duke of Norfolk, on his bend, between six crosslets bears an escutcheon charged with a demi-lion pierced in the mouth with an arrow, within a double tressure flory and counterflory. This was an addition to the coat of his Grace's ancestor, the Earl of Surrey, who commanded at Flodden Field, in 1513. There are also existing families which have derived their surnames from the names of the different crafts formerly engaged in the manufacture of the bow and its accompaniments; as, for instance, the names of *Bowyer, Fletcher, Stringer, Arrowsmith*, &c. If we refer to our language, there will be found many phrases and proverbial expressions drawn from or connected with archery; some suggesting forethought and caution, as, "*Always have two strings to your bow;*" it being the custom of military archers to take additional bowstrings with them into the field of battle: "*Get the shaft-hand of your adversaries:*" "*Draw not thy bow before thy arrow be fixed:*" "*Kill two birds with one shaft.*" To make an enemy's machinations recoil upon himself, they expressed by saying, "*To outshoot a man in his own bow.*" In reference to a vague foolish guess, they used to say, "*He shoots wide of his mark;*" and of unprofitable silly conversation, "*A fool's bolt is soon shot.*" The unready and the unskilful archer did not escape the censure and warning of his fellows, although he might be a great man and boast that he had "*A famous bow—but it was up at the castle.*" Of such they satirically remarked that "*Many talked of Robin Hood, who never shot in his bow.*" Our ancestors also expressed liberality of sentiment, and their opinion that merit belonged exclusively to no particular class or locality, by the following pithy expressions, "*Many a good bow besides one in Chester,*" and "*An archer is known by his aim, and not by his arrows.*"

And what was the result of all this practice with the bow?—why, that we never feared invasion. Those were not times when old ladies were frightened out of their night's sleep. Every Englishman was a free and fearless soldier; the foe might growl at a distance, but he never dared to touch our shores—to plunder our cities—to massacre our smiling babes—and to do outrage worse than death to our English womanhood; and so it will be seen now that the bow has been superseded by the rifle, when our young lads of public spirit respond to Tennyson's patriotic appeal, "Form, Riflemen, form!"

A LIFE PICTURE.

Look on that little head,
Pillow'd on softest down;
Cambric and dainty lace
Shadow that baby face,
Safe from Life's frown.

Hush every waking sound,
Softly tread, whisper low;
See, sweet babe, how she sleeps,
Forth one dimpled arm peeps,
All in a roseate glow.

Here lies an infant form,
Rags are its only bed;
Dirty and scant its gear,
Dabbled with many a tear,
Life's baptism dread.

Hark! that curse, hush! a shriek,—
'Tis but its lullaby;
Cradled 'mid odours foul,
Rock'd by man's demon howl,
There let it lie.

See yon frolicsome elf,
Azure-eyed, golden-hair'd;
Six bright summers have shone,
Six of God's years have flown,
Since she Life shared.

Groping 'midst gutters foul,
Dirt-begrimed see her there;
Look at her tangled locks,
Eye, that youth's gladness mocks,
Dull vacant stare.

Gay carol the joy-bells,
'Tis a bridal to-day;
And the golden-hair'd maiden,
With Love's blessings laden,
Goes forth on her way.

Why halts the procession?—
'Tis but a funeral;
A vile panper soul
Borne forth to its goal
Without hearse or pall.

Famine-bred vice hath done
Nobly its work in her;
There she goes all unmourn'd,
Both in life and death scorn'd,
On her rude bier.

Children of Eve, by Fate
Sever'd how far;
The same hour gave ye birth,
Both shall moulder to earth,—
Sisters ye are.

Listen, ye high-born dames,
Have ye no mission?
Can ye no little one,
Born 'neath the blessed sun,
Snatch from perdition?

Hear it, my countrymen,
Cruel tale, often told;
Ponder it carefully,
Wisely and prayerfully,
Angels behold.

Ye have a stern duty,
Refuse it who will;
Each must his burden bear,
Christ's loving work must share,
Ere Life be still.

G.

THE BURIAL OF HAROLD.

Frederic Richard Pickersgill was born in London in the year 1820, of a family long and favourably known for artistic power. After receiving an ordinary school education, his uncle, Mr. Woternyten, perceiving his taste in the fine arts, undertook to direct his studies with a view to an art career. In 1839 Mr. Pickersgill sent a drawing in water colours to the exhibition of the Royal Academy, and at the end of the year he became a student. The first art picture exhibited by Mr. Pickersgill, in 1841, at once, says the Art Journal, evinced his determination to seek his subjects from the best and least hackneyed sources. The Trachinian Virgin of Sophocles suggested to him the combat between Hercules and Achelous,—the river-god in the form of a bull for Dejanira. As a first attempt in oil painting, and of a difficult subject, the work was commendable. Soon after, the committee of the Art Union of London selected his Florimel to engrave for their subscribers, a high compliment to so young an artist. In 1843 the government evinced an anxiety to take the British school of painting under its care, and we had a magnificent exhibition of cartoons in Westminster Hall. Mr. Pickersgill contributed a cartoon, "the Death of Lear," which elicited so much favour from the judges that the artist was in the number of ten, to whom a premium of £100 each was awarded. 1847 was a year still more memorable in the history of British art. The great exhibition of pictures was opened in Westminster Hall, and Mr. Pickersgill achieved a not less triumph in his contribution of "The Death of Harold;" it obtained the first prize of £100, and was purchased by the royal commissioners for £500 more;—a picture which is now in its place in parliament, and of which the reader is quite competent to form an opinion from the engraving we give. Since then Mr. Pickersgill has steadily and successfully continued his career. His "Death of Foscari, Doge of Venice," was purchased by Prince Albert, in 1853. In some quarters it is considered that the "Samson Betrayed," exhibited in 1850, exhibits even greater power than the Burial of Harold. Be that as it may; all we can say is that they are magnificent pictures; as a general rule, applicable to the works of the artist, says a well-known authority, we may say that they exhibited sound judgment, and good taste in the selection of a subject. This is the first and not unimportant step towards excellence. The subjects selected are treated with delicacy of feeling and purity of expression. We do not remember a coarse or unrefined thought in any of his pictures, or anything approaching to vulgarity, while they are perfectly free from affectation or prettinesses. His style is altogether good, and the quality of his painting such as will test close observation, especially the last five or six years, which manifest increased and increasing vigour of execution. We have been well pleased to notice among these his pictures of sacred subjects as an agreeable change from old English poetry and the fabled stories of Grecian writers; from the Scriptures he may derive the best inspirations for his art; and with a mind so delicately formed as we believe his to be—uncorrupted by pre-Raphaelite influences, and actuated by the true spirit, to judge from what he has already accomplished, we feel assured he would labour most successfully in this the highest branch of art. But whether these matters engage his talents or not, he is among those of the younger painters to whom, if their lives be spared, the country must look to uphold the credit of the British school in historical painting.

THE BURIAL OF HAROLD.

THE MONARCH OF METALS.

A LEGEND.

THERE had been a dance on the green. The fiddler had done his best to draw sweet music from his barbitone; the dancers had done their best to do justice to the music; mine host of the Golden Lion had done his best to refresh both fiddler and dancers; and the old folks whose dancing days were over did their best to make everything pleasant, and if they did hint that corkscrew and thread-the-needle were done a little better in their young days, it was a very pardonable bit of vanity on their part.

I distinctly say vanity, because I believe the charge was unfounded; it seems to me beyond the region of probability that any people anywhere could have danced better than these young villagers on the green that day. To see how the young fellows led out their partners, to see how bravely they footed it—really dancing, not sliding or walking as people do in a ball-room,—how they laughed when now and then they stopped to take breath, and the fiddler resined his bow and moistened himself with a drink,—to see how they did all this was enough to set you—grave anchorite though you might be—toeing, heeling, crossing hands, changing sides, and the rest of it.

The Miller figured very conspicuously in the dance. He seemed everywhere at once. You heard his laugh above that of everybody else, and as for ribbons and true lovers' knots, and other such bravery, he was a perfect marvel to behold. The miller was a well-made, handsome fellow and a great favourite; there had been a good many reports as to his matrimonial intentions; sometimes the gossips of the village averred that he was paying court to the Blacksmith's pretty daughter; then that he had cast a loving look on the niece of mine host of the Golden Lion; then he was formally engaged to a young widow in a neighbouring town. But the Blacksmith's daughter married a young farmer, the Hebe of the Golden Lion gave her hand to the tapster, and the young widow wedded a nabob with an excellent fortune and a broken constitution. Now the report was that the miller was courting Janet, Widow Holmby's daughter; and this seemed not at all unlikely; if there had been any doubt about it, the young miller's marked attention on the occasion of the village fête would have settled the point. Janet was a beautiful girl; her long black tresses coquettishly arranged beneath the shady brim of a broad hat; her sparkling eyes, demurely peeping out from beneath long silken lashes; her cheeks all glowing with deeply ripened blushes; her short full petticoat displaying the tiniest of feet; and her whole appearance so attractive, that it is no matter of surprise the miller should fall in love with her, as he did and no mistake about it.

But some of the girls said—ah me, what will they not say—that Janet was a coquette; that she sported with the passion she excited; was now all kindness and gentleness till the poor lover felt she was his own, then suddenly plunging him into depths of misery by a cold word, a little frown, or a small attention to another. The girls said she was haughty, and promised herself to be somebody grand, but much of this may be attributed to some other cause than mere candid criticism. Of course everybody agreed that the miller was an eligible match; he was in a good thriving business, with an excellent character, and that sure letter of recommendation a handsome face. The miller himself felt tolerably sure of success, for though Janet had avoided any explanation there are certain signs—a glance of the eye, a pressure of the hand—which you understand perfectly if you have ever been in love; and this language she had spoken.

The next morning after the dance the miller in his Sunday coat presented himself before Widow Holmby, as she sat spinning in her sanded parlour, and to that prudent matron disclosed the state of his affections. She had suspected it, and was glad of the avowal; it would gratify her much to have her daughter married to so praiseworthy a young man. She would be delighted to have him for a son-in-law. Was Janet aware of his passion? He thought so, he felt certain that she understood him, but he had not received a positive assurance from her own——

"Tongue," said the old lady.

"Lips," said the young man.

Janet was in the garden; would he speak to her? Nothing could gratify him more. He was absent about twenty minutes, and came back apparently anything but gratified. He informed the widow that his suit was unsuccessful, but did not state that he had been refused with derision and contempt. Yet such was the fact, and when he had left the house and Janet came in, her cheeks a-glowing and her bright eyes flashing, it was from herself her mother heard that she had dismissed him with angry scorn.

"Marry a miller, a brainless clod!" she said; "better be single all my life: let him mate with a bird of meaner sort, there's something better in store for me."

"He is an honest, worthy man," the widow said, "and I had hoped you would have favoured his suit."

"What! match me with a grinder of corn, or set me up for life in a mill-house, to knit his stockings, and cook his food, and rear a brood of dolts, wretched as their mother, and senseless as their father—a fine fortune truly for a girl like me."

"Depend upon it," said the widow, "if you find a wealthier you cannot find a worthier man."

Janet beat her little foot upon the ground impatiently, and as the widow talked on sang to herself in a heedless way:

"The maiden went for water
To the well o'er the meadow away;
But there could draw no water,
So thick the fruit it lay."

"And the time may come, child," the widow said, "when you may look in vain for water or for bread."

"Pray go on," Janet answered, and went on herself singing:

"The mother she grew angry,
But had it to bemoan,
O daughter mine, O daughter mine,
I would thou wert a stone!"

A few words more and the subject dropped. The day passed, night came, and Janet retired to rest. As she lay asleep on her snow-white bed, the light of the

moon falling through the casement on her face, her mother came in and gazed upon her with anxious, tearful glance. As she gazed she noticed a strange expression steal over the girl's face, lighting it up for a moment with a radiant smile.

"May Heaven guide and guard her!" the widow softly said, "sure she is dreaming some happy dream."

Next morning she questioned her, what did she dream last night?

"O mother! it was a vision of delight; I dreamt I saw a chariot of copper, drawn by two bronze-coloured horses, and containing a prince, at least, clothed in rich garments, and attended by a great many servants. He stopped opposite our cottage, alighted from his carriage, came in here, proposed marriage to me, gave me a copper ring beautifully set with precious stones, and then—"

"And then?—"

"I woke."

Next night the mother stood beside her daughter's couch. She saw her smile this time more brightly than she had smiled before, heard her murmur some few words, and then two tears rolled down her cheeks.

Next morning she asked her of her dream, and Janet answered:

"Oh, it was delightful! I dreamt I saw a chariot of silver, drawn by four milk-white steeds, and containing a king, at least, clothed in splendid habiliments, and attended by a host of slaves. He stopped at our cottage, alighted, came in here, proposed marriage to me, gave me a silver girdle studded with pearls, then remounted his chariot and said he would call again tomorrow."

On the third night the mother, who was much troubled in spirit, and who exhausted all her arguments to induce Janet to forget her dreams and think seriously of the miller, came again into her room and watched her as she slept. The smile was upon her parted lips, and she murmured to herself as she had done before, and stretched her hand out, as if to seize some precious thing, and then wrung them as if in despair, and the smile faded.

"What was your dream?" her mother asked, "you were troubled in your sleep."

"Oh no," she said, "not troubled but delighted. It was a glorious dream, wanting only perpetuity to make it perfect. I saw another chariot, made of gold, and drawn by six splendid horses with golden trappings, sparkling with gems, and within it sat an emperor, at least, radiant with jewels; and he alighted as the rest had done, and he proposed for me, and I accepted him; he gave me a robe of cloth of gold, he put the ring upon my finger, and I sat beside himself within his chariot, and then he drove away, and then—"

"Yes, and then?"

"It was all darkness!"

"And such idle fancies can end in nothing else. Better, far better, you should listen to the miller's suit, he is an honest, worthy fellow."

"And in those respects, of course"—Janet said it sharply—"I am quite unworthy of him. Mother, I tell you, old eyes and young ones look at these things differently; and I will never consent to marry the miller, and eat bread under his thatched roof."

While she was speaking, there was a shout heard outside, then the sound of music, the clatter of hoofs, and the clank of martial accoutrements. Janet threw back the casement and looked out.

"O mother, mother, the chariots are coming from Dreamland."

And through the village street came horsemen with faces yellow as guineas, white turbans, and robes of divers colours. These were followed by a company of musicians, all playing on brazen instruments, except a few whose trumpets were of silver. Then came a chariot of copper, drawn by bronze-coloured horses; then a chariot of silver, drawn by milk-white steeds; then a chariot of burnished gold, drawn by six iron-black chargers, and containing a gentleman very richly dressed, but with the same yellow complexion which characterised all who preceded or who followed him. Of course the arrival of this cavalcade occasioned great commotion in the village; the progress of a travelling circus would have created a furor, but a procession, such as that which now made its way through the town, was such as never had been seen before, and completely confounded even the oldest inhabitant. The procession stopped before the widow's cottage; the widow trembling with fear tried to go on with her spinning. Janet hastily retreated to her little room to make herself presentable, and arrange her hair before her dead father's burnished shield, which served her for a mirror; when she returned she found three gentlemen in the room, and made her best of curtseys.

"Madam," said he of the golden chariot, there was a fine metallic ring in every word he uttered, "I have come hither on business of a very important, but very delicate, nature; I am noble by birth; illustrious in name; powerful in influence; my fortune is enormous; my fame is world-wide; but I have one want, one object, which it is my earnest desire to possess—I want, in short—"

The gentleman of the silver, observing his chief to hesitate, supplied the words—

"A wife."

"Precisely my meaning. My dear Madam, I have heard of your charms, your virtues, your excellent qualities of mind and heart; and I have therefore ventured to present myself before you for the purpose of inquiring,—in short, of proposing—"

The gentleman of the copper chariot supplied the word—

"Marriage."

The conversation was prolonged for some minutes. The poor widow urged her daughter not to listen to their words; the gentleman of the golden chariot was eloquent, though of few words; he chinked his money; he of the copper chariot presented the ring; he of the silver offered the girdle; two attendants displayed a robe of cloth of gold; and Janet consented. The widow implored her to reflect, but she refused to listen to advice; the ring was placed on her finger, the girdle round her waist, the golden robe thrown around her, and, forgetful of all past affection and tenderness and filial love, she ascended the golden chariot and sat beside its master.

O Mammon! O Pluto! how the people shouted. Straight through the village the procession took its

way, down beside the river, passed the old mill-house, whence the poor disappointed miller looked out, and met the scornful glance of her whom he had hoped to call his own. So the procession advanced and the people followed it, first with their legs and then with their eyes, till the wheels of the golden chariot and the turban of the last slave had fairly turned the corner and were gone.

Thus far the circumstances of this singular case were known to the villagers. The peasant girl had wedded a prince. Janet had married for money. But this is not the end of the story.

Away, farther away, on and on and on, away and still farther away, faster and faster and faster drove the chariots; through the forest, where the trees seemed to shrink from them, and a magic pathway to appear at their approach; over the plain girded by a mountain, whose hoary forehead was almost lost in the sky; right up to the foot of the mountain, where giant boulders were scattered, and colossal mounds were covered with creeping plants of enormous size—there the procession stopped.

"Shall we have to go over the mountain or round it, my lord, your Highness?" Janet asked.

"Neither," he answered graciously,—"see!"

As he spoke, two brazen gates flew open in the mountain-side, and a long passage appeared, into which the procession hastily defiled; then the gates closed, and Janet found herself in thickest darkness. Her hand was in the cold grasp of her affianced lord; he felt it tremble, and asked, would she prefer travelling in the light? She would.

"Lights there! lights!" he cried, and at his word a thousand, two thousand, three thousand figures, Janet could not tell their number, leaped up, each with a blazing torch. She saw the faces of these torch-bearers were like coins, coins of all countries and all times, Jewish shekels, Roman pennies, Egyptian talents, Grecian drachms, ducats, sequins, marks, rupees, kopangs, pistoles, eagles, dollars, florins, gilders, stivers, reals, thalers, piastres, francs, sovereigns, shillings, pence, and one or two Queen Anne farthings. They leaped about in a wild, delirious fashion, but the light displayed to Janet the enormous wealth which surrounded her. What she saw in that passage, however, was nothing to what she beheld when the procession emerged from the darkness into a land such as mortal eyes never beheld.

Gold everywhere; a palace of gold, wrought in the most elaborate and beautiful fashion; golden steps, golden doors, golden tables, carpets of golden threads, cushions stuffed with gold dust, golden pipes, golden divans; and not only gold, but gold studded, all precious stones were there in rich abundance. Diamonds, such as Indian Mogul never saw, nor yet were yielded by Golconda; rubies, such as yet were never found in the rich sands of Ceylon; emeralds, larger than that which old Peruvians worshipped as a goddess; sapphires and amethysts, carbuncles, topazes of all colours, garnets and beryls, sardonyx and opal, turquoise and pearl. The trees were of gold, and their fruits were jewels; the grass was of gold, and the dewdrops of pearl; the rivers were of molten silver, and the lakes of molten gold. But as she looked in wild surprise around her, she saw other things beside gold and jewels. Silver and platina, copper and iron, bronze and tin and lead, and brass and pinchbeck and quicksilver; but everything mineral or metallic.

"My lord, your Highness," she asked in trembling fear, as her eye wandered from one precious object to another in search of some familiar thing, a bird, a flower, an insect, a wisp of gossamer floating in the air,—"my lord, your Highness, by what name shall I call you?"

"I am the Monarch of Metals," he answered, "and you shall be Queen of Gems."

She felt faint, weary, giddy; he saw her changing colour, and said, "You need refreshment, let me lead you to the banquet."

It was a glorious banquet, everything that could gratify the eye, every description of apparent luxury spread upon the board; but when Janet, sitting beside her lord upon his golden throne, attempted to eat, she found that the dainty morsel on her plate was gold. Everybody ate with appetite, and pledged each other in draughts of liquid silver, but Janet, with her brain on fire and her heart sinking, looked round in vain for food to satisfy her hunger, or drink to quench her thirst. The Monarch of Metals observed her anxiety, and asked what did she require?

"Bread!" she said, "bread!"

He handed her a little slice of lead, and a piece of golden chicken.

"Bread!" she cried, "bread!"

"What sort of bread would your Highness prefer?" asked the chamberlain.

"Wheaten bread," she cried,—"bread made from flour."

"Flour," said the chamberlain, "I don't exactly understand; flour is—?"

"Ground wheat," she cried; "wheat ground by a miller!" And then she fell to weeping bitterly, and her tears turned to jewels as they fell. She rushed distractedly from the table, fled over the golden lawn, crying as she went—

"Bread! bread!"

She sped through the extensive grounds, and caught in her frenzy at the jewel fruit that hung from golden branches; she stopped beside a silver fount, and put the liquid to her lips, and then fled on again, still crying—

"Bread! bread!"

She thought of her old home, and heard the hum of the old spinning-wheel, she saw the old mill and the honest face of the miller, she heard the bubbling water of a brook, and ate again of humble fare—in imagination only, and waking from her reverie fled on again with the old terrible cry—"Bread! bread!"

And so she perished, and so the legend ends. The miller was a bachelor all his days, the mill-house stood for many years after he had gone to rest, but the mill has been pulled down long since; so has the old cottage where Janet lived; everything of those old days has passed away, except the legend, which still forms one of the most popular stories of the district, and is always cited as a warning to those aspiring and heartless young people who would sacrifice themselves at the shrine of Mammon.

THE MAGIC LANTERN.

In the Christmas holidays one very great attraction, where there is a young family, is undoubtedly a magic lantern. A magic lantern, says a grave, scientific authority, is a species of lucernal microscope. Its object being to attain an enlarged representation of figures on a screen in a darkened room, by means of the pencils of light issuing from a lamp or candle, and passing through a convex lens. The instrument consists of a lantern generally of tin, and of a cubical form, in the interior of which is the light, and at a perforation in one of the sides is applied a tube, projecting horizontally from it, which carries two glass lenses. A groove in front of the lantern, and parallel to that front, receives a rectangular frame, containing two glass plates, on which are painted with transparent colours the objects, of which an enlarged view is to be obtained; and as the amusement of young persons is chiefly intended by the exhibition, grotesque figures are those which are represented. In 1802 a great improvement was effected in the magic lantern; all light was excluded from the apartment in which the show took place, and the objects were shown on a transparent screen. The spectators can scarcely divest themselves of the idea that they are looking into a dark cavern, in which the objects appear to be gradually advancing or receding from them. The illusions produced have caused the name of Phantasmagoria to be applied to the apparatus. But why do we thus write, when our artist has put the whole thing at once before the reader? As we look we are reminded of old times and younger years, when we were amused, instead of working hard for the amusement of others. Well do we remember the screams and shouts of laughter as the bull raced past, dragging at his tail master and mistress, servant-girl and maid. Well do we remember the joy and exultation, as we saw the one-ninth part of a man utterly subdued and reduced to submission by an Amazonian wife of wonderful red nose and bony arm. But a truce to these pleasant reminiscences.

"Our eyes are fill'd with childish tears,
Our hearts are sadly stirr'd,
And the same sounds are in our ears
Which in our youthful days we heard."

LITTLE WORDS OF WISDOM.

Proverbs are to the Literature of a nation what iron tools are to its Art. Destroy either, and labour would be immensely increased—in the one case to shape materials, in the other to express thoughts. Even without direct proof it might be safely asserted that Proverbs were used at a very early date in the world's history, just because they were necessary for the conveyance of ideas, and at the same time are just such aids as men would find come most naturally to hand. The Dutch say that "Proverbs are the daughters of daily experience;" and in truth Proverb-makers, like Poets, are born, and not made. They are indeed themselves often Poets, or more commonly Poetic Moralists. By the way-side, on the mountain and in the valley, on the sea and from the air, in the homes of the lowly and in the palaces of kings, on the trodden road and the unfrequented path, among the flowers of earth and the stars of heaven, from all the relationships of life and the ties of society, they gather their varied store of quaint similes, graceful fancies, and grand analogies.—There must be no marks of effort in a Proverb. If it be really genuine it will seem so true that the world could never have been ignorant of it. A Proverb comes with

authority, and often settles a dispute in three words. Few men are bold enough to make head against it, and in sooth it must be confessed that it often goes for more than its worth. Metaphors sometimes pass for arguments, similes for proofs, whereas they are really but the illustrations which show that the assertion which they are intended to uphold is not impossible. Analogies are useful to answer negative objections, but they cannot count as much in support of positive truths. And here lies the chief danger that attends their use. The evil is, however, cured homœopathically. Proverbs are used to answer Proverbs, as rogues are set to catch rogues. Every man may find a weapon to suit him if he goes to this armoury. The holders of the most diverse heresies, political or religious, may light upon some adage which serves at least as an apology for their heterodoxy. Nevertheless, though Proverbs apparently controvert each other, they are rarely contradictory, but express different modes of looking at the same truth, are the silvern and the golden sides of the same shield. Inasmuch as Proverbs are the brief narratives of experiences, and as experiences differ widely, the narratives will greatly vary. Take, for instance, the subject to which probably one-tenth of existing Proverbs is devoted. A well-worn quotation calls women "ministering angels;" but the Germans say, "There are only two good women in the world, one is dead, and the other cannot be found." Woman's extravagance is a theme on which all nations have enlarged. Say the Italians, "A beautiful woman smiling bespeaks a purse weeping." But on the other hand say the not generally gallant Italians, "Men make wealth, and women preserve it;" while the Danes affirm that "he drives a good waggon-full into his farm who gets a good wife." Women are so covetous, that the French, accustomed to *mariages de convenance*, assert that "a rich man is never ugly in the eyes of a girl." The punishment they decree is, that "a covetous woman should have a swindling gallant." Women are terribly vain. "A woman strong in flounces is weak in the head," the Germans declare; they add, too, that "every woman would rather be handsome than good." "For whom does the blind man's wife adorn herself?" ask the Italians. Without any qualification, the Spaniard asserts, that "a handsome woman is either silly or vain." But though so full of vanity, it does not seem that they are lighter than vanity itself, else the skipper would never have said, "All freight lightens," when he threw his wife overboard.

Lord Jeffrey did not object to a blue-stocking, "provided the petticoats were long enough;" but the case of the French Bas-bleu is considered hopeless in the Proverb that "A glaring sunny morning, a woman that talks Latin, and a child reared on wine, never come to a good end." But as a rule, the fair sex is more prone to affect bodily weakness than mental strength. The Italians show little sympathy for hysterical young ladies in the adage, "A woman's in pain, a woman's in woe; A woman is ill when she likes to be so;" and the Germans, little faith in feminine wisdom when they declare that "summer-sown corn and women's advice turn out well once in seven years." Nevertheless, the Italians would seem to suppose that though destitute of the logical faculty, women are gifted with intuitional insight. Probably many an Englishman, too, can confirm the Proverb from his own experience,—"Woman impromptu, man on reflection;" as if the Creator had wisely made up for the absence of one endowment by the bestowal of another, and, as in the case of the brutes, had granted instinct where ratiocination was wanting. It does not seem, however, as though women were always thus simple, for they are said to "know a point more than the devil." If their cunning fails them, they have a last resource, too often successful, as many a Merlin has found to his cost when dealing with the Viviens, of whom too late he found that "women's tears are a fountain of craft." No doubt women would be well enough were it not for matrimony. It is only the familiarity of the married state which destroys the illusion of their angelic perfections; but inasmuch as men cannot be content to admire from a distance, the unavoidable evil of closer intimacy should be alleviated as far as possible by wisdom in choosing these life-long companions. In the first place, men should make their choice while the sun is in the heavens, for the French aver that "by candle-light a gnat looks like a lady;" and the Germans affirm that "by candle-light every country-wench seems handsome." But even at any time selection is difficult, and both French and Spanish affirm that "a melon and a woman are hard to choose." But suppose that you have made your election, and are happy in the enjoyment of "requited affection," do not boast yourself of to-morrow, for though you may be as unalterable as the rock, "Women are as fickle as April weather," and they are well placed first among the "four things that put a man beside himself,—women, tobacco, cards, and wine." But granting that you are married,—and in marriage it is well to remember the Danish Proverb which warns you that "a rich wife is a source of quarrel," and the Dutch, which advises you that "a sad bride makes a good wife,"—do not count upon lasting affection. Even M. Michelet himself has scarcely so low an opinion of the changeableness of women as our Proverb-makers. The French laconic philosopher declares that "he who trusts a woman and leads an ass will never be free from plague." If you whose "days are in the sere and yellow leaf" have taken home a lovely spring flower in the fond hope that it will make your house more cheerful, you are grievously mistaken; too late you will find out the truth of those words of Teutonic wisdom,—"A young wife is an old man's post-horse to the grave." She promised you obedience, no doubt, but you misinterpreted the Spanish irony, if you really believed that "a mule and a woman do what is expected of them." No doubt you will soon find to your cost that "it is an ill house where the hen is the talking bird, and the distaff commands the sword;" that "when woman reigns, the devil governs;" and that when she "rules the house the devil is serving-man." Not to let her have her own way is hardly better than to give up everything. Anyhow you will soon discover that "where there is a wife there is strife." You must sacrifice all your friends on the hymeneal altar, for "all women are gossips," and gossips would soon have sundered Jonathan and David, made enmity between Orestes and Pylades, and converted Damon and Pythias into foes. "A woman's tongue is her sword, and she

does not let it rust." She is fond of giving "a bit of her mind" to her neighbours, and you will soon learn from the cold looks of your former chums and companions that "a truth-telling woman has no friends." Do not expect to be free from your misery for many a day to come, however young you are, for "he who marries ill is long in becoming widowed."

Moreover, after you are dead do not flatter yourself that many tears will be shed by the bereaved, nor your tomb long decked with *immortelles;* especially if you have left her in good circumstances, for "a rich widow weeps with one eye and laughs with the other," at least so the Portuguese affirm. Indeed, you have hardly any right to expect that the weeds will be long worn, for you ought to be well acquainted with the Spanish Proverb, that "A buxom widow must be married, buried, or cloistered." "Few women turn grey because their husbands die," say the Danes. In fact it would seem as though husbands were esteemed of little value, if the Iberian story be true of the woman who replied, when asked the cause of loud cries of distress, "It is nothing, they are only thrashing my husband."

After women, love and marriage are the most frequent topics for these "Little Words of Wisdom." Unfortunately, one never knows which to believe, for while no colours are bright enough for love, no hue is sufficiently black. Love is, according to some of our laconic philosophers, "the joy of heaven to earth come down;" while others would give it an origin that is by no means celestial. "Love knows no law." "Love makes labour light." "Love expels jealousy;" but love is also jealousy. "Love is blind;" but love sees from far. "Love makes time pass away;" but "time makes love pass away." "Love, like poverty, is hard to conceal;" yet "love is master of all arts," and "knows hidden paths." "Absence is a foe to love," but "absence makes the heart grow fonder."—(query of *absence?*) In one thing, however, all are agreed; that marriage is "either kill or cure," or as our old dramatist has expressed it, "I take it as those who deny purgatory, 'tis either heaven or hell, there is no third place in it." One Proverb affirms that "the only victory over love is flight;" but there are at least two other cures,—a second love, or a wedding. We have already heard that a rich wife is a source of quarrel, but we are also told that though "love does wonders, money makes marriage." Marriage is by no means a necessary sequent to love, for, as the French well say, those who are "always in love" are "never married." Juvenile grand passions are particularly fleeting, and the Spanish saying is a right true one, that "Boys' love is water in a sieve." Nevertheless the Germans assert that "early marriage is long love." It may be so, and, as the Spaniard says, "The bacon of Paradise for the married man who does not repent." How seldom this celestial flitch will be granted may be guessed from the saying, "Bachelor, a peacock; betrothed, a lion; married, an ass." The Dutchman tells you that "whoso is tired of happy days, let him take a wife,"—and thus chimes in with the lines of an old play writer,—"When I am weary of the world I'll take a wife to mortify withal." But if, as Thackeray says, no man will accept the experience of another in this matter, nor be frightened by the warning advice, "Before you marry, reflect, for it is a knot difficult to untie;" at least be cautious, and "before you marry have a house to live in, fields to till, and vines to cut." With all your prudence "marriage is a leap in the dark;" and though you may have "a house ready made," you have still "a wife to make." The French say that "a happy couple is a husband deaf and a wife blind." Sydney Smith made a similar remark. Will any one give their experience in the matter? It is something to know that the disasters of matrimony have not been irreparable since Judge Cresswell opened his much frequented court. Englishmen may now rejoice in a privilege until lately granted only to Germans, where a man sits down to whist with his present and two late wives.

But there are miseries connected with matrimony besides that which the wife herself inflicts or endures. Thus in Germany they say that "the husband's mother is the wife's devil." This new relationship is at all times a source of trouble: says the Spanish Proverb, "As long as I was a daughter-in-law I never had a good mother-in-law, and now that I am a mother-in-law I never have a good daughter-in-law;" so, too, they affirm, "She is well married who has neither mother-in-law nor sister-in-law." The man, if he is wise, will not only remember that "He who would the daughter win With the mother must begin," but will, after he has gained his suit, keep on good terms with his ally, for "the mother-in-law must be entreated, and the pot let stand," or else he will find to his cost how true is the saying that "mother-in-law and daughter-in-law are storm and hail," or at least that "the cask full makes the mother-in-law drunk."

If you are fated to make a second venture on the treacherous sea of matrimony, learn of Mr. Weller to beware of widows — especially if they have "encumbrances," for "if you marry a widow with three children, you marry four thieves." If you were really wise, only you won't be, you would have nothing to do with the other sex, but "beware of a bad woman and put no faith in a good one," and remember that "Married to-day is marred to-morrow." There seems to be a wise provision of Nature, noticed though not explained in the two Proverbs, "Belles are not for beaux," and "Handsome women are for ugly men." Were it otherwise, mankind would soon be divided into two very distinct races (as far as physical appearance went), of angels and devils.

There is another noteworthy belief expressed by the "Little words of Wisdom," which it is not so easy to account for. In many Proverbs daughters are not considered so much as inferior to sons, but as positive calamities. "Alas! father, another daughter is born to you," is a Spanish exclamation of condolence. "A house full of daughters is a cellar full of sour beer," expresses the Dutch belief. "A brilliant daughter makes a brittle wife:" "Do you want to see a wolf with young? (i. e. an insatiable plunderer), marry your daughter:" "Three daughters and a mother, four devils for the father,"—all point to the same conclusion, that a "happy" father is not to be congratulated when his wife presents him with daughters. Why this disparagement it is not so easy to say, except we explain Proverbs by Proverbs, and affirm, in the first place, that man is intrinsically more valuable than woman, and that even

"a man of straw is worth a woman of gold;" or else that women are so difficult to manage and look after, that in fact "a sack full of fleas is easier to watch than a woman." We must suppose in default of better explanation that we have the old story of the sculptor and the lion. The man is always victorious; but when lions turn sculptors, and women Proverb-makers, the respective positions will be reversed. Probably the following Proverb is a specimen of the female adage, "He who has no wife is for thrashing her daily, but he who has one is for taking care of her."

It is said of the three learned professions, that while the doctor lives upon people's diseases, and the lawyer, still more selfish, lives upon their quarrels, the parson, worst of all, lives upon their sins. Proverb-makers have shown no mercy to either of the triad; but the last-mentioned is treated far more severely than the two others. The Protestant Dutch are particularly hostile to "the cloth." In their eyes, "An ape, a priest, and a louse, are three devils in one house." The Catholic Spaniard is little less violent, for he declares that "the devil gets into the belfry by the vicar's skirt." Says the Dane, "There is many a knave hid under a surplice;" and adds the Hollander again, "Never was hood so holy, but the devil could manage to get his head into it." Avoid them altogether, says the Spaniard again, have "neither a good friar for a friend, nor a bad one for an enemy." Their friendship is not good, for the German proverb affirms that "the priest's friend is God's foe;" but at the same time 'tis dangerous to quarrel with them, for "the bites of priests and wolves are hard to heal." They are all hypocritical. "He who has been first a novice and then an abbot knows what goes on behind the altar." They are all false, so "beware of laughing hosts and weeping priests." If you have anything to do with them, "Live with them, eat with them, walk with them, then sell them as they sell themselves." They are all covetous: "The monk who begs for God begs for two." They will play the Simon Magus whenever they can, and never cease to tell you, "No penny, no paternoster." They are all gluttonous, like "the Abbot of Bamba, who gives away what he cannot eat for the good of his soul." It is pleasant to think that sometimes they get rewarded like that other abbot who exclaimed, "Oh, what we must suffer for the sake of God and his church, as the roast fowl burnt his fingers." They are something worse than gourmands, if the Proverb be true that "there is no need for priests to marry while peasants have wives." There is a "Little Word of Wisdom" which bids you "do what the friar says, not what he does." Yet for all that we find that the people generally follow their teachers, and "a mad priest makes a mad parish." Indeed the clergy live upon the superstitious reverence of their flocks; and the Spanish epigram well says it is "men's ignorance makes the priest's pot to boil." The book of Proverbs, whether ancient or modern, will scarcely be found to contain one word in praise of "the cloth." The same invariable distrust is shown, and is well expressed, by the Germans, who aver that "wherever there is mischief, there are sure to be a priest and a woman in it."

Though fewer Proverbs are devoted to the "long robe" than the "surplice," the deficiency in quantity is amply made up by the pungency of the quality. The French are particularly severe upon their "*avocats;*" they tell you that "a lawyer's mouth is a pouch of hell," and that "until hell is full no lawyer will ever be saved." The costliness of law is denoted by the epigrams,—"A law-suit for a maravedi consumes a real's worth of paper." "A lean compromise is better then a fat law-suit." "Lawyers' robes are lined with the obstinacy of suitors." "Lawyers and cart-wheels must be greased." Their honesty does not seem to be highly esteemed, for "lawyers are bad Christians," and "lawyers and painters can soon change white to black;" and even the devil said, "Honesty in the middle," as he seated himself between two lawyers. Two Proverbs, one Spanish the other Portuguese, would seem to denote that justice itself is to be bought with money, or to be over-ruled by authority; thus "laws go where dollars please," and "laws go the way kings direct." Lawyers' shrewdness is shown in nothing more than the fact, that they "never go to law themselves."

Doctors fare better than the members of the two other professions. They are said to be tardy in coming when sent for, so that it is a French sarcasm, "After death the doctor." They are fortunate in one respect, that "the blunders of physicians are covered by the earth." Of course they never really do any good: it is "God that cures the patient though the doctor takes the fee." In order that they should do as little harm as possible, do not often change; for "new doctors" are but "new churchyards." Like the lawyer and his law, "the doctor never takes physic." By a just retribution it appears that "the lives of doctors, the souls of priests, and the property of lawyers are always in danger." Any way you were wise to keep aloof from all of them, for, says the Spaniard, "fond of law-suits, little wealth; fond of doctors, little health; fond of friars, little honour."

There is a large class of Proverbs which should be considered merely as sarcastic statements of commonly known facts; to cite them as justifications for the facts would be as unreasonable as to quote the Newgate Calendar to justify a murder. Thus we find it true, in a worldly sense, that it is "better be wrong with the many than right with the few;" and that "any excuse is good which will hold good." Knowing how often successful wickedness has not only been pardoned but praised, we cannot contradict the epigram, that according to this world's judgment, "he who has victory has right." Wickedness must however be not only successful but on a large scale, to obtain our admiration, for "we hang little thieves, and take off our hats to great ones." It seems, moreover, that this world's riches can be had only by doing fealty to the "Prince of this World," for it has ever been found that if you "renounce the devil you will have a shabby cloak." Once prosperous, and you will find troops of friends; only "let us have florins and we shall find cousins." Ten to one the florins have been earned unjustly; so probable, indeed, that the Proverb would imply it to be impossible for a rich man to enter into the kingdom of God, when it says, "Happy is the child whose father goes to the devil."

[*To be continued.*]

SUNDOWN.

A NOVEL.

By EDWARD COPPING, Author of "*Aspects of Paris*," &c.

[*Continued from p. 32.*]

CHAPTER V.

Never was change in any household so great as that caused by George's arrival at Sundown. All the inmates seemed to have borrowed a sort of new life from the young man's presence. Not that the house had ever been dull or sad. On the contrary, its cheerfulness, and freedom from all bickering or dispute, were the subject of eulogy throughout the whole neighbourhood. But still Sundown was essentially a tranquil dwelling-place, and the arrival there of even a single permanent visitor was sufficient in itself to account for such a change as that which had now occurred.

And then George was so open, so agreeable, so cheerful! There was no reserve with him; none, at least, that sprang from over-sensitiveness, or mental unrest. He was evidently no self-torturer. Gifted with talent of no mean order, he seemed to have faith in it, and to derive from it a modest and manly confidence, utterly free from pretence or presumption. He was about the same age as Fred, but in manner and mental stability was at least ten years his senior. George, in fact, was already in judgment and experience a man, though still a boy in earnest feeling and warmth of heart.

The effect upon Fred of this new companion was most striking. All his restless melancholy disappeared, and his more than womanly fretfulness was as clean swept away as a thistle-top before the northern blast. In a week, or even less, the young men were like brothers. They rode together; they went out boating together; they sketched side by side upon every spot, commanding or otherwise, in and about Rosefield: from morning until night they were inseparable companions.

But, of course, Ruth accompanied them in most of their excursions. There would have been no true enjoyment, indeed, without her. She was a capital walker, and had a pair of stout boots expressly for country rambles; so that, when protected by these feet-coverings, she could pass across dewy meadows, toil along stony paths, or clamber over rough hills, with the ease and agility of a Rhætian shepherdess. While the two young men worked with their pencils, she plied her needle,—all three, however, frequently laying aside their labours to chat and laugh, nay sometimes even to skip and dance and play at agile diversions, such as M. de Longueville would have entered into heart and soul could he have been of the company.

The boy Bill, who was generally in attendance at these parties, in the capacity of light porter, or, as George pompously called him, Grand Master of the Camp-stool and Sketching-book, used to be so tickled by the gaieties which passed near him, that he would wake up the echoes of all the woods, five miles round, by his vociferous roars. Indeed, having the fear of neither Mary nor Eliza before his eyes, and knowing that of Miss Ruth and her brother he need have no apprehension, the lad would often fall to capering, grinning, and singing on his own private account, looking for all the world, at such moments, like a younger son of Caliban imitating the uncouth antics performed by his father after drinking from Stephano's bottle.

The effect upon Fred of George's society was remarkable in more ways than one. He not only lost all his morbid sensitiveness, but acquired something like a fair estimate of his own artistic powers. At first, he was dreadfully shy of showing George his sketches and paintings, but when he found how well they were received, the poor fellow took new heart, with tears of grateful pleasure in his eyes.

"You call that bad?" said the critical cousin, after looking closely at the unfinished "Good Appetite," which Fred, it will be remembered, had given up in despair a short time before; "My dear fellow, I have known students who had worked twice as long, and perhaps twice as hard, as you, who would be only too glad to call themselves the painter of that little picture. Why! there was nothing, in the same style, at our last Exposition worthy of being named in the same breath with it. It is a real bit of *genre*, such as my master, Jeanron, would be delighted with!"

And then when Fred showed his cousin another unfinished picture—they were all, alas! in that incomplete state—of a very different style,—the subject being King John signing Magna Charta,—the young critic emitted an almost equally encouraging opinion.

"It 's not so good as the other," he said with frank decision, "and I don't think it your true line. But it 's admirably composed. The grouping is quite in the style of Delaroche."

"I always told you you had plenty of talent," said the gratified Ruth, who was standing by, "but you never would believe what 'I' said, you naughty Fred."

Ruth was indeed delighted at the eulogies passed upon her brother by cousin George. But, above all, she was delighted at the change which had come over Fred since his association with their young relative from abroad. No more scornful or gloomy looks for her now! No more hesitating kisses, that seemed as if faltering in the affection they expressed! And oh! joy beyond all joys! no more talk now of quitting Sundown, and of going to smoky, dirty, odious London.

Ruth soon arranged everything in her own mind: George must prevail upon his father and sister to leave their Swiss home, and come and settle near Sundown. There was Stoke Cottage to let, close by, a sweet little place, that would just suit them. George must give up his atelier in the Rue Bonaparte, and work with Fred. It would be so delightful for the two families to live together; they would have an unfailing source of happiness in each other's society.

Perhaps Ruth had thoughts which extended even further, but which were too timid, as yet, to claim recognition, even from herself. Fred might fall in love with his cousin Hester;—she must be a good and beautiful girl if she resembled her brother;—and then, perhaps, George might fall in love with—with somebody else. But here the thought grew too bold, and sent a blush into Ruth's face. And then, almost un-

HOSPITALITY.

"Is Winter hideous in a garb like this?
Needs he the tragic fur, the smoke of lamps,
The pent-up breath of an unsavoury throng,
To thaw him into feeling; or the smart
And snappish dialogue, that flippant wits
Call comedy, to prompt him with a smile?

* * * * *

Cards were superfluous here, with all the tricks
That idleness has ever yet contrived
To fill the void of an unfurnish'd brain,
To palliate dullness, and give time a shove."

COWPER: *Task*, b. iv.

consciously, the little maid raised her eyes to the glass before her, and began arranging her rich heavy tresses. How troublesome they were! They would *not* keep in order! And then her collar, it was always slipping round, and making her look so untidy.

Ruth was a full quarter of an hour before she had adjusted her hair, and her collar, and her dress, with satisfaction to herself. Never before had she been so hard to please.

But what would George say to all these schemes in which he and his family were disposed of in such a summary manner? Would he care to quit the gay capital of France, and the friends he possessed there, for the calm solitude of Sundown? Might not his tastes, his habits, and his inclination, lead him to prefer life in a foreign city to life in an English country town.

At once the bright visions Ruth had conjured up vanished into gloom, as these suggestions threw their shadow over her mind. She felt vexed with herself for laying out schemes for others which they might not have the slightest willingness to adopt. And thus, in a few brief minutes, she passed—as we all sometimes pass—from the most ardent and confident hope, to the deepest and most chilling dejection.

Of course George would not care to live at Sundown, she said to herself. It was ridiculous to think of such a thing. He was pleased enough with the place, just for the moment, but the novelty would soon wear off, and then he would sigh to return to his Paris friends. Ruth even laughed aloud, a heartless stony laugh, at her own foolishness, and resolved to dismiss all further thought of the matter from her mind. Yes, it was too absurd; and so with feelings deadened into unconcern and callousness, she sauntered, for lack of other employment, into her brother's studio, carelessly humming a tune as she passed along. You might have thought, by her apparent gaiety, that her heart had just inherited a large legacy of love, and was revelling in its new acquisition.

Fred was not in the room, though he had evidently been at work there recently upon his "Good Appetite." Ruth humming even more loudly than before, under the supposition that no one was present, suddenly stopped upon finding herself face to face with George, quietly reading in a corner.

It was the first time the cousins had met alone, and for an instant there was a little embarrassment on both sides. It was but for an instant, however, for Ruth, seeing that George was more confused than herself, at once took the lead, as women always will under such circumstances, and commenced the conversation.

"What! all alone, cousin George!" she exclaimed in the gayest of tones; "why, where is my naughty brother, that he leaves you thus in such a very uncivil manner?"

"He begged me to excuse him this afternoon, as he said he wished to pay a visit to Dr. Carter," replied George, rising and putting aside his book.

"And so you have been sitting here reading. Pray, what was the book to which you were giving so much attention?"

"Really, I don't know its title. I was not much interested in what I read."

"That's very complimentary to the author, at all events," said Ruth smilingly; "let me see who he is," and she took up the work.

It was an odd volume of the Spectator.

"What! not interested in the Spectator!" she cried, with simulated surprise and indignation; "why, cousin, that's little short of high treason against their literary majesties, Steele and Addison. I am afraid you read too many of those wicked French novels, of which I have heard so much, to feel any love for our simple English writers."

"No, indeed," replied George earnestly, "modern French fiction claims but little of my affection or regard. I am not fond of the morbid, or rather marvellous; of hysterical pathos, or sentimental sensuality. Then, too, I detest—that is really the word—I detest fiction spread out according to a pattern as intricate as mosaic work or a Chinese puzzle. I like simple incident simply told, and avoid, by my very nature, all that is stilted, pretentious, and unnatural."

"And yet the 'Spectator' did not please you—did not even fix your attention."

"Ah, cousin," replied George, smiling as he slightly coloured, "I am afraid that was not the fault of the book but of the reader. To say the truth, I was thinking deeply of another subject, and at such moments, when the mind is determined to wander, the most powerful genius who ever ruled in literature has not sufficient strength to hold it back."

"And what *could* you have been thinking about to occupy your thoughts so thoroughly?" inquired Ruth with an arch smile.

"A subject not by any means pleasant to dwell upon—my speedy departure from Sundown."

"You are not going to quit us already?"

"Yes. My holiday expires in a week or two; and then I must positively go back to Paris and resume my studies. It was the condition imposed upon me by my father, and it must be observed."

"And shall you then part from us with so much regret?"

"The deepest I ever experienced."

"Oh, but of course you have plenty of friends in Paris, and when once you are back amongst them you will soon forget the quiet and dull little house of Rosefield."

"Never!" exclaimed George, with more feeling than he had ever before displayed. "The happiest hours I ever spent have been passed here; in this brief fortnight you have all been so kind to me—so affectionate,—your aunt, your brother, and yourself, dear cousin, if you will let me say so,—that I feel as though I had found a new home in the midst of which I should like to remain all the rest of my days."

"You would soon tire of such a dull old sleepy place as Sundown."

"You wrong me and Sundown also in saying so. I would never tire of *any* place where you might be, dear cousin;" and George spoke in such low earnest tones, and with such a pallor upon his cheek, that Ruth could not sustain his glance, but cast her eyes upon the table against which they were standing.

"It is very pretty, is it not?" she said, taking up one of Fred's sketches, and holding it for her cousin to look upon. George drew near to examine the picture,

and stood by Ruth's side. He almost touched her dress, they were so close.

"Very pretty," he replied, his voice trembling as he spoke, "very pretty; your brother has a great deal of real talent. If he had but more confidence in himself, and the perseverance confidence inspires, he could not fail to become a true artist."

"I'm so pleased to hear you say that," replied Ruth, raising her eyes now, and looking George full in the face without embarrassment; "Fred is such a dear, good brother, I would give the whole world to see him happy."

"He ought to be very happy in being loved by such a sister as you."

"Ah, he is not always so cheerful as at present. Your society and advice have materially affected him for the better. I sometimes wish you were never going to leave us."

"Do you?" replied George, a flush of pleasure on his cheeks.

"Yes;—for dear Fred's sake: but then of course that's impossible. You would not like to settle in England after having grown accustomed to a foreign country."

"On the contrary, I should like to live here above all places."

"But then your father and sister?"

"True, I could not leave them," said George somewhat sadly. Then after musing awhile, he added; "but they might like to live in England also; my father always speaks of it with a sort of affectionate regret, as if after many years voluntary absence he should like to return. If he would agree to come and settle down near Sundown! My sister, I'm sure, would be delighted with the spot, and with you, dear cousin, and with aunt Susan and Fred."

"We should all be very happy, I'm sure," exclaimed Ruth."

And the two cousins continued to wander among the bright anticipations which sprang from their fruitful fancy, planning out a happy future for themselves and their kindred, a sweet companionship of home, with one sympathy and one love uniting all hearts.

As they spoke, the golden sunset streamed into the room, and shed upon their cheeks the rich warm glow affection had already shed upon their hearts. What a full deep light it had! How it shone upon the walls behind them, and upon the books around, and upon the picture on the panels, and the statue of the Greek goddess in the little shady niche! It seemed scarcely possible that in a few brief minutes all this radiant glory would pass away, and leave nothing in its place but indistinctness and the black uncertainty of night.

But it was a type of all things earthly; a symbol of the nothingness into which material objects must one day return; when the palpable realities of the present shall melt into flitting shadows, and only the invisible forms of the future take shape and rise into view, bright with the lustre of undying beauty.

CHAPTER VI.

Ruth had talked so long with George that she had forgotten Fred; but now that the day had begun to wane, his absence came to her mind, and she broke gaily away from her cousin to search for the missing brother. How happy at that moment was the little lady! What a flush spread over her cheeks, as she recalled the affectionate words of George, and saw before her again his earnest loving look!

It was all settled now! Cousin George would come and live near Sundown with his father and sister; there could not be a doubt of it. Had he not said he should like to do so above all things? And would father or sister offer any opposition? It was not probable. How delighted Fred would be when he learnt that George was to be his neighbour and constant companion!

Ruth bounded like a stag across the garden in order that she might impart the happy news to her brother at the very moment of his return.

But where was the truant? Nearly seven o'clock, and still no sign of him. What could have kept him so long at Dr. Carter's?

Ah! at last he is in sight. He has turned the corner of the little lane; he has passed the old stile leading through the wood; and now, and now, he is in his sister's arms.

Had Ruth and Fred been separated for many a weary year, they could not have met more affectionately than they did this evening.

"I am very glad you came out to meet me," said Fred, in a tone so soft and tender that it at once touched the little sister's heart. "I wanted to have a good long talk with you alone. Let us go into the arbour."

Fred was so pale in face, and so earnest in manner, that Ruth might have feared he was ill, had not his voice been so singularly gentle and affectionate. She saw, indeed, he had something on his heart which their conversation was to remove, and hope whispered that it might be the counterpart, perhaps, of the plan she herself was panting to disclose to him. She walked, therefore, confidently and joyously to the arbour, her hand still in Fred's, and his arm around her waist.

"Ruth," he said, when they were seated side by side, and he had again taken her hand: "Ruth."

"Yes, dear Fred."

"You remember how angry you were with me the other day when I talked of going to London?"

"Not angry; but very sad and sorrowful."

"You must promise not to be so again if I speak now upon a similar subject. Will you promise?"

Ruth's countenance fell; but she answered very sweetly, "Yes."

"Ever since that day, Ruth—and more especially since cousin George's arrival amongst us—I have thought again, and again, of the advantages I should derive by absence for awhile from Sundown. Now you promised not to be angry," said he, finding by the violent throbbing of her heart that Ruth was already agitated: "hear me to the end, and you will not think I wish to be unkind."

"I am not angry, Fred, indeed, indeed I am not. I am listening very calmly to all you say."

"Well then, I've been thinking that I ought to quit Sundown for awhile, in order to gain some knowledge of the world, and above all of the art I wish to follow.

Recollect, Ruth, I was one and twenty in June. George is not older, and he has already studied hard and seen several foreign countries, while I have scarcely ever quitted Sundown, and know no more of art than a Rosefield master has been able to teach me. You are not angry, Ruth?"

"No, no," she replied, struggling with herself, for she foresaw now what was coming.

"Well! I think, then, Ruth, that if I leave Sundown in order to study in real earnest, and widen the circle of my experience, I shall only act as you in your heart would wish me to act, loving me as I know you do. You would not like to see me ignorant and incompetent all my life, would you?"

"No, dear Fred," was all poor Ruth could say in reply.

"And you would like to see me worthy of you; to hear me spoken well of by others, and commended for my diligence and perseverance."

"Yes. Oh yes!"

"I knew you would answer like the dear, good sister you have always been," exclaimed Fred, kissing Ruth with much affection. "I knew that if I spoke calmly and gently to you I should convince you I was right. Often and often have I thought upon this matter. I have spoken on the subject to aunt Susan, and to Dr. Carter this very afternoon; they both think I 'm right: and this has so encouraged me that I was determined to mention my plans to you at once."

Ruth made no reply, so Fred went gaily on.

"Well, you know, Ruth, that George is to leave us in a few days. What would you say were I to go back with him to Paris?"

"To Paris!" exclaimed poor Ruth, all the bright visions she had so lately seen at once fading away into utter gloom. "To Paris, Fred!" she replied in sorrowful tones.

"Yes," replied her brother, without noticing the dejection with which she had spoken. "Paris as a school of art is better than London; it offers more facilities for obtaining instruction, and the instruction itself is better. Besides, I should have the benefit of George's advice and experience, and in a year could not fail to learn ten times as much as I should be able to learn alone. For I should work very hard, Ruth, very hard, in order to return as soon as possible, and show you what progress I had made."

What could the little sister reply to all these bright anticipations and these fond promises, springing, as she knew they sprang, from youthful ardour and meritorious ambition? It was no consolation for Ruth to feel in her heart that Fred was right; that he would do well to quit Sundown; that he would do well to visit Paris;—the mere idea of parting with him pained her deeply. But for separation to take place immediately after she had laid out her own happy schemes, immediately after she had planned with George that bright future which had already cast its dawning light upon both their hearts; it was too much for her glowing yet sensitive nature. She felt as though chilled by a bitter northern blast; the transition from throbbing anticipation to lifeless disappointment was so sudden, and so great, that all her emotions seemed in an instant to be frozen up; the very blood ran cold in her veins, and passed through her frame with a shudder.

At another and a better-chosen moment she might have listened to Fred's proposition with comparative calm; but coming as it did now, in the very midst of her new-born hopes, the effect could not be otherwise than deep and painful. Her face, which but lately was so ruddy and animated, became pale and stone-like in its rigidity. Her look drooped, all moral support appeared to have been taken from her. She would have spoken, but her tongue was heavy, motionless; and the words she had framed, by way of reply, could not force themselves past the barrier of her compressed lips.

"You do not speak, Ruth," said Fred, in a tone of slight reproach, and after a few minutes' pause. "You are not angry with me?"

"Oh no, I am not angry with you, Fred."

"Do you think I am wrong in resolving to leave Sundown?"

"No."

"But still you are not pleased with me."

"Oh yes."

"You *cannot* be, Ruth, or you would never speak so coldly."

Could he but have seen the expression of her face, as he uttered these words; could he but have noted the deep look of affection and anxiety which troubled her features; could he but have felt the bitter anguish she experienced at the idea of separation from the dear brother, who was all in all to her;—the reproach he had uttered would never have escaped his lips. But the night had already come on, and its darkness had penetrated even to his very heart.

"I would not treat *you* thus, if your happiness were so deeply concerned as mine is now," said Fred, really hurt by his sister's apparent indifference. "It is very unkind of you, Ruth, to act in so cold a manner."

What would Ruth have given, could she have told Fred of all the plans she had just before formed for his happiness and her own, and shown him how they were all shattered and overthrown by his determination! What would she have given, could she but have twined her arm round his neck, and wept out her grief upon his bosom! But the energy requisite for such efforts had been taken from her. She felt dull, cold, and heart-sick. Even the relief of tears was denied her; and she sat calm, still, almost statue-like, in her deceitful tranquillity.

"This is unkind, this is cruel," exclaimed Fred, the tears starting to his eyes, "I never expected this from you, Ruth;" and he drew his hand from his sister's and hastily rose from his seat.

"Indeed, indeed, Fred, I do not wish to be unkind," said Ruth, "but I do not feel well—I have a head-ache,—let us go in now, and talk again upon the subject another time." And poor Ruth, who really felt too ill to say more, also rose from her seat.

But Fred did not offer her his arm, or utter a single word of sympathy; he was still too deeply wounded by what he thought her unkindness. So, for the first time in their lives, brother and sister walked silently and sadly side by side, as if no link of kindness or of affection formed a bond of union between them.

That was a weary evening for the usually happy

household. Sundown had rarely been so dull and gloomy. Immediately Fred and Ruth entered, aunt Susan saw at a glance that a misunderstanding had arisen between them. But a visitor being present, the good lady strove her utmost to appear as though utterly unaware of this circumstance. She talked almost incessantly to George, in order to occupy his attention, and leave brother and sister time and opportunity to rally from the depression which evidently weighed upon them. She asked the young man a dozen rapid questions respecting Switzerland, the glaciers, the avalanches, and the passes. She made him describe, for the twentieth time, the aspect of his father's house and its exact position on the lake of Zurich; and George, seeing her object, lent it all his aid, so that Ruth and Fred were enabled to maintain almost total silence without feeling embarrassed.

But it was an arduous and painful duty for aunt Susan to keep up a conversation of forced gaiety, accustomed as she was to quiet and meditation. Her powers soon failed her. More than once she repeated the same question to George, immediately after he had answered it. More than once, too, after apparently listening to him, she started, as though aroused from painful reflection in which her mind had wandered, and made some irrelevant observation, clearly showing how pre-occupied she had been, despite her simulated animation and attentiveness.

Then, at intervals, the kind woman cast an anxious glance at Ruth, who sat silent and dejected, her face still wan and weary-looking, though now and then she forced across it a languid smile. Fred was in the shadow of the lamp, so that his features could not be plainly discerned, but they also seemed to wear a troubled aspect, and poor aunt Susan, who had never seen her dear children thus disturbed, so cold to each other, or so utterly devoid of animation, grew every minute more anxious to know what had occurred.

At last she could no longer play the difficult part she had assumed, but fairly broke away from George, while some explanations he was giving were still unfinished, and went up to Ruth.

"You are not well, my darling child, this evening," she said; "tell me what is the matter."

"I have a bad head-ache," replied Ruth in a broken voice; for she was so touched by her Aunt's kindly tone, that she could scarcely command herself, and hysterical sobs were already rising to choke her utterance. "I should like to go to bed if you will all excuse me," she added; and not feeling herself equal to the ceremony of leave-taking, she hastily quitted the room, tears already swimming in her eyes.

What a relief it was for poor Ruth to find herself alone, after the torture of restraint she had so long endured! Without seeking a light, or indeed thinking of one, she hastily entered her chamber and threw herself upon the bed. Her overcharged heart had found vent at last. The tears so long restrained fell from her eyes, gratefully as a spring shower, and her bosom threw off the heavy weight of grief which had caused it so many violent throes. She gave free course to her emotion now. There was no one near to watch her; no one to see how deeply she suffered.

No one?

Whose step was that treading so gently in the darkness, that the light sound it brought with it was scarcely audible, even in the deep silence of night? Whose voice was that, so soft, so sweet, so comforting, that whispered precious words of sympathy and affection into the young girl's ear? Whose touch was that, which healed, as with a magic charm, the bruised spirit and the bleeding heart?

"Oh! aunt, aunt!" cried poor Ruth, sobbing now more than ever, and falling into the arms that were already encircling her.

"Rest here, my darling, rest here."

And Ruth laid her head upon aunt Susan's bosom, and wept as though her heart would break.

CHAPTER VII.

Ruth's sorrow soon grew subdued, now that it had full and free expression. It had been compressed and confined so long, that when liberty at last came, all other emotions were swept away by its impetuous current, and every barrier broken down by which it had been opposed. Already, however, it had grown exhausted by its own violence, and gentler feelings were beginning to return to the lightened heart.

The moment Ruth found herself in the arms of her aunt, and heard the kind consoling words breathed in her ear, she felt soothed and tranquillized. Her tears were no longer tears of bitterness, the storm had already passed away, and sunlight shining through the breaking clouds was lightly falling on the last lingering rain-drops.

Ruth soon told her little story, despite the sobs which from time to time interrupted it. Now that the violence of her sorrow was exhausted, the affectionate little being was again as gentle and as loving as ever. Ruth was deeply pained that she had treated her brother with so much unkindness.

"It was very wrong of me," she said quite humbly, "to seem so indifferent, when I saw how Fred had set his heart upon leaving Sundown. He was so kind, too, so gentle in his manner; not at all gloomy or sad, as he is sometimes. I tried very hard to appear pleased, but my heart had been so full just before, I had planned out such happy schemes with cousin George, that I could not bear up against the disappointment."

"Fred is not angry with you, darling. He is only annoyed with himself. He is greatly pained that he has caused you so much sorrow."

"Is he, dear aunt? and you think he will forgive me for acting so unkindly towards him?"

"Oh yes, Ruth; he loves you too well to remain estranged from you, even for a single day."

"It makes me very happy to hear you say so, dear aunt. I will go at once and tell Fred how sorry I am, and ask him to forgive me."

"Not to-night, darling. It is too late, and you have need of rest. To-morrow will do as well. You had better go to bed now, and in the morning you can get up early, and talk with Fred."

Ruth suffered herself to be persuaded without a word of protest or resistance; for her heart was at ease now, and a grateful languor had begun to steal over

her; induced, in great part, by the violence of the emotion she had just experienced. She even suffered herself to be undressed, like a little child, and then placed herself upon her pillow as calmly, and as obediently, as in those old by-gone days, when aunt Susan always lay protectingly by her side.

"Good night, dear aunt," she said, her eyes already closing, and no sob escaping from her now: her bosom, it is true, still rose and fell, but it was with the gentle movement of respiration, not with the troubled heavings of sorrow.

"Good night," she repeated; and the moon, which just then peeped forth and cast a timid glance into the chamber, showed that the glow of happiness had already returned to her cheeks, and that pleasant thoughts were accompanying her spirit into delicious slumber.

"Good night, my child," replied aunt Susan, bending over the young girl, and gently kissing her, "good night."

And she stole on tiptoe from the bed.

But she did not quit the room. When she found that Ruth breathed more and more steadily, and made no movement or rustling sound, indicative of consciousness, she returned in the same quiet manner to the bed-side, and there, noiselessly seating herself in a chair, watched over her adopted daughter. How often in other times had she sat in that place, anxiously looking upon the same sleeper, then a tiny lisping child!

Something of a sigh escaped from aunt Susan, as she thought of those days, and the recollections with which they were associated. She went back to her own disappointments, and felt again the cruel coldness of one she had loved, and who had trifled with her heart. She thought of the long and sleepless nights she had passed, when first she became a mother to the orphan children; and then memory led her back to even sadder recollections.

She was by the bed-side of a dying sister, gently fading away from the world, in the very spring-time of her maternity. She was in the city counting-house, and Death was there too, stark and rigid, mocking the attitude Life had so lately worn. And now she was back at Sundown, and George Radcliffe, her nephew, was before her, a link, as it were, connecting the present with the past.

Strange! but as she thought of him, a shadow seemed to pass across the floor and fix itself before her. It was there still! There at her feet! There on the chequered pattern of the carpet, which it blurred and obscured! No! 't was but fancy: all was gloom and deep darkness, without and within.

The night was sullen, heavy, and brooding. Frowning clouds passed across the sky, as though to summon the storm elements to a wild tempest-carnival. But then the moon came forth again, and the startled clouds flitted past her, hurriedly casting their flying shadows at the feet of the night-watcher. What strange fantastic shapes they look! What a mad dance they seemed to be engaged in! Death was typified in every grotesque form that passed across the floor.

But hark! a sound breaks in suddenly upon these strange revels. 'Tis but Topton church clock striking the hour. One; two! Two o'clock; and Ruth still sweetly sleeping, though she sometimes murmurs Fred's name in her dreams.

The night has almost passed now; and so aunt Susan lightly kisses once again the happy sleeper, and then steals noiselessly away to her own chamber.

Poor Fred did not pass so calm a night as his sister. He was no longer hurt by what he had deemed her unkindness; for he felt now that it arose from over-solicitude on his own behalf. Indeed he was sorry he had spoken so reproachfully, and again and again wished his words unsaid.

When he retired to his chamber, he had no tears with which he could obtain relief from the depression which weighed upon him; and sleep would not come to close his eyes. He lay feverish and restless, tossing to and fro in his bed, hearing hour after hour sounded by Topton church clock, and tormented by a thousand disturbing thoughts, such as often occupy and distress the mind, when it falters on the threshold of slumber.

[*To be continued.*]

LITERATURE.

Pariser Bilder, von Edward Copping.*

Under the above title, we are glad to find Mr. Edward Copping's light and graceful "Aspects of Paris" have been reprinted in Germany. The German work is more an adaptation than a translation, inasmuch as whole passages are occasionally omitted, while others are rendered with the greatest freedom. But, on the whole, it is well done, and calculated to give a good idea of a work which acquired a considerable and deserved popularity when originally published in England. Few of our writers have studied some features of Paris Life more faithfully than Mr. Copping, and we trust it will not be long ere his work reaches the dignity of a second edition.

* Berlin: Julius Springer. 1859.

Under-currents; a Novel of our Day.†

The family which bears the name of the author of this novel is well and deservedly known to literary fame, and Mr. Vane St. John promises well. "Under-currents" is a dashing novel, decidedly interesting, and abounding in incident. Evidently it is the composition of a young man; but of a young man who in a little while may look to achieve great success in fiction. Our advice to the author would be not to hurry himself,—not to be too ready to rush into print. "Under-currents" shows what he can do,—but it also shows that in a little while—with more patience, with more thoughtful care, with riper judgment—he will be able to produce works of a higher and more enduring worth.

† *Under-currents; a Novel of our Day.* By Vane Ireton St. John, Author of "*St. Eustache*, &c., &c., &c. Three Vols. London: Tinsley.

Pearls of Shakspeare

Is the title of a handsome little volume—with some beautiful illustrations by Kenny Meadows—just published by Cassell, Petter, and Galpin. It makes its appearance at the right time, as it is just the book which we can safely recommend to fathers and mothers, to teachers and guardians, as a Christmas gift to the young. The best passages to be found in Shakspeare are collected, and the accomplished artist has done all he can to bring out and illustrate their meaning. The illustrations have been done expressly for the work, and ought to make it popular.

Under the head of *The Crisis of Being*, and *The Progress of Being* (Ward and Co.), the Rev. Mr. Thomas, of Stockwell, has published two little books, of rare merit and utility ; they are more suited to the thought of today than is generally the case with religious publications. Their aim is to win over to religious decision our young men. The author is a man of wide sympathies and earnest purpose, and his works cannot but be beneficial to the class to whom they are addressed. They are books such as John Foster and Dr. Arnold of Rugby would have loved to read.

Favourite Modern Ballads.*

Christmas books are quite a new feature of the times, and have superseded the Annuals which were in vogue in our childish days. Nor can we wonder that this should be the case. At the best, the Annual was a thing of temporary interest ; and very frequently, so flimsy was the matter it contained, it was thrown aside as soon as the reader had examined the binding, and cursorily inspected the engravings. One almost regretted that poetry of such inferior merit—engravings of such a trashy quality—pictures of so decidedly a third-class character, should have found their way into so many respectable families, merely because they were bound in morocco, printed on superfine paper with gilt edges, and published at a costly rate. In a very little while the Annual fever worked itself out. Yet, as Christmas came round, the old demand for handsome books for presents, among the wealthy, which the Annuals sought in vain to supply, was still felt. To meet this demand, our leading publishers set their wits to work ; artists, authors, paper-makers, engravers, bookbinders, came to their aid ; instead of producing a volume of ephemeral interest, it was felt that the public would be more ready to buy something of permanent value. Some standard work was taken and elaborately reprinted, and gorgeously and beautifully embellished ; and it was soon found that this new way of catering for the amusement and instruction of the public was far more successful than the old. It is true the experiment was costly—that sums hitherto unheard of were spent on the production of a single volume, but the public appreciated the effort; and the rivalry between the great publishing firms seems to be now-a-days which shall produce the most attractive gift book. Well, for this year, we do honestly believe that Messrs. Kent and Co. are the successful competitors. Their Book of Favourite Modern Ballads appears to us to be the perfection of book-making, as regards not merely the getting up, but the contents as well. The noblest ballads in our language are here collected into one volume, and to the illustration of them our best artists have contributed the choicest specimens of their skill. The names of Birket Foster, C. R. Thomas, J. C. Horsley, E. N. Corbould, Harrison Weir, Samuel Palmer, Edward Duncan, C. W. Cope, W. J. Grant, Percival Shelton, William Harvey, and others, will convince the reader that the engravings are of the most exquisite character ; nor must we fail to notice and commend the ornamental designs of Mr. Albert H. Warren. We must also give his meed of praise to the editor. His chief aim, he says, "has been to give a collection of such of the favourite English Ballads, written since the commencement of the last century, as best admit of picturesque illustration ; and by a combination of the productions of modern Poets, and modern Painters, to present to the literary world an acceptable Gift Book;" and in carrying out his aim, we have a gift book which may well claim a place in every drawing-room in the land.

* *A Book of Favourite Modern Ballads.* Illustrated with fifty Engravings, from Drawings by the first Artists. London : W. Kent and Co.

Claudius, or the Messenger of Wandsbeck.†

A delightful book, one reminding us much of the simple earnestness so charming in Luther's Table-Talk, is here put into the reader's hands. Claudius, born in 1740, was the son of a minister at Reinfeld, a town not far from Lübeck ; at Jena he studied theology, there he began publishing, in prose and poetry, matter dull enough, but illumined here and there by a flashing thought. After leaving the university, Claudius returned home, and in contact with Schönborn, a friend of Klopstock and Goethe, made rapid progress in intellectual and religious development. In 1764, Claudius went to Copenhagen, as secretary to a Count of Holstein. Here, under the genial influence of Klopstock, "the morning star of modern German literature," Claudius made great progress. But Claudius tired of city life ; and in 1765 we find him back at Reinfeld again. In 1768, Claudius left home for Hamburg, where he became a newspaper writer; Hamburg being at that time not merely a commercial city, but the head quarters of German thought. Of the group collected at Hamburg Lessing was the leader, and in spite of the differences between himself and Claudius, an intimate friendship soon sprung up. In 1770 Herder visited Hamburg. The intercourse between Herder and Claudius extended over many years. In a letter to Lavater the latter says,—"I have spent a happy day with Claudius, the purest man I have almost ever known. Never have I so wished to live in the society of any one as in that of Claudius." About this time his connection with the Hamburg newspaper came to a close, and he, with his friend Bode, started the Wandsbeck Messenger. Here Claudius married and lived many years, wrestling manfully with poverty, and bravely writing much—poetical, classical, fanciful, and religious. Voss, visiting Claudius at this time, says,—"We spent the whole day with brother Claudius, lying generally on a piece of turf in the shade, and listening to the cuckoo and

† London : Ward & Co.

nightingale." But poverty put an end to this, and Claudius was only too glad to get a small government appointment; but the situation was not to his mind, and Claudius soon found his way back to Wandsbeck again. Arrived here, he sat himself down calmly to publish unpopular religious truths; and here his daughter married the famous Hamburg bookseller, Perthes. The storms of the French Revolution swept all over Europe, and Claudius had to leave his beloved home, and encounter great poverty and suffering; but in 1814 we find him returned, and in 1815 he reached his last long home. On the hundredth anniversary of his birth, the 15th of August, 1840, a simple stone was erected to his memory in the Wandsbeck woods, his favourite walk. It bears the symbols of his vocation as messenger, the staff, the hat, and the wallet. Such is a brief outline of the life of one almost unknown in England; but one of whose writings the illustrious Niebuhr declared that he yielded to few in his love for: whose writings Tholuck recommended, and of whom Vilmar, the genial historian of German literature, avers that, in spite of their little defects, "they contain a noble kernel." The editor has done his work well, and his book will be welcomed by the more cultivated portion of the religious public, both here and in America.

PROGRESS OF SCIENCE.

At length all the talk about the employment of women has led to some practical results. Such papers as those of Miss Bessie Parke, read before the Social Science Congress, and published in the *Times*, have not been in vain. A society has been established for promoting the employment of women. The committee includes several ladies of title. Viscount Raynham, M.P., is the treasurer, and the society seems to be organised so as to be likely to promote the excellent object in view. A statement has been published in which various objections to the employment of women are answered. It appears also from this statement that it is the intention of the society to establish a large school for girls and young women, where they may be specially trained to wait in shops, by being thoroughly well instructed in accounts, book-keeping, &c., be taught to fold and tie up parcels, and perform many other little acts which a retired shop-woman could teach them. The necessity of politeness towards customers, and a constant self-command, will also be duly impressed upon them. Girls educated in this school would be capable of becoming clerks, cashiers, and ticket-sellers at railway-stations. It is also contemplated to establish workshops in connection with the school, where the girls may be taught other trades—trades well suited to women, but now almost exclusively in the hands of men—such as printing and hairdressing, for instance. As the means of the society increased so would the number of workshops and the variety of trades taught. No girl would be admitted to either school or workshop who did not bear a good character; nor, on leaving, would she be recommended for employment till she had passed such examinations as proved her to be competent for it. The subject is an important one, but have those who have raised the cry of employment for women, considered what will be the effect of taking it from males? If we had a higher standard of morality, we should have more marriages, and fewer destitute females. We believe this is the right direction in which to look for reform. However, as the society just established can in some cases do good, we wish it success, but we fear that the rage for cheapness will in many cases lead merely to the substitution of female for male labour, and then what is the end gained? If the answer is, the young men must emigrate, we may reply, that if we are to believe all that we hear from the colonies, there the demand for females is far greater than for males.

In a letter to the *Times*, Mr. Mechi writes: I consider it a public duty to direct attention to a danger of great magnitude which threatens British agriculture, and through it the nation at large. I mean the gradual but sure exhaustion of the soil of Great Britain by our new sanitary arrangements, which permit the excrements (really the food) of 15,000,000 people who inhabit our towns and cities to flow wastefully into our rivers. The continuance of this suicidal practice must ultimately result in great calamities to our nation. Science has shown us that the land, to the depth at which it is ordinarily cultivated, contains but a limited and measurable quantity of the elements of our food; that these elements may be readily exhausted, and that they can only be profitably restored by the application of human and animal ordure such as we now waste. A century of abstraction without replacements has reduced the old and once fertile States of the American Union to comparative barrenness, and although by extensive purchases of guano, bones, and feeding stuffs, we are trying to mitigate the evil, we are warned by that great man Baron Liebig (the Sir Isaac Newton of agricultural science) that these attempts are but as a drop, compared with what we waste. By a false delicacy and want of knowledge we have been accustomed to deprecate as indelicate the very mention of our *excreta*, but the stern requirements of a rapidly increasing population imperatively demand of us the only profitable and available means of providing food for the people. Increase of population would, but for our sewer system, bring with it increased means of production. Such has been the case in China, where the commercial value of human excrement has ever been most wisely appreciated and availed of. Of course our Boards of Health very properly consider their only duty is to cleanse our towns and cities. It is for our landlords and agriculturists to associate their will and means to convey to the land those precious streams which now exhaust our soil, contaminate our rivers, and impoverish our agriculturists, and those dependent upon them. It may be said we are producing more food than we used to do; no doubt we are, by enclosing wastes, removing trees and fences, cleaner and deeper cultivation, &c.; but by these very means and by the application of stimulating substances we are more rapidly hastening the exhaustion of our country. After reading such a letter, it does seem strange that in London we should be preparing to spend millions of money in removing and utterly wasting that which would enrich and fertilise our soil. It is to be feared we have been a little too fast of late. Our farmers have been draining and drawing, till this last summer they found themselves considerable losers by the scarcity of the water supply.

In Paris an attempt is being made to use cold air as a substitute for steam. We have been much interested in an application by Messrs. Debain, Botton, and Zellier, to the authorities of Paris, for permission to lay down iron pipes to introduce compressed cold air. They propose to construct *outside of the city* an immense engine to compress air into pipes. These pipes are to lead to all parts of the city, like gas and water-pipes. Wherever power is wanted for driving machinery it will only be necessary to tap the under-ground pipe and let the compressed air escape through an engine, just as condensed steam is used. By means of a simple stop-cock, this air may be let out in small quantities to blow the fire in a blacksmith's furnace, or in a stove or grate. This plan appears feasible, and if practicable will do away with a multitude of furnaces, and the annoyance of smoke, and the disasters resulting from the explosions of scalding steam.

A commission, appointed by the French Academy of Sciences to draw up a report on the results of the scientific expedition undertaken to observe the late total eclipse in Brazil, calls attention to the very important total eclipse

which will occur in July next year, and will be visible in Spain and Algeria. This commission believe that at least forty astronomers, from France, England, Germany, Russia, and Italy, will assemble in Spain or Africa to witness this eclipse.

Under the head of the Progress of Science, surely we may note the formation of a Library Company, the aim of which is to supply a library costing from one pound to a thousand, according to the intellectual wants or pecuniary necessities of the purchaser. The selection of the library is intrusted to no less a judge than Dr. Charles Mackay: such a name is a guarantee that the books selected will be of the right character. The opportunity thus afforded to large employers of labour, clergymen, and others interested in the improvement of their species, to procure cheap and well selected libraries, is one of which we trust they will not be slow to avail themselves. Without real useful reading there can be little progress in science or in anything else; Mr. E. K. Campbell, at the office of the Company, 22, Paternoster Row, will furnish the general public with all particulars.

We hasten to call attention to an improvement lately made, by which ladies' dresses become unlike the wearers of them—non-inflammable. It has long been known that a material of cotton or thread could be in great measure preserved from the effects of flame by soaking in a solution of alum or common salt. The expedient is a simple one; but in practice is liable to objections which, more than any wilful disregard or carelessness, have prevented its general employment. The fabric which is soaked in common salt becomes crisp and harsh to the touch, while that which is saturated with alum is seriously injured by the process, losing its strength by reason of the action of the salt upon the fibre. The chemist was therefore called upon to discover a substitute which would exert no injurious effect upon the colour, the appearance, or the strength of the material to be rendered non-inflammable. The investigation—one of considerable research and some difficulty—was undertaken by Messrs. Versmann and Oppenheim, to whom the thanks of the ladies are due for a long series of experiments made in their behalf. It was found that borax exerted a powerful preservative effect; but that the combination of the chemical ingredient impaired in some degree the strength of the material operated upon. The effect of more than forty different salts was then tested in the laboratory, the Royal laundry, and various muslin manufactories; and a re-agent was at length discovered answering in every respect the requirements of the manufacturer, who, it is to be observed, finishes his muslin without the application of a hot iron. But more was yet required of the chemist. The amount of the re-agent in question—viz. the phosphate of ammonia, required for a perfect preservative effect was very considerable; and, moreover, the salt decomposes under the iron of the laundress, rendering the operation of ironing after its employment a matter of some difficulty. The sulphate of ammonia—a salt only one-fourth the price of the phosphate—was found advantageously to replace the latter for the purposes of the manufacturer, a similar preservative action being obtained with a much smaller amount of the re-agent. Both salts, however, are soluble in water, requiring renewal after washing; and both are liable to the same objection with regard to the ironing process. A substance was therefore required to answer a domestic purpose, and which, while allowing the hot iron to pass smoothly over the surface of the prepared material, would afford a perfect guarantee against the effects of flame, without injuring in any degree the strength or appearance of the fabric. A salt fulfilling these conditions was ultimately discovered by the above-mentioned chemists in the tungstate of soda. This salt is now in constant use in Her Majesty's laundry at Richmond; and it is to be hoped that its application will quickly become general. It remains only for the wearers of light summer fabrics to require that their goods shall have undergone the preparation through which their wearers will be preserved from the dangers resulting from accidental ignition, and that the laundress also shall employ the tungstate solution of the domestic difficulty in obtaining the same desirable result of safety against fire.

The decay in the stone of which the New Houses of Parliament are built, has led to an endeavour to discover some artificial means of induration. Mr. F. Ransome, of Ipswich, read a communication on the subject at the late meeting of the British Association, and since then we have had opportunities of learning somewhat more about his several processes. We (*Athenæum*) have taken some trouble to inquire how far M. Kuhlmann's process for preserving stone by the simple application of the soluble silicate or "water-glass," on the surface of buildings already erected, is successful. We hear that not only at the Houses of Parliament in this country, but that also in Paris, in those portions of the Louvre and Notre Dame which were experimented upon with the water-glass, the result has been inefficient and unsatisfactory. The hardening of the film by the action of the atmosphere, although a possible result if time and circumstances are favourable, has failed in practice, owing in part to the facility with which the water-glass or silicate is removed by the moisture. Mr. Ransome's process consists in the application of a solution of muriate of lime, which immediately enters into combination with the silica of the water-glass, and forms silicate of lime—a perfectly tenacious, insoluble, and indestructible substance, which completely fills up all the interstices and pores of the stone, &c., rendering it impermeable and non-absorbent. The great desideratum, unquestionably, has been to find some means of rendering stone impermeable, without the introduction of oily or fatty matter; or, in other words, by means of some substance that cannot be decomposed or injured by exposure either to the oxygen of the air, or to any of those vapours so commonly mixed with the air in large cities or in manufacturing districts. Mr. Ransome's idea of fixing a coat of silicate of lime, by taking advantage of the double decomposition that takes place when chloride of calcium comes in contact with silicate of soda or potash, both dissolved in water, seems to have settled the question. The discovery has not had so long a test as may be considered desirable before pronouncing on its merits, but there is reason to be satisfied so far as we have gone. The comparison of those parts of the Houses of Parliament treated in this way, or the Baptist Chapel at Bloomsbury, or other buildings submitted to the process, with any of those specimens of stone treated either by M. Kuhlmann's or other process, will show any observer how much the advantage is in favour of the more scientific, and at the same time simple, method.

There has been at Hanover a great sale of paintings by the best ancient masters, at which the prices paid established a great advance on those which were realised five years ago. Some of the best, by Correggio and others, were secured for Vienna and Munich, and two by Ruysdael were said to have been purchased for the British National Gallery, the prices paid having been 7,800 and 7,025 thalers. A small Raphael, "Virgin, Child, and Simeon," 7½ inch size, was bought in at 10,200 thalers.

The Council of the Society of Arts have decided to carry out their project of an Exhibition of the Industry of All Nations, in 1862, without any reference to the state of the political atmosphere. The subscription list of the guarantee fund of 250,000*l.* (which is confidently expected to be obtained without difficulty) will be opened immediately. The council will also apply to the Royal Commissioners for the Exhibition of 1851 to grant a convenient portion of the ground purchased at Kensington out of the surplus funds of the last exhibition for the next and future international exhibitions.

We regret to chronicle the death of Mr. Frank Stone, which took place on November 18th, at his residence, Russell House, Tavistock Square. Mr. Stone was in his 60th year.

MATERNAL EDUCATION.

THE NATIONAL MAGAZINE.

MATERNAL EDUCATION.

Mrs. Ellis has written a book, called the "Mothers of Great Men." The idea is more popular than scientific. If Mrs. Ellis's theory were true, distinguished mothers would have distinguished sons. This does not appear to be the case.

Maternal education, however, may be described as the primary education of the human race; hence the influence of the mother on the child is the most potent and permanent influence it is possible to conceive of. In ancient Rome, before vice, and luxury, and wealth had enervated the spirit and arms of her sons, the name of a Roman mother was synonymous with everything virtuous, and noble, and heroic. Then the patriotic mother of Coriolanus, saved the city by the irresistible strength of maternal influence acting on the mind of the justly-irritated son. And that noble Roman matron, who early trained her children in the knowledge and practice of virtue, has for two thousand years been emblazoned on the page of history, as "Cornelia the mother of the Gracchi." To the training and teaching of a mother many of our greatest thinkers and teachers, and public benefactors, and statesmen, have confessed themselves indebted for their first promptings to future excellence and usefulness. Plutarch tells us: "They say that Cicero's mother, Helena, was of good family and conversation, but as to his father, the accounts are in opposite extremes." Again we read: "Servilia, the mother of Brutus, was a sister of Cato the philosopher." In that brief yet touching Life of Nicholl, attached to his poems, we read, "To his mother, Nicholl, in after life, attributed whatever of distinction in after life he attained." In his autobiography Mr. J. B. Gough tells us the same.

Gray the Poet always deemed it a misfortune that he survived his mother; he always mentioned her name with a sigh, and her wearing apparel was found in his room, in the same trunk in which she left it. The biographer of Francis Horner traces much that was beautiful in him to "his mother's excellent qualities." It was in the window of his mother's apartment that Cowley met with that copy of "Spenser's Fairy Queen," which made him, as he relates, irrecoverably a poet. Tom Moore's love for his mother seems to have been one of the finest and truest things about him; and Cowper's lines to his mother are remembered and quoted even at this day. One of the last tunes the poet Campbell was heard to sing, was one his mother taught him. In his autobiography, speaking of his mother, Richard Cumberland says, "All that son can owe to parent, or disciple to his teacher, I owe to her." In the worst as well as in the highest natures, this influence is manifest. Gleeson Wilson, an atrocious murderer, when apprehended and brought to trial, displayed no feeling of remorse and regret; and even when sentence of death had been passed on him, still remained hard and untouched. In vain were the addresses and prayers of the benevolent and pious, who visited him in his cell. Yet one thing moved even him. It was the memory of his mother. "Once," he exclaimed, "I had a good and pious mother, but after she died all went wrong with me." Bad mothers, it must be remembered, have an equal influence on their sons. Commodus, whose monstrous vices, says Gibbon, have cast a shade on the purity of the father's virtues, had in Faustina a mother as depraved as she was beautiful. Look at Savage, spurned and persecuted by his unnatural and wicked mother from his birth. Look at Byron, reckless and passionate as the mother with whom, unfortunately, his early years were passed. Look at the young Arabs of our streets; ask them of their mothers, and you will not wonder at their rags and poverty, and precocity in crimes. But it is painful to dwell on this. Woman has fallen far and fearfully in the dirt and mire of sin and shame, ere she can drag her child down with her there. The law of life is otherwise. The cases to which we refer are exceptional. Woman is the tender nurse of her child. The best woman is she who is the best mother. Nature has fitted her for it with wondrous care, and this may indeed be defined as woman's mission. Beautiful is the sight of the mother at home; touching is her care and devotion to her little treasures. Sweet is the thrill of pleasure that vibrates through the heart of the mother when the first rays of intelligence, which beam from the eyes of her infant, are centred on her own. With what diligent love she ministers to all its little wants, and when he sits smiling in her arms, with what delight she points out to his eager gaze objects which please and interest him! But sweeter, holier far are the feelings of a mother, when in the early dawn of her child's intellect she beholds the bright promise of a good and useful life. With what affectionate care she selects and administers the most fitting nourishment for his young mind, and leads him gently along till he ripens into youth and manhood! and all through life that boy will think of a mother's care, and thank God for a mother's love.

JOHN BRIGHT, M. P.

A PARLIAMENTARY SKETCH.

BY J. EWING RITCHIE.

Some few years back, while the Anti-Corn-Law agitation was yet in its infancy, and being fought with a fierceness almost incredible in these dilettanti days, when in agricultural circles no language was considered too contemptuous for its supporters, in a small village in one of the midland counties an unknown individual was delivering an address on the all-absorbing theme. He was dressed in black, and his coat was of that peculiar cut considered by the worthy disciples of George Fox—alas! how falsely—as a standing protest against the fashions of the world. The lecturer was young, square built, and muscular, with a broad face and forehead, with a fresh complexion, with "mild blue eyes," like those of the late Russian Nicholas, but, nevertheless, with a general expression quite sufficiently decided and severe. As an orator the man did not shine. His voice was good, though somewhat harsh; his manner was awkward, as is the custom of the country, and the sentences came out of his mouth loose, naked, and ill-formed. He was not master of the situation, yet he wanted not confidence, nor matter, nor words. Practice it was clear was all that he required. The orator felt this himself. He told his audience that he was learning to speak upon the question, and that he would succeed in time. That he did learn, that he did succeed, is obvious when I mention the fact that the speaker was no other than John Bright, M. P. for Birmingham.

It is one of the laws of a popular agitation that it elevates for a time into equal importance the true man and the false. Both alike are strong in the exposure of practical anomalies or injustice—strong in the power of uttering for the dumb multitude what it travails in agony to declare—strong in the sweet voices of the sovran mob. The hour makes the man. In its tumult, and excitement, and uproar, like the spectres on the Brocken, he seems twice his ordinary size. Poor, pitiful, small, weak-minded creature though he be, for a time he wields a giant's power, and speaks with a giant's voice. For a time of each tribune of the people it is emphatically declared—

> "In him Demosthenes is heard again,
> Liberty taught him her Athenian strain."

The Sacheverells, the Lord George Gordons, the Wilks's, the orator Hunts, the Feargus O'Connors and Daniel O'Connells, have each seemed to the people, delirious with the intoxication of the time, what Stephano seemed to Caliban, a very god. The hour past, the tumult calmed, the angry voices stilled, men's eyes opened, the dilated demagogue dwindles into his ordinary insignificance. Alas! poor Yorick, where be his jibes and gibberings? It is a painful process this state of collapse. To have been floated into public life on a public agitation, and to continue to float when that agitation has ceased, when the political world is dull as the weeds that rot on Lethe's shore; to play Othello when Othello's occupation is gone, requires an unusually strong brain and brave heart. Mr. Bright has gone through all this and succeeded; nay, more, has triumphed, and by this triumph has placed himself foremost among the statesmen of the age.

I scarce believe with Robert Owen and the moderns, that all men are equal, and that the only difference between a great man and a little man is that one is born on a pedestal and that the other is not. Still it is a great advantage to be born on a pedestal. With an infatuation unparalleled amongst savages and incredible in a people who profess to believe the Bible, we have so crippled the democracy, that when it enters into the arena with aristocracy it does so at tremendous odds. To attain his position John Bright has injured his health and shortened his days. Men like Lord John Russell and Viscount Palmerston attain a superior position by just sufficient healthy labour to lengthen theirs. They are born on the pedestal, and not placed there by merits of their own. Few of our noble statesmen would have been there unless born there. Either the energy, or the time, or the patience, or the talent to secure a position, would have been wanting. To emerge from the mob, to rise from the respectable dead level of the Smiths, Browns, Jones's, and Robinsons, to get the advantage over them by the head and shoulders, is a Herculean task. In the first place, the men who are on the pedestal look on contemptuously if you try to put yourself on an equality with them. In the second place, the Smiths, Browns, Jones's, and Robinsons will do all that they can to prevent your achieving a higher position than themselves. The very class for whom you labour will deem you impertinent, and damn you with faint praise. Only a remarkable man could thus shake off all obstacles and climb the steep

> "Where Fame's proud temple shines afar."

Whatever may be the feeling out of doors, it will not be denied that John Bright has succeeded in doing this in the House of Commons and amongst his peers. No one ever heard him in Parliament without feeling that he is a power in that House; yet such a position was one no one would have prophesied for him a few years since. Everything was against him when he was first returned as member for Durham. All his antecedents were precisely those most calculated to excite opposition and contempt. He was not merely not a landlord, but he was a cotton lord. He was not merely not of the Church of England, but of the church whose harmless peculiarities have been more laughed at than its virtues admired. He was not merely one of the Anti-Corn-Law League, but one of its greatest men. He was not merely at the head of an agitation thoroughly revolutionary, as it seemed to its opponents, but he was one of those who let it be clearly understood that that agitation, so far from being final, was but the means to an end. He not only had no respect for Parliamentary shams and conventionalities, but he expressed that contempt in a manner the most unpalatable and undisguised. Nevertheless it was not long ere he compelled the House to do homage to his honesty and strength. At first it rebelled—it groaned when he got up—it emptied itself when he spoke; but the House, if it looks kindly on aristocratic imbecility, will not long refuse to sanction democratic capacity and pluck. The House is generous, and has a thorough appreciation of a MAN; and the result is, that now, as far as it is concerned, Mr.

Bright has nothing to fear. He may damage himself out of doors ; he may offend a people warlike in its instinct in spite of cotton-growing Manchester; he may alienate the cultivated mind of the country by his grovelling theory of a nation's life ; he may arouse, and justly, the hostility of the press, by the degrading mission which he would chalk out for it. But he has taken honours in the senate, and there his position is secure.

How is this? In London, generally, Mr. Bright is not a popular man. In what is considered good society it is hinted that he is a demagogue, and that his dangerous mission is to set the lower classes against the upper ones. People tell you that on the platform Mr. Bright is a very different and much bolder man than on the floor of St. Stephen's—a criticism which, however, may be passed on every public man, inasmuch as platform speaking aims at creating popular enthusiasm, while oratory in the House of Commons is of a more business-like and practical character. It is undeniable, however, that just at this juncture the opinions of Mr. Bright are those of a minority. His peace views are decidedly at a discount. His devotion to the material interests of the nation is carried to an extreme, and is somewhat repulsive to those who believe that man does not live by bread alone. His pugnacity reminding one of the celebrated remark of the late Lord George Bentinck, that if he were not a Quaker he would be a prize-fighter, has been an offence to the many who are prone to sing :—

> " Let us alone; what pleasure can we have
> To war with evil ? Is there any peace
> In ever climbing up the climbing wave ? "

To all such,—to all who believe in the traditions of the past,—to all who would rather endure a wrong than fight with it,—to all who would take the world as they find it, and only smile when told that their idols are wind-bags which would collapse only with the prick of a pin,—Mr. Bright is a constant source of uneasiness and irritation. Now, in London especially, these classes are numerous. London people are well-to-do ; they soon make money ; they soon rise to the dignity of a brougham and a country-house ; they soon learn to give good dinners and to eat them. And men in this position, when they have done their day's business in the city, only desire ease and rest out of business hours. In the provinces it is different; there, Paterfamilias, as soon as he puts up his shutters, or locks up his warehouse, is sure to have some philanthropic, or religious, or political employment: a London political lecturer is coming, and he must take the chair ; or a Ragged School is to be formed, and he is to be the Treasurer ; or a Mechanics' Institution is in difficulties, and he has to show how the requisite funds are to be obtained. These are the men who rally round John Bright; but they are scarce in London, and yet John Bright, their representative, is honoured in the House of Commons. Why ? The answer is soon given. Come with me into the Strangers' Gallery, and look hard on your left. About the middle of the third bench of the gangway you see a vigorous-looking man in black. What a contrast he presents to the mass around ! Lord Bacon deemed himself ancient when he was thirty-one. Mr. Bright is, then, more than ancient, but he is in the prime of life nevertheless. The debate has been drawing its slow length along, and weariness is on every face. Small men have been on their legs. The Bœotians,—the Newdegates and Spooners, and others, have been uttering sentiments childish and common-place ; or an official underling, with languid oratory, and much allusion to blue-books, has essayed to show that everything governmental is as it ought to be, that the right man is in the right place, and that everything is for the best; or my Lord Palmerston, with his usual nonchalant air, has contended that no great harm has been done, and that if there had it did not matter much. Up rises Mr. Bright, with a voice something of a scream, and rushes into the very heart of the subject—scornfully tossing on one side, as irrelevant, the platitudes of preceding speakers. The question, whatever it may be, is taken up manfully and boldly. There is no display of fine learning—no Latin quotation—no subtle disquisition—no elaborated climax—no polished peroration. There is no attempt to evade the difficulties of the question ; on the contrary, the speaker seems to delight in them, as an Irishman will fight for fun. He states them in all their naked literalness, and wrestles with them as an intellectual athlete. I do not say Mr. Bright is always in the right ; I believe he is often in the wrong, and none can scorn more than I the Manchester policy as regards peace and war—a policy which, as Mr. Disraeli truly remarked, would degrade our ancient monarchy into a third-rate republic—a policy repugnant to the national pride and sense of honour—a policy oblivious of glorious traditions and ancient fame. But Mr. Bright is in earnest—he means what he says ; you see that the speaker has heart as well as brain, and on he goes right to the mark, uttering honestly and plainly his thoughts, calling a spade a spade, however contrary that may be to parliamentary etiquette and usage. There are times when he attempts a loftier strain, when he becomes even eloquent, and appeals to the consciences of men of all parties, and carries with him the hearts of all. At such times Mr. Bright's earnestness is overpowering. You cannot resist its impetuous course, and the House, that feels rightly, if it votes wrongly, is completely subdued. On more than one occasion, when Mr. Bright has risen to speak, has there been

> " Silence, deep as death,
> And the boldest held his breath
> For a time."

This was especially apparent a session or two back, during the Indian debates. I never heard more effective speeches delivered by any man, and I think the general opinion coincided with my own. Mr. Bright was well up in his subject. India can produce cotton. Manchester needs cotton. Hence it was Mr. Bright spoke with such vehemence, and passion, and power. How great the contrast between a modern House of Commons and an ancient one—between Bright and Burke. It was an ancient dynasty overthrown ; an ancient people oppressed ; a multitude numerous as the sands upon the sea-shore, wasting away beneath British injustice ; another Verres harassing an imperial Sicily, that excited the imagination and fired the heart of Mr. Burke. It was because a splendid oppor-

tunity of growing cotton for Manchester was lost, that Mr. Bright bore down upon the government with resistless force; the stand-point of the one was chivalrous and classic, of the other modern and commercial. Sneer at it as selfish if you will, but is it not the truer one of the two? All men act from selfish motives,—the Christian who flies from the wrath to come, as much as the spendthrift who squanders, or the miser who saves. As I write, I read in the *Times* the report of a sermon preached at the consecration of Tiptree Heath Church, by no less a distinguished divine than Dr. Croly. The Doctor's aim was to show that if a nation feared the Lord it would prosper, and hence the propriety of the nation supporting a religious establishment. Give your money to the Almighty because He will pay it you back with interest. Such is the modern gospel. If it be true that we can only attain to an enlightened selfishness at the best; and if it be true, as Mr. Bright believes, that the Manchester policy, as regards India, would bring with it an immense amount of good; it, at any rate, must not be despised for its selfishness, and surely, at any rate, may challenge a comparison with the Derby policy, or the Palmerston policy, or that of the Whigs. As regards India, it is clear that, had the Bright policy prevailed, we should have had no Indian mutiny.

"Mr. Bright," says Mr. G. R. Francis, in his careful estimate of the orators of the age, "may be said to have been dragged upwards by Mr. Cobden in his rapid and remarkable ascent to fame and notoriety. Had he been left to pursue his path alone it is more than probable that he would never have emerged from the dead level of society, or that if he had attained any eminence at all, it would have been to achieve a distinction not more illustrious than that of the most noisy and arrogant orator of a parish vestry, in whom strength of lungs, and an indomitable determination not to be outbullied, are the most prominent qualifications." How foolish all this seems, read by the light of the present; but when Mr. Francis wrote, such was the general feeling. And now, like another Warwick, Mr. Bright stands,—a setter up or puller down of kings. When Lord Derby is in office the Whigs are indignant, and declare that he has formed an unnatural alliance with Mr. Bright. When he supports Lord John Russell, the Conservatives hint at another Lichfield House compact. Independent Radicals, men whose self-love suggests leadership, intimate that they differ strongly from the member for Birmingham. Yet, I am much mistaken if that honourable gentleman do not act a conspicuous part in the House for many years to come. As old statesmen pass away—as old prejudices are forgotten—as Mr. Bright himself mellows with years—as his views form with growing experience, leadership and office must fall to his lot. Even by this time is his great heresy, during the Crimean War, forgotten if not forgiven. Wise men now fail to perceive that for the anxiety then endured—for the treasure then wasted — for the blood then spilt as water — for the heroism then displayed—for the national enthusiasm then created, we have received an adequate result.

The return of Mr. Bright for Birmingham after Manchester had rejected him, indicates a certain amount of virtue. It indicates Reform and Peace. It says to a man like Lord John Russell, standing trembling at the work of his own hands, "Oh thou of little faith, wherefore dost thou doubt?" and it bids our most warlike remember that England, by interest, by policy, by ten thousand considerations more or less pressing, is bound to keep the peace with all the world.

The *Times* is occasionally very angry with Mr. Bright, yet he has never said harder things of the aristocracy and the British Constitution than the *Times*. If you turn to the *Saturday Review*, you learn there is not a man in office who is not a fool. Hear our officers in the army and navy. According to them our rulers are blind, and the country is going headlong to the devil. It was only the other day that a military man assured us that the most conservative of officers were fast becoming radicals in consequence of their disgust at the waste and mismanagement in high quarters. If Mr. Bright's object be a good one, let him have the same license allowed to others. Public agitation requires enthusiasm, and exaggeration is the necessary result. All members of parliament on the platform speak in a different manner to what they do in the House, and this is still more the case with the Radical Reformer, since on the platform he publishes his extreme views, but in the House of Commons, where there is a majority against him, he is compelled to take what he can get. If Reform is required,—if a further extension of the suffrage be a duty,—if it be true that in the counties the tenant-farmers are under the influence of their landlords; or as Lord Derby, when Lord Stanley, said, you can always tell the politics of the representative of a county if you know the politics of the leading landlords,—if our borough constituencies be what they are, at Wakefield, and Gloucester, and elsewhere, he who would endeavour to wipe away from us this reproach and shame, and suggests reform, is acting a patriot's part; and the men who stand by the present system, who shut their eyes to its defects, who cry "esto perpetua," are the real fomenters of class disunion and revolution. Can any one doubt that the majority of men, whether in the House of Commons or elsewhere, act from interested motives? If so, why should Mr. Bright be sent to Coventry for saying so? Mr. Bright is as interested as others, but he represents a class who have been denied their rightful position in politics, to whom it is of actual consequence that taxation be lightened and commerce freed—a class to whom Great Britain must look more and more to find employment and sustenance for her swarming sons. The charge of self-interest comes with an ill grace from lawyers, who move heaven and earth to prevent law-reform, or from landlords, who sing with might and main,

> "Let learning, laws, and commerce die,
> But give us back our old nobility."

The perpetual abuse of Mr. Bright in some quarters is ungenerous. Men who are dumb in his presence are ready enough to bark behind his back. However, from a hostile press and hostile orators, Mr. Bright, if he be wise, will learn somewhat. "Caius Gracchus," writes old Plutarch, "was rough and impetuous, and it often happened that in his harangues he was carried away by passion, contrary to his judgment, and his voice became

shrill, and he fell to abuse, and grew confused in his discourse. To remedy this fault he employed Licinius, a well-educated slave, who used to stand behind him when he was speaking, with a musical instrument, such as is used as an accompaniment to singing, and whenever he observed that the voice of Caius was becoming harsh and broken through passion, he would produce a soft note, upon which Caius would immediately moderate his voice and become calm." Our Caius may learn a lesson from him of Rome.

THE FISHERMAN CAUGHT.

BY EDWARD BRANTHWAYT,

AUTHOR OF "DEERBROOKE PARSONAGE," ETC.

IN FOUR CHAPTERS.

CHAPTER I.

"HARK! do you hear those drums and fifes, Lionel?" asked my brother Hugh de Lacy.

"It can't be! you are dreaming of old days," I answered.

He was leaning idly from an open window, mingling the perfume of an Havannah with the scent of the roses clustering round the sill. Without taking any notice of my reply he continued to gaze out along the road.

Suddenly he exclaimed, "Ah! I was not mistaken! There are the redcoats plain enough."

"Help me to the window, Hugh; I should like to see them," I cried eagerly from my sofa, for I was sufficiently *ennuyé* to welcome the slightest event.

"That ankle of yours will never get well if you do not keep quiet," growled Hugh; but I had no objection to his advice, for even while he gave it, his sturdy arm half supported, half carried me to the window.

Now I could hear the merry sound as it floated on the still evening air. Through the silvery birches which skirted the road, where it wound along by the side of the little loch, glimmered the scarlet line, and from the bristling bayonets glanced the ruddy beams of the setting sun.

We were not the only spectators. The whole population of the pretty little village of Clach-na-hurich (Anglicé, The Fairies' Stone) were hanging from their windows, or pouring out of doors, to enjoy the unaccustomed sight.

Quickly the martial array wound round the turn from under the birches, and came into full view.

"Why, they have the old facings!" exclaimed Hugh, with a start: "and, as I live, there is little John! No possibility of not recognising him."

"There is only one subaltern with them, and I cannot make out yet who he is," I added.

The company was halted before the "Two Crowns," the very next house to ours, and the men were dismissed to their billets. Then the two officers came towards the portico of the Inn, beneath which the portly landlord was standing to welcome them.

They started as Hugh called out to them, "Why, Little John, what brings you here? And D'Arcy too! Have you both dropt from the clouds?"

"Crichton!" exclaimed joyfully the fair-haired subaltern, and clearing the low paling at a bound, he grasped Hugh's hand with evident delight. Even the calm face of the huge Captain brightened as he saw who was addressing him, and he strode hastily to the gate. He was rather too weighty to imitate the mode of entry adopted by his comrade.

"So it really is yourself, Hugh, and not your ghost," he said: "Ah! Lion, my boy, so you are here too."

I had stayed in barracks with Hugh for several weeks when he was in the —th, and consequently I was well acquainted with his brother officers.

"I suppose the grouse have brought you up to Scotland," said Algernon D'Arcy.

"Yes, Glenauley has given us his shooting and fishing while he is in Italy, so we ran up last week," replied Hugh: "but how come any of the dear old 'Lambs' here?"

"Little John and I have been on detachment, and now we are returning to head-quarters," answered D'Arcy: "you must come and dine with us this evening. We will have a jolly chat."

"The youngster here has sprained his ankle," said Hugh, doubtfully; "and he must keep quiet, so I am afraid it cannot be."

"Nonsense!" cried Captain Macpherson, "I will carry him over like a big baby, and it will do him good. The sooner we set to work the better, for I am famishing;" and raising his powerful voice, he shouted to the landlord, "Here, my friend, let us have dinner for eight, and knives and forks for four, as quickly as possible. I hope your larder is well stocked."

All fear of scarcity was removed when we sat down to the well-spread board to which Macpherson had brought me, as he proposed. For some time few words passed, but even the appetites given by a long march or a day on the moors must sooner or later be satisfied. When at length the knives and forks were at rest, Hugh proposed that we should adjourn to our rooms next door for a cigar, a move which was quickly carried into effect.

"You seem very cosy here, Hugh," said Macpherson, as he puffed out a cloud of smoke and took a sip of the nectar.

He had deposited his huge carcase in a capacious arm-chair, which was groaning under the weight.

"Yes, it is a snug crib," answered Hugh, "and the shooting is capital."

"Poor Lion must find it dull work. Don't you growl sometimes as if you were trapped?" asked D'Arcy from the window-sill, where, with his old fancy for strange positions, he was sitting like a Turk.

"Oh, no! I mean to be on my legs again next week, and I've plenty of books meanwhile," I replied.

"That's right, my young diplomat, don't commit yourself!" laughed D'Arcy: "are you not glad you are not to be examined in spelling, and need not even write legibly? Is not the Foreign Secretary a brick?"

Vouchsafing no answer to this query, I turned to Macpherson, who was asking Hugh if he knew any of the families in the neighbourhood.

"No," was his reply, "I do not even know the names of any of them, except the Mac Awes. One can't be here long without hearing of Corriemore, as they call him, and from all they tell me—"

"Halt!" shouted Macpherson, with his stentorian

lungs: "Corriemore is my uncle, and though we have quarrelled, I should not like to hear him abused, for he is a good fellow at bottom."

"Is he really so eccentric?" I inquired.

"Well, he *is* very queer," said Macpherson: "soon after his marriage he found out that his wife was intriguing with his dearest friend, and had married him solely for his money, which sickened him with human nature. Then he is horribly vexed at having no male heir. He is determined that his grand-daughter shall not meet with his own fate, so he shuts her up out of the way of all fortune-hunters. When I saw her last, just before my tiff with the old boy, she was a lovely child—let me see, that was nearly five years ago, and she must be more than seventeen now."

"Young, lovely, and an heiress! Little John, you must introduce me to *la belle cousine*," cried Hugh.

"Don't trust her to his tender mercies," interrupted Algernon: "you remember Lucy Carr's lines on the 'Lambs.' She judged us all from Crichton, and she was not very wrong as far as he was concerned, for he *is* a 'wolf in sheep's soft clothing.'"

"No such thing!" protested Hugh: "I will not believe it of sweet Lucy Carr, the little darling. I never was so nearly in love with any girl in my life as I was with her, and I will not have my recollections of her made less bright. She drew us from you yourself, Don Whiskerando."

Some one in the regiment having discovered that Algernon in the old Norman French meant "with the whiskers," this name had stuck to D'Arcy, though his cheek was as smooth as mine.

"Well, wolf or lamb, I cannot let you into the fold," said Macpherson: "my introduction would be a bad passport."

"Then I must be my own Master of the Ceremonies," said Hugh composedly.

The giant chuckled till his broad shoulders shook, as he replied, "No, no, Master Hugh! you are a clever fellow and daring, I know; but you will not succeed in getting into that house."

"I will bet you a pony I am there by invitation in less than a week, and without any introduction," cried Hugh.

"Done!" exclaimed Macpherson, eagerly.

"Ah! Little John, you are sure to lose," said his sub: "Crichton always succeeds. Why, I would bet another pony he marries the heiress within six months."

Now, in his turn, Hugh cried "Done" so sharply, that we all laughed heartily at his vehement objection to the bondage of matrimony.

"What a lovely girl!" exclaimed D'Arcy, suddenly recovering his gravity. "Such golden hair! and such a delicious profile! She walks like a goddess too."

With wonderful activity Macpherson sprang to his feet, and looked out in the direction to which D'Arcy pointed.

"She really is a clipper," he said: "there is something in her face that reminds me of my cousin Flora, but *she* could not possibly be out at this hour, even with that venerable duenna to protect her."

Hugh, who had been lounging comfortably on two or three chairs, had been less expeditious in his movements. Finding that the whole window was blocked up by Macpherson, he exclaimed impatiently, "Do get your unwieldy form out of the way, Mac, and let me see this prodigy."

The good-natured giant only laughed as he betook himself again to the oppressed chair. Hugh, however, gained nothing, for the girl and her attendant were already out of sight in the deep shadow.

"I imagine it is no great loss," he said; "it must have been the moonlight that made some red-cheeked and red-haired village girl look pale and ethereal. There is no lack of pretty girls here, but I have seen none that looked like a goddess."

We sat and chatted for some hours. One recollection of old days recalled another in a seemingly endless chain.

"I shall go down to the loch-side for a quarter of an hour before turning in," said D'Arcy, when at length they rose to leave us.

"I will stroll down with you," said Hugh. And accordingly he accompanied them, while I took myself off to bed.

As soon as they reached the loch, D'Arcy, who had a large share of the romantic in his disposition, seated himself and began to expatiate on the tranquil beauty of the scene. His more matter-of-fact comrade amused himself by picking up stones, which most men would have found difficulty in lifting, and hurling them at the reflection of the moon, till the ripple afforded a myriad of sparkles instead of one bright orb.

"I see you have not forgotten your old feats," observed Hugh.

"Not he!" said D'Arcy: "I really think the fellow gets stronger every day. He astonished the people up at Glenmarec last week, by beating them all at throwing the hammer and putting the stone."

The Captain, who was six feet five inches in height, and large in proportion, was generally acknowledged to be the most powerful man in the service. The Sub, on the other hand, had a slight well-knit frame, under the middle height, and his activity was almost as remarkable as his friend's strength.

"Well, I think I am stronger than I was five years ago," said Macpherson, complacently: "but I will soon see. There is a stone hereabouts which I could only just manage to move a foot or so then—perhaps I can do better now. Ah! that is it that you are sitting upon."

D'Arcy rose from a block of granite, which we now saw was the fragment of a pillar covered with old Runic characters.

Macpherson stooped and grasped the rude mass, but he could not even stir it.

"Ah! Samson, what, Delilah has shorn you?" asked D'Arcy, mockingly.

"What I did when I was a boy I can surely do now," muttered the giant, and again he bent to the task. Every muscle seemed strained to the utmost as with a mighty effort he raised the block. Then he threw it down so that it rested on the side that had been uppermost.

"Bravo! Little John!" cried Hugh; "so you have not lost your old pluck. Try now if you can roll it into the lake."

"No, no," he replied, "the villagers used it for

something, though really I forget what. I expect they will be rather seared as it is. Besides, I can assure you, that heave was work enough for one night, and now I mean to turn in."

"And I shall follow your example," said D'Arey: "we have a long march before us to-morrow."

"Well, do not forget you are both to breakfast with Lionel and me," said Hugh, as they separated in front of the Inn.

CHAPTER II.

We were a jovial party at breakfast the next morning; but we could not linger over the meal, for our visitors were obliged to leave at an early hour.

"Do not forget your bet with me," said Macpherson, with a laugh of triumph, as he took leave of us.

"Nor with me," echoed D'Arey.

"I shall win them both easily enough," replied Hugh, with quiet confidence.

"And if you like I will lay you each another pony," I said, and my bets were at once taken.

"You young gambler!" exclaimed Hugh: "but you are on the right side this time, I will pull you through."

I did not need his assurances to make me certain of success. As to his gaining admittance to Corriemore, I could feel no doubt, for I had a firm belief that anything within the bounds of possibility *he* could accomplish. Then as to his being caught, I had never seen any one I considered worthy of him, and I felt a pride in his invulnerability.

Again the merry drums and fifes called the villagers to gaze upon their warlike visitors, as they took their departure. Soon even Macpherson's stalwart form was undistinguishable, as the long line sparkling in the sun wound along the valley like a glittering serpent.

"Well, it has been a treat to see their old faces again," said Hugh; "I shall go and knock over a few brace of grouse now, but I will not be out long, for I don't like to leave you here to mope by yourself."

"Don't spoil your sport by fretting about me," I replied: "I shall be quite happy with this pile of new books, and I positively object to being pestered with you before dinner-time."

The very day I sprained my ankle by treading on a rolling stone on the hill-side, Hugh wrote off to Mudie's, and almost immediately a huge box of books arrived for me. Among his other good qualities he is a pattern elder brother. Not only does he make me a handsome allowance, and use all the interest he can for me at the Foreign Office, but he is continually making me acceptable presents, or bestirring himself to give me a lift in the world in some way. Indeed he sets an example in this respect that not many of the tribe would care to follow. But I must take into consideration that very few of them can have younger brothers of equal merit.

For an hour or two I whiled away the time very agreeably with a new novel. Then our motherly old landlady came in, ostensibly to ask me if I would have any lunch, which she well knew I never ate, but in reality to have a chat with me. She dearly loved a good gossip, and she pitied me for being thus kept prisoner, so with these two good reasons she often spent an hour by my sofa to cheer me up a wee, as she said.

Of course (for she was a woman, though a grandmother) her first subject was the soldier laddies, that unusual sight to her. Then she went on to wonder at Captain Macpherson being among them.

"He wa' a bonnie chiel, and it gladdened her auld een to see him again, though he and the laird couldna gree togither."

"You seem to know him well," I said: "yet it is some time ago that he was here last."

"Yes," she answered, "I wa' Miss Flora's ain foster-mither, sae I aft gaed up to the great house to see her winson face."

"Captain Macpherson said a girl who passed the window last night was very like her," I exclaimed, interrupting the old dame: "could it have been Miss Mac Awe?"

She coloured deeply, and asked me in an injured tone, if I thought it likely Miss Flora would be rambling about like that, as if she were a cotter's daughter. Then, as though to change the subject, she returned to her praise of the soldier laddies.

Even while she dwelt upon this engrossing subject I could perceive that she had something upon her mind. She spoke in that hushed tone that we involuntarily use when we fear that some one near us is on the point of death, and jokingly I told her so.

To my surprise she wiped away a tear as she replied: "I fear an auld race is at its death thraw, and my heart is sair, for they were aye gude to me an' mine."

Then she proceeded to ask me if I had seen the Clach-na-hurich. Finding that I had not even heard of it, she hastened to give me a full account of the marvel.

Ages and ages ago the fairies had set this magic stone on the shore of the little loch. It was covered with strange characters, which they alone could read, and these inscriptions bore reference to the history of the Mac Awes, whose fate was somehow bound up with it.

Whether the fairies themselves had acted as interpreters, or some seer had been sufficiently gifted, she could not say, but one of the predictions had been handed down from father to son, and she rolled it out in sonorous Gaelic. As I had not studied a language of very little use in diplomacy, she favoured me with a version in Lowland Scotch, which I will retranslate into English:

> "Mac Awe's long reign is well nigh sped,
> When Clach-na-hurich leaves its bed;
> But when the fairies turn it o'er,
> Mac Awe will soon be laird no more,
> The Saxon comes to Corriemore."

In awe-struck tones she assured me that about five years ago this fatal stone had been moved from its bed. The very next day news came of the death of the laird's second son (the elder had gone long before), so Corriemore and Miss Flora were left the last of their race.

But now came the important revelation.

In the night Clach-na-hurich had not only been moved, but it had positively been turned over, though no human force could stir it. There could be no doubt

HIAWATHA'S SAILING.

"Thus the Birch Canoe was builded
In the valley, by the river,
In the bosom of the forest;
And the forest's life was in it,
All its mystery and its magic,
All the lightness of the birch-tree,
All the toughness of the cedar,
All the larch's supple sinews;
And it floated on the river
Like a yellow leaf in Autumn,
Like a yellow water-lily.
Paddles none had Hiawatha,
Paddles none he had or needed,
For his thoughts as paddles served him,
And his wishes served to guide him;
Swift or slow at will he glided,
Veer'd to right or left at pleasure."

of what this foretold—the old laird would soon be in his grave, while some Englishman married to Miss Flora would rule at Corriemore.

The whole village, she said, was in a commotion. Nothing was spoken of but this preternatural event, and she feared it would quickly reach Corriemore's ears. Evidently she thought when this occurred, the prophecy would work its own fulfilment, for the knowledge that he was thus doomed must be a heavy blow. In vain I tried to soothe her. She would not be comforted, and any doubt thrown upon the omen she seemed to look upon as an impiety.

While we were at dinner I repeated this marvellous story to Hugh.

How he laughed! It was some time before he could speak. When, however, the paroxysm was over he gave me an account of Macpherson's feat of the previous evening, and of his confession of a similar performance years ago.

"Do not tell this to the old dame," he said: "it will be delightful to see them all mystified."

"I will not betray him," I replied, with assumed solemnity: "for she would look upon him as a parricide. So the house of Mac Awe is doomed. The fairies have not the less permitted their throne to be overturned because they made use of human agency. Hugh, I tremble for my bet. I fear *you* are this usurping Sassanach."

CHAPTER III.

"I intend to take my rod and have a cast or two for a salmon," said Hugh at breakfast next morning. "Very likely I shall come across Corriemore, and have an opportunity of commencing the siege."

"Well, luck go with you!" I replied; "for you are playing for my money as well as your own."

He was no novice, and he soon had two fine fish in his creel. The stream in which he was wading, protected by huge waterproof boots, divided the estates of Glenauley and Corriemore, both lairds having rights of

PAU-PUK-KEEWIS.

"'Hark you!' shouted Pau-Puk-Keewis,
As he enter'd at the doorway;
'I am tired of all this talking,
Tired of old Iagoo's stories,
Tired of Hiawatha's wisdom.
Here is something to amuse you,
Better than this endless talking.'
Then from out his pouch of wolf-skin
Forth he drew, with solemn manner,
All the game of Bowl and Counters,
Pugasaing, with thirteen pieces.
White on one side were they painted,
And vermilion on the other;
Two Kenabeeks or great serpents,
Two Inincwug or wedge-men,
One great war-club, Pugamaugun,
And one slender fish, the Keego,
Four round pieces, Ozawabeeks,
And three Sheshebwug or ducklings.
All were made of bone and painted,
All except the Ozawabeeks;
These were brass, on one side burnish'd,
And were black upon the other.
In a wooden bowl he placed them,
Shook and jostled them together,
Threw them on the ground before him,
Thus exclaiming and explaining:"—

[*See Review of the Song of Hiawatha*, p. 157.]

fishery. In one place the gardens of Corriemore, famed far and wide, ran down to the water's edge.

When he arrived at this spot, Hugh looked carefully about. Soon his eye brightened, for it had fallen upon the object it sought.

An old but hearty-looking man was stooping over a flower-bed with some tool in his hand. Hugh immediately crossed the stream, and stepping on to the bank made his way towards him. He did not approach him directly, however, but wandered about, as if admiring, as he well might, the beautiful grounds with such rare flowers and shrubs.

He had managed so that a bed of fuschias, forming a regular bush, should intervene between them, as he approached the old man, whom he could thus scrutinize unobserved. Evidently he was a gentleman, though it was hardly to be guessed from his garb,—his wide-brimmed straw hat was burnt quite brown, his grey suit was patched and stained in many places, and even his leather gaiters were frayed by long wear. In his hand was a light spud, with which he was uprooting a few very juvenile weeds.

Hugh easily recognised Corriemore, and from what he had learned of his peculiarities, his plans were already formed. Taking a few steps on one side, so as to come into view, he busied himself with the examination of

an exotic Alpine plant, which seemed quite at home in its new clime.

Soon, as he expected, he heard a shout of, "Who the deuce are you, prying about in another man's grounds as if you were the owner?"

Hugh started up.

"Ah! you will be Corriemore's head gardener," he said, after looking at him for a moment: "so I need not tell you it was almost impossible to resist the temptation of having a look at these beautiful grounds, which I came upon as I was fishing yonder. The last time I saw this plant I was high up among the Himalayahs."

The old man's frown relaxed, and his voice was a trifle less gruff as he said: "Pooh! you might as well go into a jeweller's, and take up a diamond ring, because you could not resist the temptation of admiring such a gem. What business have you here at all, fishing in the laird's waters?"

"I am Captain De Lacy, and Glenauley, who has the right, has given me leave," replied Hugh.

"Ah! I have heard tell of you;" said the supposed gardener. "Though you are a Saxon, I see you know how to call people. The friend Glenauley sent up last year, told me he came from Mr. Macleod, and asked me if these were Mr. Mac Awe's grounds."

Hugh laughed.

"My grandmother," he said, "was a Macleod of Glenauley, so I have some Scotch blood in my veins. As I am here perhaps you will show me the greenhouses. I know your time must be valuable, and I do not wish to rob you of it."

He held out a half sovereign as he spoke.

"If my time is of any value, it is to Corriemore," said the old man with a grin, but this view of the case, true as it was, did not prevent him from pocketing the coin with alacrity.

Hugh followed him through the grounds, and through the ranges of hot-houses, showering well-deserved praises on all he saw. He even discussed the rare exotics and their habitats, for he had somehow picked up a wonderful knowledge of botany, in that marvellous way of his, which won him his regimental nickname.

Corriemore, however, found time to remark: "I think I have heard Major Macpherson, the laird's nephew, speak of you. Were you not in the same regiment?"

"Yes," replied Hugh, "and he is one of the best fellows I know. He has quarrelled, I hear, with Corriemore, but I am certain it was the uncle's fault."

"They say he boasted that the Macphersons beat the Mac Awes at Stratheonan," growled the old man, with a glare of defiance, as if he dared any one to maintain the slander.

"Pshaw!" replied Hugh; "if he stands up for his father's blood, he does as much for his mother's. Last night I began to repeat that Corriemore was close-fisted, when he cut me short, because he said he would not hear a word against his uncle."

The old gentleman's eyes glistened, but he turned to some rarity, and resumed their botanical discussion.

Before they parted he had quite thawed: he so rarely met any one with whom he could mount his hobby, that it was indeed a treat to him.

All was going right, but Hugh was cautious, and as he picked up his creel and stept into the stream, he said in an off-hand manner, "Corriemore really has a treasure in such a gardener. Good-bye, old boy."

The laird's grim smile at Hugh's supposed blunder tried his gravity severely, but not till he had got out of earshot down the stream did he indulge in the peel of laughter, with which he was bursting. A rosy-cheeked, bare-legged lassie, who was washing some clothes in the shallow water, stared at him in wonder, and settled to her satisfaction that the poor man must be fey.

"Well, Lionel, I am on the right track to win our bets," were the first words with which he greeted me, and he reported progress amidst shouts of laughter.

For several days Hugh favoured the grouse, and carefully avoided the stream. He would not risk anything by being too precipitate.

Even when on the fourth day he again took his rod, he whipt the water assiduously without approaching Corriemore, though he saw him at no great distance in the garden.

His patience was rewarded, for presently the old man came to the bank for a talk, and soon persuaded him to come up to one of the hot-houses to see a new Kalliphyle, which was just coming into flower.

Of course they fell again into a long chat.

When they came out of the hot-house, and were standing just by the side of the house, Hugh took the largest fish out of his creel, and, as he wished his companion good-day, presented it to him.

"What a fine fellow," cried the old man. "Come in with me, and give it to my daughter."

Kicking off the huge waterproof boots, which drew on over his knickerbockers, ribbed stockings, and light brogues, Hugh followed him into the hall.

"Why, this is the great house!" exclaimed Hugh.

"All right!" said the old gentleman, and opening a door, he shouted: "Flora, here is a present for you, a fine salmon. Give the man who has brought it the half sovereign I put on the mantel-piece last Tuesday."

A lovely girl with golden hair ran out, and looking more at the fish than its bearer, handed the coin to Hugh.

"Flora," said Corriemore, with a chuckle of delight, "this is the gentleman who took your grandfather for a gardener, and gave him that half sovereign for showing him the grounds."

Hugh coloured, for he felt that he must appear in a ridiculous light in the eyes of that beautiful girl. He could not well explain that; in fact, that was a moment of triumph for him.

He was glad to hide his confusion by profuse apologies to Corriemore for his far from flattering blunder, as he must still let it appear.

CHAPTER IV.

Once give Hugh a footing, and trust him for keeping it. Soon he was a constant and a welcome guest at Corriemore.

He owned to me that he used his utmost efforts to captivate them, partly because there was some triumph in winning over such an old misanthrope as his host,

but still more because he felt that his duty to himself required him to remove the unfavourable impression such an introduction must have produced upon Flora Mac Awe. It is strange how much more conscientiously we perform our duties to ourselves than any others. It may be because such duties so often coincide with our own wishes, which perhaps explains the first difficulty, but certainly leaves another to be solved.

My sprain turned out to be more severe than I had anticipated. It still kept me to my sofa, so that I could not get to see Flora Mac Awe, though I heard enough about her from Hugh to make me feel very anxious to make the acquaintance of a girl who could win such praise from him.

It was not till a fortnight after Hugh had won our first bet, that I managed to get across a Shetland pony and ride up to Corriemore for dinner.

In spite of all I had heard in favour of Flora (a thing which generally inspires me with a decided dislike to the individual), I was not in the least disappointed in her. What greater proof can I give of her charms? The only thing to which I objected was that she would pet me almost as if she looked upon me as a boy, though I was at least a year older than herself. I supposed, however, it was because I was an invalid, and, having thus reconciled it to my dignity, rather enjoyed it.

Before very long I perceived that Hugh had done "his duty to himself" most completely. Evidently any unfavourable impression in Flora's mind, if it had ever been formed, was not only removed but replaced by a very different feeling.

For a moment I almost feared that he too was rather smitten, and a thought flitted across my mind that my second pony might, after all, be in some jeopardy. But I was quickly at ease again, for how could one who was proof against the blandishments of England's proudest beauties, be caught by the charms of a little rustic, winning as she was?

Still as I watched them, I thought they looked, in their different styles, worthy of each other. She, graceful as a lily, and as exquisitely fair, with a wealth of golden tresses, and the softest blue eyes beaming gently upon him. He, dark and handsome, looking every inch a soldier, with the sabre cut on his brow, and his sweeping black moustache; his somewhat lofty air being almost laid aside as he met her glance with a kindly smile.

Yes, after all, he might do worse, if he *must* tie himself up at all yet. And as the head of the family it certainly was his duty to take fit measures for maintaining it.

I could not even grumble at his losing the bet, for I was on velvet thanks to him. In short, like a sensible fellow, I was prepared to make a merit of necessity, and to sacrifice any wishes of my own with good grace.

As we were going home I said to Hugh, who was walking by the side of my pony, "You must not let matrimony spoil you, old fellow. At all events I shall be proud of my sister-in-law."

His scornful protestations did not shake my belief in the least. They were a *leetle* too vehement. I felt that he was endeavouring to convince himself as well as me.

After this first evening I was constantly with Flora, and I almost fell in love with her myself. She was so warm-hearted and unaffected, so pure and simple-minded, that she was quite refreshing after the hackneyed, wide-awake London belles. Yet she had a natural graceful dignity, fitting her to take the place in society due to Hugh's wife.

I was not surprised, though I was amused, when I saw that his case was getting daily more desperate. He, the strong swimmer, who had braved so many dangers, was quite out of his depth now, and struggled in vain against the current. Or rather, he made no effort, and drifted down contentedly with it.

Corriemore must have seen what was going on, but he made no sign. He had ample opportunities of forming his own judgment of Hugh, and he knew where to acquire full information as to his station and circumstances. Of course the match was all he could desire—the only drawback was, that it was impossible to ask Hugh to change his name for his bride's. But even this difficulty was not insurmountable, for the second son might inherit his mother's name and estate.

I laughing suggested this to Hugh one evening, and the old stager actually blushed—a strong confirmation of my opinion, if any was required. Still to the last moment he would not own the soft impeachment.

One afternoon we three were sitting together in the drawing-room at Corriemore, while the old laird was, as usual, strolling about the garden, spud in hand. Flo. was teasing Hugh for some warlike reminiscences, and presently, in his description, Macpherson's name turned up.

"How like him!" she exclaimed. "You know he is my cousin. I wish he had not quarrelled with grandpapa. When I heard his voice the evening he passed through the village, I could hardly resist calling him to me."

"Then it was you they saw," cried Hugh.

She coloured so brightly that I wondered what could be the cause, but instantaneously it flashed upon me.

"I do believe you overheard us talking of you!" I exclaimed.

The blush that had barely left her cheek lit it up again, and her eyes flashed as I had never seen them flash before.

"Yes, my old foster-mother was just opening the door to let me out, and I could not avoid it," she said. "You were all four unwarrantably impertinent to take such a liberty with my name."

I was suddenly mindful of a question I wished to ask Corriemore. Muttering something to that effect, I hurried out by the open window.

The crisis, I felt, was at hand, and my presence could be dispensed with.

I just heard Hugh exclaim impetuously, "Ah! Flora, that was before I—," and then I had passed out of earshot.

What took place I will not attempt to describe. I could never get a very clear account of it from either Hugh or Flo.

The result of the interview may, however, be gathered from a letter she wrote to Captain Macpherson only two days later :—

"Corriemore.

"Dear Cousin,

"Grandpapa is too busy to-day to write, but he bids me tell you to forget by-gones, and come to my wedding.

"Hugh and Lionel send you a message, that you may hand over to Mr. D'Arcy a pony for each of them. You deserved to lose for making me the subject of a bet, but if you *must* lay a wager, chargers would have been more befitting the occasion than ponies. Do not imagine you have been betrayed, for I was at my old nurse's and overheard you.

"The 20th of next month is the day, but come as soon as you can.

"Your affectionate cousin,

"Flora Mac Awe."

P. S. "They tell me I may thank you and the Fairies for my Saxon husband (by the bye he is more Norman than Saxon, but that, I suppose, does not interfere with the spell). Grandpapa is tougher, and means to live on against Fate."

THE HEART OF COMMERCE.

BY C. BROWNE.

Down in the cellar-chambers of the Bank of England is kept under bolt and bar, lock and key, watchman and sentinel, that precious metal which supports the public credit of Great Britain. The privileged visitor will see there strong chests, full of the glittering bullion, or ready for its reception. Were those chests once to become empty, great would be the disaster not only in this country, but in France, and Austria, and Prussia, and Spain and Portugal, and Belgium and Holland, in the United States, in South America, in Asia, and, we may say, in almost every civilized or semi-civilized corner of the globe. Commerce is a vast organism, the heart of which is seated in London, and upon its regular action depends the health of the whole monetary system of the world: as in the human constitution, its pulses beat feebly or strongly, slowly or quickly, according to the state of its grand central organs. Other countries have their Banks and their financial systems; but their ramifications are neither so extensive nor so important as our Bank. They might fail, but the misery and distress produced by such an event would be comparatively local. The operations of the Bank of England are universal. It may, therefore, be interesting to some of our readers to learn how this mighty machinery has been created, and some few particulars of its mode of working.

Money has always been a desired object. It has been recognised as a great power, in all ages and countries of the world; and the "omnipotent dollar" of the Yankees illustrates at once the degree of appreciation with which it is regarded by our go-ahead brethren of the West. For although gold cannot, as philosophers sagely warn us, purchase everything—though it cannot satisfy the innumerable and illimitable longings of our spiritual natures—although it cannot absolutely yield peace of mind, contentment of heart, and satisfaction of soul, or give health to the sick, eyes to the blind, and the sense of hearing to the deaf; still gold can procure so many material gratifications, all which may tend to relieve the above-enumerated ills, and appeal through the senses to the spirit, through the material to the immaterial, that all eyes are turned towards this precious ore, as towards the elixir of life. It is true the quadrature of the "circle of happiness" has not been solved, yet every one is willing to solve it as nearly as possible, and even allow that pounds, shillings, and pence are the best figures by which to work out the sum of this life's felicity, and arrive at an approximate solution of the problem. Curiously enough, the desire of this golden commodity is not confined to peasants and plebeian tradesmen alone. Chancellors of the Exchequer and Autocrats, Public Companies and aristocracies, all may be found grasping after it, and some of them, strange to say, have had recourse to the most ridiculous as well as criminal means to be masters of it.

But a truce to this. Long ago, that is to say, during the Saxon Heptarchy, we first read of anything like banking business being done in England. This business was conducted by Jews and Lombards, who made a profitable affair of lending out money and taking exorbitant interest for it. At this time, however, and for nearly eight centuries after, it was illegal to take interest, and so they risked their money. But the kings and other influential persons found the services of these Jews and Lombards so useful, especially in giving letters of credit, when travelling on the Continent, or making a pilgrimage, warlike or otherwise, to the Holy Land, that they winked at these illegalities, and gave encouragement to these bankers, so that for some time before the reign of Edward the Second the Longobards had a regular quarter in the city, now known as Lombard Street. They bought and sold bullion as any other commercial article, and were, in fact, the principal goldsmiths of London, until the Exchangers' Laws were promulgated, which forbade the bankers generally to export coin out of the realm, the king reserving this privilege for his special favourites. In the reign of Henry the Seventh, however, this monopoly was discontinued, and only revived by the infatuated and reckless Charles the First, who appointed the Earl of Holland "changer, exchanger, and outchanger," in spite of the ill-feeling it created amongst the commercial body at large. In 1546 an Act was passed legalizing the taking of interest, and the rate allowed was ten per cent. In 1714, however, this rate was deemed exorbitant, and the amount was reduced to five per cent., the standard at present allowed. During the reign of Charles the Second several private banks were established—as Child's near Temple Bar in 1663; Hoare and Co.'s in 1680; Snow's and Co. in the Strand in 1685; and Stone, Martin, and Stone, said to be the successors of Sir Thomas Gresham.

The monetary system of the country was up to this time in a very unsatisfactory state. The public paid twenty, thirty, and even forty per cent. for their money. The kings used frequently to borrow small sums of the common-councilmen, and these worthy functionaries

went round from house to house within their respective wards, until the required amount was collected. Charles the Second played a most dishonest trick upon the goldsmiths. He borrowed from them £1,328,526, and immediately after, at the facetious suggestion of his cabal, shut up the Exchequer, or, in other words, repudiated his debt. This took place in 1672. With the Revolution, however, came a reformation of the monetary system of the kingdom. William Patterson, a Scotchman, presented to William the Third, in 1691, the plan of a National Bank, the object of which was "to support public credit, and relieve the government from the ruinous terms at which it obtained money." The subscribers were to receive eight per cent. for their money. Three years later this plan was adopted. William authorized a commission to take subscriptions for £1,200,000 out of the £1,500,000 which the taxes were expected to realise, and, further, to incorporate the shareholders into a Company. This Company was empowered to buy land, to deal in bills of exchange, in gold and in silver bullion. It might sell also unredeemed goods, upon which money had been advanced; but it could not traffic in ordinary merchandise. The original charter also restricted the Company from lending money to Government without the sanction of Parliament, the penalty being a fine of three times the amount lent, one-fifth of which was to go to the informer. In 1792, however, this restriction was withdrawn, on the condition that the money advanced to Government should be annually laid before Parliament. A check was thus placed upon any exorbitant expenditure on the part of the Executive.

The charter of the Company is only granted for a limited period, and hitherto the occasion of granting a new one has been an opportunity to the Government of obtaining better terms. The first charter dates back to the year 1697, and was to hold good for fourteen years. In 1708, however, a second was granted for twenty-five years, but this was cancelled in 1712, by another empowering the Bank to act upon its regulations for thirty-one years. In 1742 the charter was renewed for twenty-three years; in 1763 for the same period; in 1781 for thirty-one years; in 1800 for thirty-three years; and in 1833 for twenty-two years. The charter has never been allowed to expire, nor even to run its full length, whilst the direction of the Bank is always subject to government control and legislative interference. For example, in 1844 a law was passed by the exertions of Sir Robert Peel, entirely changing the character of the establishment. Up to this time "the Bank had based its issues of notes upon the gold within its walls; but it confounded its ordinary operations of banking with its duty as a department of the state, issuing notes which are practically the money of the state. The deposits of its customers may be sent in and out in the most rapid manner and withdrawn by cheque. Thus, by confounding its two departments, the Bank was quite unable to make the paper-money expand and contract, exactly as a purely metallic circulation would expand and contract; and it was liable to make over-issues in the face of exchanges without knowing. The principal object of the Act of 1844, passed by Sir Robert Peel, was to divide the two functions; the Issue Department was separated from the Banking Department. The *Issue* Department is the state department, only under the control of an important commercial body. The *Banking* Department is a private establishment, belonging exclusively to the Company of the Bank of England, and without any interference from the state, beyond the necessity of producing summary accounts every week. The rules are these: Government owes the Bank of England £11,000,000; the Bank holds permanent securities, fixed property, &c., worth about £3,000,000. On the strength of this permanent property it is allowed to issue fourteen millions of pounds in notes; and for every note issued beyond this amount it must have gold in the strong boxes of the Issue Department. Thus, on the notes issued against bullion, there is a constant contraction and expansion; and the effect is produced of making the paper circulation contract and expand exactly as a purely metallic circulation contracts and expands." By this means is the public credit of Great Britain sustained and insured.

The Bank, as a building, is one of the lions of London. It is visited by nearly all the curiosity-hunters, both native and foreign, who set foot in the metropolis, and is therefore amply described in Handbooks, Travellers' Manuals, &c., and dilated upon by guides, interpreters, and porters. It will, therefore, be unnecessary for us to give any very elaborate account of it, either externally or internally. A few particulars may, however, be worthy of notice. The more ancient portion of the Bank stands upon ground once occupied by the mansion and garden of Sir John Houblon, the first governor of the Bank. The first stone was laid in 1732; and the centre of the south front, the hall, and the bullion court erected from designs furnished by Mr. George Sampson. Previously the business of the establishment had been carried on at the Grocers' Hall in the Poultry. Between the years 1766 and 1788, the east and west wings were constructed by Sir R. Taylor, whilst Sir John Soane completed the whole edifice—an irregular quadrilateral figure—which covers four acres and a half of ground. It may be worth mentioning, that the garden court was formerly a churchyard, and it is reported that stretched beneath the playful fountains of this garden one of the clerks lies buried. He was of enormous stature, and his friends, fearing lest his colossal remains might tempt the resurrectionists if deposited in an open churchyard, prayed the Directors to allow him to be interred within the protected precincts of the Bank. A stone thrown formerly from this plot of ground might have reached two other churches besides St. Christopher's, to which the cemetery belonged.

Entering from the Royal Exchange, and traversing the bullion court, the visitor enters the hall, the original portion of the building, where bank-notes are presented to be converted into gold. There is nothing striking in this chamber, if we except the statue of King William the Third, set up in 1735. It is fitted up much like any other banking hall. But being conducted under a low deep door-way, the stranger enters a room of considerable size, lined, as it were, to the height of six or seven feet, with long upright iron fire-proof chests, or rather cupboards. Several of these chests were labelled "Copper," "Old Coins," "Sixpences," "Shillings," &c. On our visiting this room a courteous

gentleman unlocked one of these safes, and putting into our hand a small packet of papers neatly tied round with string, said, "Sir, you hold in your hand a million," the fact being that we were holding notes to that amount. Taking us to another of these upright chests having two massive locks, he unlocked the upper one, whilst another bland gentleman, emerging from a spot close by, unlocked the under one. This safe was full of strong, small, well-filled bags, similar to those used for carrying shot. Placing in our hand one of these bags, the courteous gentleman observed, "Sir, you hold a thousand pounds in sovereigns in your hands." The bag was heavy, and contrasted with the lighter weight but greater value of the notes. In fact, by a calculation we made on the spot, we ascertained that a thousand sovereigns weighed above twenty pounds, and that it required 384 bank-notes to weigh a pound troy. We left this room, and proceeding down a long corridor, found ourselves in a hall of considerable dimensions, in which a great number of clerks were thumbing over piles of bank-notes. Here all the notes which have been cashed are returned to be sorted and entered. The desks are most of them covered with a green baize cloth, to protect the eye, as far as possible, from the injurious glare of the white paper, upon which it is constantly fixed. Sometimes a bank-note issued in the morning from another part of the building returns to this hall before evening. Many notes, however, which leave the Bank never come back, but, like a lost pin, fly from hand to hand, till they are accidentally destroyed, or wander into the chest of an old miser, where they are imprisoned and perish of damp, or rot, or are consumed by fire. Upwards of a million is paid into the Bank daily, in the shape of notes. When cashed a corner is torn off, and this now valueless piece of paper, after being duly entered in the books, is deposited in chambers beneath the sorting-room, where it is kept ten years, in case it may be required as testimony at some future trial, or to settle any other legal difficulties. In one of the court-yards of the building is a large circular cage, not unlike a monkey's cage, or a cage for a colony of small birds. Within this cage is an octagonal furnace constructed of bricks, laid only half over each other so as to afford ample ventilation. This is the funeral-pyre of the bank-notes. In this furnace, once a month, all the notes that were received during the month previous ten years back are consumed. The furnace is five feet high, by at least ten in diameter; yet we are assured that it is completely filled by the number returned during one month.

Close by, is the department assigned to the paper-rulers, book-binders, engravers, and printers of the establishment. The room of special interest is that in which the notes are worked off. There are three or four machines in operation. These delicate thin waifs of paper are placed under a moderately-sized roller, or as we ought more properly to say out of respect for the language of science, a moderately-sized cylinder, and then passed over the type. The number and the signature of the chief-cashier alone are wanting to give validity to this document. The paper itself is not manufactured in London, but at an establishment near Whitchurch in Hampshire, superintended by Mr. Wyndham Portal, in whose family it has been for several years. The specimens of paper fabricated at these mills are remarkable for the extreme fineness, delicacy, and strength of their texture. The great object is to produce a material having a special mark and character, which shall not easily be detected, and which cannot be imitated. The machinery for printing the notes is worked by steam. Two boys attend each press, and it is said that upwards of thirty thousand can be struck off in an hour, by means of the machinery in use. In the same room a hand-press is kept and still worked, as if to show the visitor the wonderful superiority of the one over the other.

On the eastern side of the building is the Dividend Department, whither those who are fortunate enough to have property in the funds repair once a quarter—January, April, July, and October—to receive their dues. Beneath a lofty cupola are fixed concentric ranges of counters, and across these, on such occasions, the quarter of twenty-five millions is paid away. Immediately adjoining this hall is the room in which the transfer of stock takes place. It is the first effort of Sir John Soane in his character as architect to the establishment, and is noticeable, like his other productions, for too much ornamentation. A glazed dome, supported by numerous caryatidæ, gives light to the room, and reveals a number of dingy yellow-covered volumes, lying upon a long table. These books represent stock to the amount of about £774,000,000, and within the names of all holders are alphabetically written. There is little special interest in the Issue Department, situated in the south-west corner of the building.

Like many private establishments, the Bank of England has had its seasons of trial and difficulty. Within three years after its foundation it was unable, owing to the great coinage of 1696, to meet its liabilities, and for a time suspended payment in cash, giving only small instalments of coin, and the rest in paper. Fortunately, however, its Directors were prudent enough to steer clear of that gigantic scheme of speculation, so well remembered as the South Sea Bubble; and whilst a great part of the country and France were plunged in ruin and distress by the failure of the scheme, the Bank stood firm and weathered the crisis. In 1745, the year in which the Pretender landed in Scotland and made his celebrated descent upon England, a general panic shook the people. A run was made upon it, and though its capital exceeded ten millions, there was not enough specie in its coffers to meet the demand. It was therefore *reduced*—distressing expedient! pitiable alternative!—*to pay in shillings, and even sixpences.* But its credit was sustained. In the year 1797 a similar kind of danger threatened the Bank, which was averted by the prompt decision of the Council of State. It should be remembered that the precious metals can be transmitted to foreign capitals, as an article of merchandise, and sometimes with a considerable profit. Again, when the balance abroad is against us, of course, gold instead of bills has to be sent. Now it so happened that during the years 1795 and 1796, we had imported a large amount of French goods, whilst France on the contrary had taken very little of English products. The result was a drain upon our specie to such an extent that, on the memorable 26th of February, 1797, only £1,086,170 of

bullion and coin remained in the Bank. The same evening a Gazette Extraordinary was published, announcing the landing of French troops in Wales. It was foreseen that on the ensuing Monday a violent run upon the Bank would take place; but the next day (Sunday) an Order of Council was issued, prohibiting the Directors from paying their notes in cash, until the sense of Parliament had been taken on the subject. Parliament met soon, and within ten days an Act was passed, authorizing £1 and £2 notes to be issued, and prohibiting the payment of cash, except for sums under twenty shillings. At the period of its suspending cash payments the Bank was in possession of property, after all claims upon it had been deducted, to the amount of £15,513,960, as proved to the satisfaction of the Committee of Secrecy, appointed to investigate its affairs. From this time to 1816 many important monetary operations were found necessary. For example, in 1797, Spanish dollars, valued at 4*s.* 6*d.*, were issued with the impress of the London mint upon them. They were discovered, however, to be worth 2*d.* more, and they were then prized at 4*s.* 9*d.* In 1804 the crown or five-shilling piece was issued; and shortly after the "token" of 3*s.* and 1*s.* 6*d.* In 1817 the Bank declared they would give cash for their £1 and £2 notes; but in 1819 a bill was passed through Parliament in two days, prohibiting payment in specie, it having been ascertained that during the two years preceding five millions of gold had been exported to foreign countries. The fallacious principle of this bill seems to have been soon made evident, for in the same year the celebrated Act, known as Peel's Act, was passed, requiring the absolute resumption of cash payments by the 1st of May, 1823, thus reversing the Act of the previous few months. By this measure the Bank had to raise twenty millions of gold in four years. A general panic in 1825 reduced the bullion and coin of the Bank to £1,027,000, lower than it had ever yet fallen, but the exertions of the Directors were unwearying; new supplies of gold daily arrived, and the crisis was once more weathered. The subsequent operations of this establishment seem to have convinced those who are best acquainted with the principles of banking that Peel's Act, which it was predicted would bring such disaster upon the commercial body of this country, is sound in theory and practice.

A few facts relative to the history of the Bank-note, in addition to those we have already stated, may perhaps prove not unacceptable to the reader. Before the year 1759, no notes of less value than £20 were issued. Subsequently £15 and then £10 notes were issued; and in 1794, £5 notes. Three years after this, £1 and £2 notes, as we have seen, were authorized; but after an existence of twenty years or so they were called in and cash given in exchange. Since that time the lowest note has been the £5 note, the lowest standard of the present day. The Bank never reissues the same note, even if it is returned the same day it is sent out. A lost Bank of England note, of which the holder knows the number and date, may be stopped at the Bank for a day, and a notice obtained of its being presented, by information at the Secretary's office, and the payment of a fee of half-a-crown. The first forgery of a bank-note occurred in 1758, when the person who forged it was convicted and executed. Many forgeries have since taken place, the most notorious of which was that committed by Fauntleroy, who defrauded the Bank of upwards of £360,000. How far his exploits have been surpassed by contemporaries on Railway Companies, &c., can scarcely be known.

It will be unnecessary to add much more respecting the Bank of England. Still it may not be uninteresting by way of conclusion to give the reader some idea of the staff by which the business of this establishment is carried on. We have, then, a Governor, a Deputy-Governor, and twenty-four Directors, eight of whom annually vacate their office, so that in the course of three years an entirely new set of Directors govern the affairs of the Bank. These are the executive branch of the establishment. The Governor, or his substitute, and three Directors, sit daily; on Wednesdays a court of ten Directors assembles to take into consideration London bills sent in for discount; once a week a full board of the Directors is held to discuss bills above £2000. A general meeting of the share-holders takes place quarterly, when an exposition of the affairs and position of the Company is made. The decision of a board of Directors is called a "Bank parlour." The average number of clerks employed amounts to about nine hundred, though at one time, that is, in the years 1817 and 1819, when the £1 and £2 notes came in to be cashed, not less than eleven hundred were engaged. The period of the Gordon riots was a time of peril to the Bank. The flames that threatened all London menaced this establishment also. However, it escaped, it was not plundered; but to avoid such a catastrophe in the future, the Government authorized the Directors to station a body of soldiers within their walls at night. The practice is still continued. Each soldier is allowed a shilling a time for his services, and a table is always kept for the officer in command, who can invite a friend or two to dine with him to dispel the *ennui* of his watch. We all remember the real or fancied danger in which the Bank stood on the 10th of April, 1848, and what mighty preparations took place, what mustering of soldiers, what barricading of approaches, what heaping of sand-bags, what stationing of artillery. May all dangers, internal and external, which shall henceforth threaten this Institution, this seat of Wealth, this Heart of Commerce, be as easily averted!

DECEMBER, 1859.

"Covetous death bereaved us all
To aggrandise one funeral." EMERSON.

ALWAYS sad, but sadder now
I tread the wither'd leaves among
(They lie, like care-marks on the brow
Of one disease or time doth bow);
The woods and fields among.

On Nature's face, like wrinkles, here,
Swept by the wind, in heaps they lie;
As earth had fallen to the sere,
Cheerless, desolate, and drear,
All her beauties fade and die.

The clouds above are cold and grey,
A pestilence seems o'er the scene,
All things are sinking to decay;
Flowers, leaves, as snow-flakes, melt away,
And none could guess what once has been.

I hold man hath no right to grieve,
Or I would sit me down and weep
That things so dear so soon should leave;
But memory, their forms to weave
From fancy and the shades of sleep.

I hold man lives to love, and bear,
And bide the task he finds to do;
That cravens only know despair;
He with his might of faith should dare—
Believe in joy and sorrow too.

That all things loved and lost on earth,
Though he can neither touch nor see,
Are still to him of priceless worth,
A dowry given to him at birth,
And his through all eternity.

The flowers that fade, the leaves that fall,
The slumberers in the silent grave,
First, last, and dearest dreams of all,
The heart with love would fain recall,
And memory from oblivion save.

Are they not mine in hope's bright dream?
Oh! there are things as sure as death.
Say, who can stay a gushing stream
That strives to ripple and to gleam,
Sun, stars, and clouds beneath.

Stop up its spring, it still will find
Another outlet for its birth:
Such power, I hold, belongs to mind,
Yearning to mingle with its kind,
As may not yield to common earth.

But it will find a path to where
Still exist things lost to time;
Look up, brave heart! and be of cheer;
Somewhere in a distant sphere
They live, and love, and thou shalt climb.

For love is stronger far than death,
And mind can rule the grosser clay;
And hope outlives the latest breath
That mortals yield to phantom death:—
These end not with the passing day.

Look up! God's heaven is full of light;
Infinity doth gird thee round:
Past, present, future, day and night,
Far stretching, far beyond thy sight,
Are in its depths profound.

And somewhere—though we cannot trace
The loved, the lost, the once possess'd,
Amid its ever-deepening space—
The soul shall find their resting-place,
As sea-birds find the far-off nest.

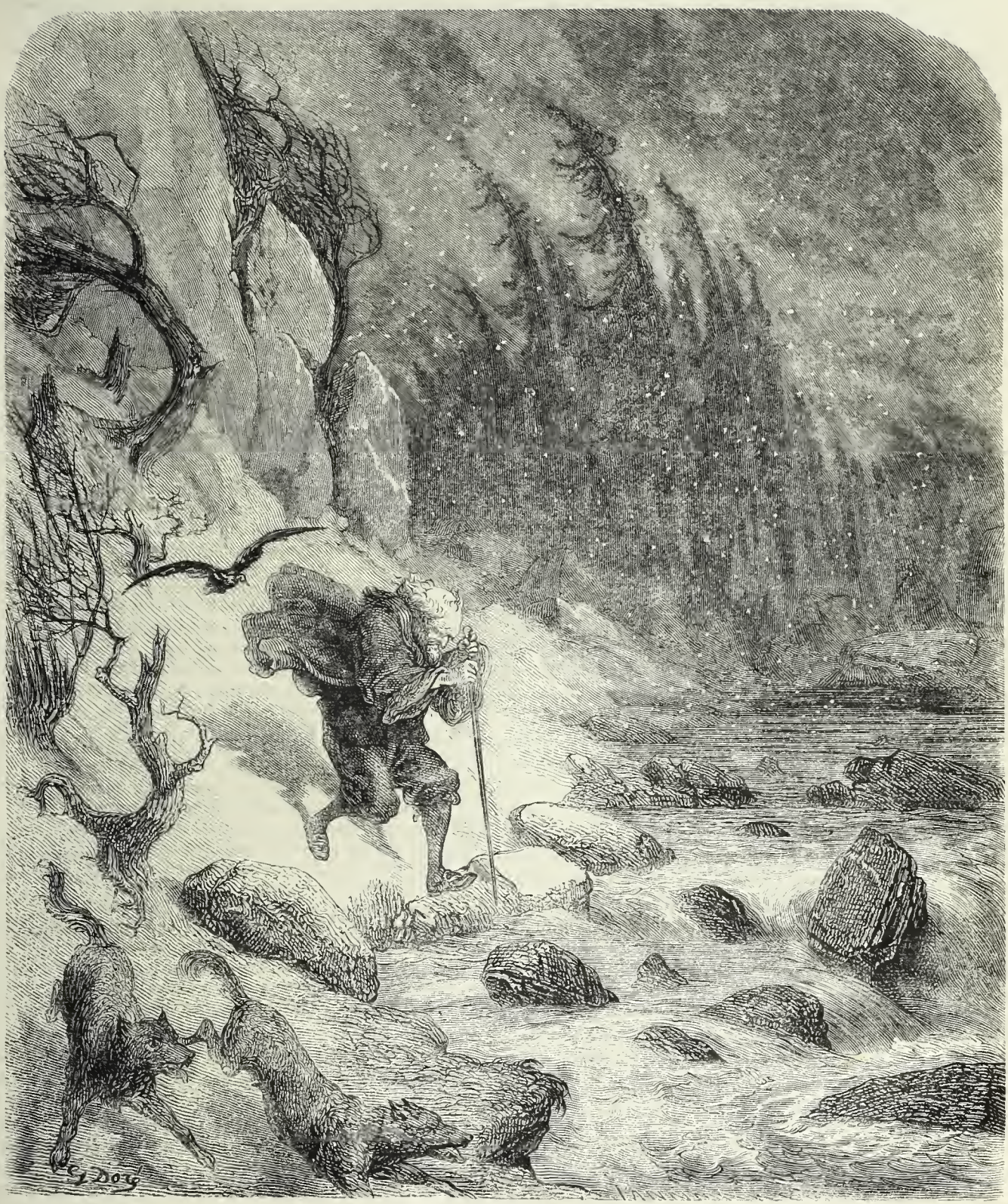
ALFRED RIVERS.

WINTER SCENE.

A SUBJECT like that we have given, from the fantastic pencil of Gustave Dore, needs no description. One poet may accompany another. We quote Thomson's Winter:—

"As thus the snows arise, and foul and fierce
All Winter drives along the darken'd air,
In his own loose-revolving fields the swain
Disaster'd stands; sees other hills ascend,
Of unknown, joyless brow; and other scenes,
Of horrid prospect, shag the trackless plain;
Nor finds the river, nor the forest, hid
Beneath the formless wild; but wanders on
From hill to dale, still more and more astray,
Impatient flouncing through the drifted heaps,
Stung with the thoughts of home: the thoughts of home
Rush on his nerves, and call their vigour forth
In many a vain attempt. How sinks his soul!
What black despair, what horror, fills his heart!
When, for the dusky spot which Fancy feign'd
His tufted cottage rising through the snow,
He meets the roughness of the middle waste,
Far from the track and blest abode of man;
While round him night resistless closes fast,
And every tempest, howling o'er his head,
Renders the savage wilderness more wild!
Then throng the busy shapes into his mind
Of cover'd pits, unfathomably deep,
A dire descent! beyond the power of frost;
Of faithless bogs; of precipices huge,
Smooth'd up with snow; and what is land, unknown,
What water, of the still unfrozen spring,
In the loose marsh or solitary lake,
Where the fresh fountain from the bottom boils.
These check his fearful steps; and down he sinks
Beneath the shelter of the shapeless drift,
Thinking o'er all the bitterness of death,
Mix'd with the tender anguish Nature shoots
Through the wrung bosom of the dying man,—
His wife, his children, and his friends unseen.
In vain for him th' officious wife prepares
The fire fair-blazing and the vestment warm;
In vain his little children, peeping out
Into the mingling storm, demand their sire,
With tears of artless innocence. Alas!
Nor wife, nor children, more shall he behold,
Nor friends, nor sacred home. On every nerve
The deadly Winter seizes; shuts up sense;
And, o'er his inmost vitals creeping cold,
Lays him along the snows, a stiffen'd corse,
Stretch'd out, and bleaching in the northern blast."

Who does not feel the beauty of this description? After all, Cowper was right. He says: "Thomson was admirable in description, but it always seemed to me that there was somewhat of affectation in his style, and that his numbers are sometimes not well harmonised. I could wish too, with Dr. Johnson, that he had confined himself to this country, for when he describes what he never saw, one is forced to read him with some allowances for possible misrepresentation. He was, however, a true poet, and his lasting fame has proved it."



A WINTER SCENE.

SUNDOWN.

A NOVEL.

By EDWARD COPPING, Author of "*Aspects of Paris*," &c.

[*Continued from p.* 101.]

CHAPTER VIII.

For a long time Fred was as broad awake as he believed himself to be, and during that period all his newly-formed plans and resolutions began one by one to give way. Alas! poor Fred had but a faint heart with which to fight life's battles. He would eagerly buckle on his sword; boldly go forth against the enemy; nobly stand his ground upon the field; but at the first check he received, he was so disheartened and spiritless, as though the fortune of the day were already decided against him.

For weeks he had silently matured in his mind a resolve which his judgment told him was excellent and praiseworthy: he had submitted it to others who also approved it; even Ruth had said no word against it! and yet her negative opposition, if it might be called thus, had so depressed him, that already his purpose was shaken.

"After all, why should I quit Sundown?" he inwardly asked himself; "why should I leave Ruth, and Aunt Susan, whom I love so fondly, to reside among strangers, in a strange city? George, of course, has his friends in Paris, and when he finds himself among them again, he will soon grow tired of me. Certainly I could study better there than here; but then is it worth while to study at all an art for which I have so little capacity? No, it would be better to remain at home."

And so the irresolute young man pulled down, stone by stone, the edifice he had so industriously built up during the last few weeks, and then sat down with folded arms amid its ruins.

The same old fretting spirit had taken possession of him once again. He was once more the same helpless, downcast being who, without a spark of energy in his eye, or a movement of ambition at his heart, was yet dissatisfied with all the world, and especially with himself.

Was not Ruth right after all in fearing to let such a brother pass beyond the influence of her watchful affection? Was it not a sort of protecting instinct which had inspired her with mistrust of Fred's capacity to work out steadily, and with perseverance, his own plans? What hope was there for the resolution that even without a struggle was vanquished and subdued?

By and by feverish slumber visited Fred, bringing with it a sort of half consciousness of actual things, branded with the distorted perception which attends us in dreams; and then the restless young man was even more agitated than before. His brain drew from fancy the strangest incidents, only to force them into the most harassing combination.

He was about to set out on his journey, but a thousand fears and gloomy anticipations held him back. He had quarrelled with Ruth—violently and bitterly; she was lying ill with fever, and yet he was not allowed to approach her. Then the thought came to him that she was dead; that it was his cruel words which had killed her; and poor Fred groaned in his sleep, and muttered her name in agony.

Then, by one of those rapid transitions which so frequently occur in dreams, he was in Paris, searching for Ruth, who had come there to meet him. What a long and weary search it was! He seemed to be hurrying at more than human speed through long lines of streets, filled with sauntering and idle strangers, who gazed wonderingly at him as he passed by. On, on, on, there could be no rest for him until the dear sister was found. It appeared as though he had spent half a life in searching for the lost one. And still no traces of her. The night was coming up, and as the dusk stole along the street Fred quickened his pace, and flew rather than ran, huge drops of perspiration rolling down his forehead.

And now, at last, he sees his sister; he follows close upon her steps; he calls her by her name; he stretches forth his hands; she is almost within his grasp; another moment and they will be again united;—but, alas! the moment is prolonged, as it seems, through long, long hours of speechless agony, and at last he falls senseless to the ground, Ruth passing away into the far distance, without once recognising his presence near her.

When Fred awoke from these feverish dreams, the dawn had long since broken, and daylight was once again upon the earth. It was but a gloomy morning, with not a glimmering of sunshine visible, and a thin steady rain beginning to fall.

But after the horribly fantastic scenes he had passed through, in slumber, the real, substantial world seemed like a Paradise; and merely to be awake was to be comparatively happy.

Fred felt thus immediately he escaped from the terrors in which sleep had held him; and despite a feeling of weariness, natural after so disturbed a night's rest, rose with alacrity and dressed. He could not go out, as the rain continued to fall, so he gently opened the window, in order to breathe the fresh morning air, and sat down near it, looking out upon the country.

At the hour when Ruth usually rose he determined to go into her bed-room, and renew with her their conversation of the previous evening. But it was only six o'clock, and she rarely came down before seven, so Fred sat at the open window, listlessly regarding the steady rain, and allowing thought to float without guidance down the current of his mind.

He was not sad; he was not joyous; his recently-formed resolutions were not utterly abandoned, nor were they reinstated in the position they had previously occupied; he was in a state of passive meditation, almost every emotion, whether pleasurable or otherwise, lying for the moment dormant.

He had sat for some time in this mood, when there came a gentle tapping at the door.

"Who 's there?" said he, wondering what member of the family could be stirring so early.

"'Tis I, Fred," replied a well-known voice, "can I come in?"

"Oh! yes, yes," and Fred sprang forward to open the door. An instant afterwards Ruth was in his arms.

She had awoke almost at the same time as Fred, quite refreshed and tranquillized by her deep sleep, and hearing the window of her brother's room open, had at once dressed and descended, in order to heal the little wound she had inflicted the previous evening.

But of that Fred was already cured.

"I am very sorry I acted so unkindly yesterday," said Ruth, after the first warm embrace had been exchanged between brother and sister. "You must not be angry with me any more; for I promise never to be so disagreeable again. I feel now that it was very selfish on my part to think more of my own silly little plans than of your happiness, dear Fred. But you took me by surprise, and I was so chilled and disappointed that I could not reply to you as I ought to have replied."

And here Ruth imparted to her brother all those "silly little plans," as she called them, she had laid out with George on the previous evening, even alluding to the matrimonial engagement she had mentally made for him with cousin Hester.

"You see, I was not utterly indifferent to your happiness, dear Fred," she gaily added, "or I should not have thought of a wife for you to come here and rob me for ever of my dear old brother."

Fred was softened at once, and amused also by Ruth's pretty playful manner.

"Why, what an artful little schemer you are!" he said, laughingly; "I had no idea you were already a match-maker."

"It was very silly, was it not, Fred?"

"Dreadfully silly," he replied in the same gay tone.

"But we will forget all that now," said Ruth, "and only think of your own excellent plans, for they are excellent, Fred, and do you great credit. You ought not always to remain at Sundown. You remember that Shakspere says, 'home-keeping youth have ever homely wits,' and though that is not true of you, and never could be, yet perhaps, after all, it would be of advantage to you to see more of the world than is visible in this little village. You will love us all the better, I know, when you return; and I shall try and be very happy while you are away. Who knows? Perhaps, when you come back, you will bring me a new sister; and I shall present you to a new brother." But Ruth uttered this latter supposition as though she did not by any means believe it was likely to be realised.

"I don't know," said Fred in a musing manner, "but, after all, it would be very pleasant to remain at Sundown, if George and his sister were to come and live close by. We should all be very happy; should we not, Ruth?"

"Oh, I'm sure of it."

"And then George and I could work together, and study together, and go off on fine long sketching parties in the summer; while you and Hester would be capital companions for each other; and Aunt Susan would have society in Uncle George. It would be delightful."

"It would, indeed," replied Ruth, completely carried back again to the bright anticipations she had formed the previous day with George.

"So, after all, I think it would scarcely be worth while to leave Sundown," said Fred in a hesitating manner, disenchanted of his projects, but somewhat ashamed of his vacillation. "I could study here almost as well as in Paris if I had but George to assist me, perhaps better; for I should always have *you*, Ruth, close at hand to encourage and stimulate me. Do you not think so?"

"No! Fred. No! 'T would be better to go to Paris." Ruth had momentarily been dazzled by the picture drawn by her brother; but directly he alluded to the project he had originally formed, all the clearness of her perception returned. She would give up her own fond schemes rather than allow Fred to waver and swerve away from the resolution at which he had arrived.

"No," she added calmly but earnestly. "You were quite right when you determined to leave Sundown for a while. It was I who was wrong to throw discouragement in your path. I shall be very, very sorry to part from you; but when I remember it is for your advantage, I shall endeavour to console myself for your loss by that reflection. I shall stitch, or sew, or study, or go out gardening, until I have worked away all my sorrowful thoughts. There's nothing like work, Fred, for keeping off melancholy and gloom. Whenever I feel inclined to be sad, I rake the flower-beds, mow the grass-plats, or take up my French, or my needle-work, and then I soon forget all my grief.

"Besides, shall I not always be consoled by the hope of seeing you one day become distinguished; of reading about you in the papers; of hearing my dear old brother everywhere spoken of as Mr. Frederick Selwin the clever young painter; and of seeing your works at the Exhibition whenever we pay a visit to London? Yes, you must go, Fred. It will be better for us all."

Ruth was in a very babbler's mood this morning, so she went on adding arguments to arguments in order to fix her brother to his original purpose. In her sisterly eagerness to promote his happiness she pleaded against her own desires with even more effect, perhaps, than she could have defended them. But then Ruth was always un-selfish and self-sacrificing.

"And then, Fred," she added, "we need not give up all idea of having uncle George and our cousins for neighbours. When you return from Paris they might perhaps come back with you; and if so, our plans would only have been postponed for a year, that's all. And what are twelve little months? Why, the first six once passed, the remainder will hurry by without stopping for breath."

"Yes, that's true," replied Fred, completely convinced by her impulsive eloquence; "you are always right, Ruth, and your judgment is infinitely better than mine. I *will* go to Paris, and in a year you shall see me back with our cousins and our uncle. Yes, I promise it faithfully, firmly, positively. They won't refuse to come to England, I'm sure, when they learn how long and how anxiously you have been waiting for them. And so it's all settled. I feel quite light-hearted now that everything is arranged."

"Ah! you look like yourself again, dear Fred. All my unhappiness has passed away, now I see that little smile wandering around your mouth. That's the sign by which I always know you have driven out your

melancholy spirit. But when he 's haunting you, your lips are so tightly pressed against each other, and your eyes are so overshadowed by their brows, and you seem altogether so lost in gloomy miserable thought, that I scarcely dare to speak in your presence. You look very disagreeable at such times ; spiteful and wicked even occasionally.

"No ! no ! no !" exclaimed Fred, deeply pained in spite of the playfulness of Ruth's remarks, "don't say that. You would make me out a very monster. I hope I'm not quite so bad. It would make me very unhappy if I thought I could be so disagreeable to you."

"No, dear Fred, you are never disagreeable," said the little sister, coaxingly putting her arms round his neck. "There now, don't look so sorrowful ; I was merely in sport when I spoke just now."

But poor Fred, distressed beyond measure by her remarks, had already a tear-drop glistening in his eye.

"There ! now we are going to be unhappy again," exclaimed Ruth, pouting in the prettiest manner, and making believe that she also was about to cry. "And you won't forgive me for vexing you."

"It is you who have to forgive me."

"No, no. You are a dear good old brother, and I've not a word to say against you. But you ought to let me tease you sometimes. You will give me a kiss, will you not? and then I shall know you mean to think no more of the silly things I have said."

Fred kissed her with more than his usual tenderness, and pressed her very fondly to his heart.

"And now," said the little mad-cap, "I must scamper away and prepare for breakfast, or I shall be too late."

"And I will go to George and tell him of our arrangements and our wishes ; for I have not yet said a word to him of my contemplated visit to Paris."

"He will be delighted when he learns he is to have you for a companion and fellow-student."

And thus the brother and sister parted—happier if it were possible than they had ever parted before.

CHAPTER IX.

George was not a little astonished when he learnt from Fred the project that had just been ratified in all its details by the brother and sister. He frankly said, however, that he should be delighted to have his cousin for a companion in Paris, and that he would aid him to the utmost in his studies. He would look out for an atelier for him directly they arrived, he would introduce him to several artists and students, he would show him all the galleries and collections of paintings he ought to visit.

But though George promised all this in a warm and cheerful tone, and evidently with feeling and earnestness, still there was a tone of disappointment in his words, which an acute listener would assuredly have detected. Fortunately, however, it utterly escaped Fred, too full of hope and animation to notice very critically.

To say the truth, poor George *was* disappointed. His daily intercourse with Ruth, and more especially their last meeting, had permanently fixed thoughts in his mind, such as had never even visited it before. The unaffected and winning manner of the young girl had stolen away his heart, and he was already sighing under a delicious feeling of mental unrest, the first early manifestation of a passion that afterwards brings with it so much tumultuous ecstacy mingled with so much voiceless sorrow.

"What a sweet girl she is," he said to himself again and again. "How gentle, how kind, how amiable ! How fondly she loves her brother ! Fred is a lucky fellow to have such a sister. Why, Sundown with her society must be an earthly paradise ! To live there by her side, in daily and hourly intercourse with her, would be the highest and purest happiness. That one desire gratified, all others would be gratified at the same time." And thus young Romeo went up into the mid-air, borne aloft by the wings of love and fancy.

George, then, was disappointed : pleased that Fred was to become his comrade ; sorry that he was so soon to be separated from Ruth. Unfortunately the second sentiment was stronger than the first.

At breakfast he tried to wear his ordinary look as the brother and sister gaily talked over their plans ; but it did not escape the observant eyes of Ruth that he was far less animated than usual, or that his face was under the shadow of a care-cloud. Was she pained at this discovery ? Did she feel touched by her cousin's evident annoyance ? Yes ; but gently and tenderly touched. With all the penetration of a young girl's instinct, she divined the cause of George's depression, and knew she could remove it when opportunity served. So she talked on rapidly, idly, merrily, as though his pale and saddened face cast no reflection into her heart.

When breakfast was over, Fred had a hundred little things to do in his studio ; so George was left free to wander in the garden, to talk with Aunt Susan and his cousin, or to read a book. He was in no mood for conversation ; books, for the moment, were without charm ; so he listlessly took a stroll among the flowers.

Strange ! Miss Ruth felt impelled to take a stroll there also She had work to do. In a remote corner of the garden, just behind the great apple-tree—a corner almost entirely embowered and screened from view—there was a little avenue roofed in with trellis-work, and covered with creeping clematis and jasmine, which was under the sole and entire control of the little mistress of Sundown. Even John Plumber was forbidden to touch leaf or stem or blossom of the twining plants, that shaded and over-arched this sacred spot. It was Ruth's own floral kingdom, and she permitted none but herself to attend to the duties of government. So, now, like a sovereign lady as she was, she went forth armed with knife and scissors, to trim, to prune, and to clip away, wherever the necessity for these operations might appear to exist within the precincts of her fairy bower.

As she came forth, George was at the other extremity of the garden, and she passed along on her errand without appearing to arouse in any way his attention. He strolled onwards ; in fact, in an opposite direction, heedless, as it seemed, of the presence of his cousin close at hand. It could only have been by accident surely, that after following a long winding,

path, and making one or two turns to the right and to the left, he found himself quite unexpectedly by her side.

"You are busy, Ruth, this morning," he said.

"Yes, cousin," she replied, "these creepers are so troublesome, that they require constant attention." And she worked away more vigorously than ever, George looking on for some minutes in silence.

"And so we are to part in a few days," he said at length, in a sad tone of voice.

"Yes, cousin, and I shall be left all alone, without any one for a companion except Aunt Susan. I shall be very dull at first without Fred, but as it is for his advantage that he leaves us, I must try and reconcile myself to his absence."

Ruth spoke these words very gaily; for she did not care to show how deeply the coming loss of a brother and cousin already affected her.

"I wish," exclaimed George hurriedly; but he stopped short, and left the sentence unfinished.

"What do you wish, cousin?" said Ruth, who had ceased her work, and who was standing by the side of George, in the very midst of the embowered avenue.

"I wish I could stay here for ever near you, dear Ruth, in this charming Sundown, where I have been so happy," and he gently took her hand.

"You would soon grow tired of me, George," she answered in a soft voice, lowering her eyes before her cousin's earnest and loving gaze.

"Never!" he exclaimed with fervour; and he repeated the word several times.

"But we shall soon see each other again," she said, in a slightly tremulous tone.

"Soon?"

"Yes. In a year you will come back with your father and sister and my truant brother. We shall all be very happy then."

"And you will think of me sometimes when I am away; will you, dearest Ruth?"

It was the first time he had been bold enough to address her so affectionately, and her heart throbbed as she heard the term of endearment he had employed.

"You will think of me sometimes, will you not?" he said again, looking up into her face, and pressing her hand more closely than ever in his own.

"Yes, dear George," she replied, in scarcely audible tones, slightly turning away her face from his too-ardent gaze.

The young man said no word in reply, but encircling her waist with his disengaged hand, drew her gently towards him, and kissed her with passionate ardour.

Then with burning cheeks, that blushed as deeply as her own, he hurried rapidly from the garden and passed into the little wood beyond.

CHAPTER X.

THE day for departure soon came; for there were a hundred little arrangements to make, which occupied the hours and made time fly quickly.

First of all, a general examination of Fred's wardrobe took place, with the view of seeing what fresh supplies were needed, and what old stock could be definitively cast aside. Of the latter, Fred made such a comprehensive sacrifice, that Bill, upon whose body the bulk of this discarded raiment naturally fell, became on a sudden so topping and modish, that he could not pass through Rosefield without eliciting satirical shouts from all the idle lads of that critical village. Even his father, John Plumber, appeared abroad with such unusual additions to his costume, that grinning neighbours asked him if he were going a courting in his old age, and what young girl he intended to make happy.

Then there were innumerable little purchases to make; Fred needed, for instance, a travelling trunk, more adapted to modern exigences than that which had served Aunt Susan many years before, when she came to settle at Sundown. Next, his stock of pocket-handkerchiefs was almost exhausted; and he had no socks, and his collars were frayed at the edges; and so on, day after day, fresh wants being incessantly discovered, and satisfied as soon as arrangements would permit.

Nothing could exceed the activity of Ruth in superintending and advancing all the preparations for Fred's departure. She hemmed his handkerchiefs, she marked his new socks and collars, she made a little inventory of all his personal effects. Never for a moment was she unoccupied. There was always something to do or to undo, something to look after, something to finish or begin.

And then her gaiety! It astonished the whole household. If Fred at any moment seemed inclined to be thoughtful, or to indicate by his countenance that he looked upon the approaching separation from his sister with sorrowful anticipation, she charged at him with merry remarks; attacked the outworks of his hair, carried his affections by assault, and thus fairly drove out all melancholy from his heart.

Alas! poor Ruth was merely playing a part. She did not dare to look forward to the hour of separation from her brother and cousin. Had she dwelt upon the subject for an instant, all her gaiety and animation must inevitably have flown from her, and then, perhaps, Fred would have been turned from his purpose. No, she would not thus give way and endanger his firmness. So, from morning till night she busied herself with his arrangements, allowing her mind not a single idle moment in which it could be seduced into sorrow.

Neither George nor Fred could summon up sufficient power to emulate this amiable deceit. Both the young men deeply felt the coming separation, and did not, could not, shake off the depression it caused them. Oftentimes they were silent by the hour together, neither feeling capable of conversation. When joined by Ruth they were forced in a measure to rally; but directly she departed they became as dejected and spiritless as ever.

And at last the day itself arrived!

It was a fine bright September morning, with a clear smiling sky above-head, and a light autumn breeze tempering what would otherwise have been almost summer heat. The two travellers were not to leave the Rosefield station until three o'clock in the afternoon, the trains of an earlier hour passing through

without stopping. So it was resolved that the packing, cording, and directing of the luggage should be finished early in the morning; that at one o'clock a sort of lunch-dinner should be eaten; and that when it was over Aunt Susan and Ruth should walk to the station with George and Fred, and see them off in good old English style.

But how was Ruth to occupy herself on this the last morning, now that she had nothing more to stitch, or to hem, or to mark, or to count, or to pack up? She could not aid John Plumber and Bill in cording the young men's boxes, or in writing the addresses to be affixed to them; for when, after infinite pains, she had painted upon two pieces of square card-board the legend,—

MONSIEUR FREDERICK SELWIN,
VOYAGEUR,
ALLANT A PARIS—

the letters were found so slender, feminine-looking, and tottering, that George and Fred both laughed aloud, seized the labels, and carried them away in triumph as souvenirs of the little lady's caligraphic skill.

Baffled in this occupation, Ruth looked about for another. "Why should they not have their farewell repast in the garden under the great apple-tree?" The weather was warm enough for an out-door meal, and if the grass were damp they could easily place mats beneath their feet. Aunt Susan might fear exposure to the air at this late period of the year; but the young men were of course delighted at the idea of a pic-nic repast. So away ran the little mad-cap to submit the project to her aunt.

"My darling, I have no objection," said the good old lady, for she saw upon what slender threads Ruth's gaiety hung. And so the matter was arranged.

Of course Mary and Eliza were occupied in the kitchen or about the house; the principal labour of preparation must necessarily fall, therefore, upon the young mistress of Sundown. It was just what Ruth desired. She had before her occupation for at least two hours in arranging the table, the seats, the plates, the dishes, and so on. So, merely calling in Master Bill to assist her with the rougher work, she applied herself to the task with a merry swiftness, that kept the delighted lad fairly bubbling over with grinning hilarity he was utterly unable to keep down.

Sooth to say, except for the good humour he imparted to Ruth by his roars and his extraordinary gurglings of satisfaction, Master Bill was but of little real utility;—of less help than hindrance indeed.

First of all, he put his huge foot right into the midst of a delicate giblet pie Ruth had momentarily placed upon the ground. Then he knocked his elbow with such violence against the apple-tree that a bottle of claret he had in his hand fell with a smash to the ground, and adorned the gravel walk with what might have been regarded as a too literal delineation of the Red Sea. Next, in sniffing too closely at some Cayenne pepper which Ruth was about to put into the castor, and Bill upon the point of throwing away as mahogany sawdust,—the poor lad was made so sensible of its pungency that he roared again; and trying to grin in the midst of his pain, tears rolled down his cheeks, and gave him the most ludicrous aspect imaginable.

But these little accidents at last came to an end, and the meal was fairly ready.

Ruth was not alone in assuming gaiety now; the rest of the party seemed to feel it incumbent upon them to appear more cheerful than usual. Even Aunt Susan put forth all her strength in order to sustain the efforts of the young people. A stranger accidentally looking on, might have thought a welcome-home rather than a leave-taking under celebration.

The meal was really gay. 'T would have been hard had it been otherwise, when every one present strove so heartily to keep dulness from the board. There seemed to be a tacit understanding among all the party that no allusion was to be made to the forthcoming separation, and that not a moment's silence was to occur during the repast. And thus every one chatted, and joked, and laughed, while the bright sun shone down upon happy faces, and the light breeze stole laughingly away with merry words. Who could have believed there were aching hearts around that table, throbbing with pain, that threatened at each moment to burst the bonds under which it was so cruelly compressed?

But now comes the excitement of actual departure to occupy every one. John Plumber and Bill have to bring up the cart in which the luggage is to be sent on in advance to the station; the young men have to superintend the removal of their effects; Aunt Susan and Ruth have to put on their bonnets and their walking boots; and now, at last, the whole party are in movement, slowly walking down the winding path which leads to the Rosefield railway station.

And still their gaiety is sustained by mutual effort. The air is fresh, it is true; the autumn verdure is bright with its many tints; and the warm sun-beams carry golden gladness with them wherever they alight. Nature smiles so happily on every side that the little band of relatives must needs catch some inspiration of joy from her loving aspect.

So they pass on until the station is reached.

It was but a mere cottage, nearly surrounded by a pretty garden, and altogether so still-looking and domestic, that it was hard to associate it with the purposes for which it had been erected. There, however, through its open door could be seen the four straight and regular lines, worn to almost silver brightness by the constant traffic, and stretching far away into the distance until lost to view, or so blended with the tram-way as to lose all distinctiveness.

And there, too, on the opposite side of the line was the little open shed or waiting platform for the down-traffic; and on the white-washed wall which backed it a copy of the Bye-Laws, Regulations, &c., of the Company was displayed, and on either side there were advertisements of all kinds, sometimes printed, sometimes painted; sometimes on bills, sometimes on boards; now caressing and persuasive; now dogmatic and dictatorial; some statistical and instructive; others all eloquence and transcendentalism; a few sedate in aspect as in words; a few more flaunting with bombastic pretence, and garish with dazzling colour.

Yes! it was truly the little way-side station, spurned by the dashing Express, but on good terms with the jog-trot Parliamentary; obtaining no recognition

in the pages of Murray, but receiving due attention in the columns of Bradshaw. Though quiet enough during the greater portion of the day, it assumed a very bustling aspect upon the arrival of the trains which stopped at its platforms; nay, at those times there was such a ringing of bells, such a clanging of doors, such a waving of flags, and such a shifting of signals, that you might have supposed yourself at Crewe, Gloucester, Minden, Valenciennes, or at some other great junction station, with a break of guage, ten minutes for refreshment, a general change of carriages, or any other equally important circumstance, to occupy the attention of a thousand hurrying passengers.

Just now, however, all was still and motionless. The station itself was utterly deserted. The clerk was afar off in the garden working away among the cabbages; the porter was at the other extremity of the grounds carefully attending to some cucumbers. When the Sundown party came in sight, the two officials looked up and raised a shout in recognition of the arrival, and then plodded on steadily as before at their horticultural labours. There was a full hour to wait yet before the train would appear and carry away the two travellers.

And now the little Sundown group began to feel that all further assumption of gaiety was impossible. As the four relatives sat in the waiting-room listening to the monotonous ticking of the clock, that fell with dull distinctness upon the ear, silence seemed imposed upon them as a necessity to which they could not do otherwise than submit.

Forgetting that London time was observed at the station, they had regulated the hour of their departure from Sundown by the Rosefield clocks; and now there was a long, long pause, which no artifice could shorten or render less irksome. How sorry they all were to part from each other, and yet how eagerly they all wished the hour for parting had arrived!

Tick! tick! tick! It seemed as though Time himself, on this sunny autumn day, were too idle to do more than saunter leisurely through the hours. The dull hum of insects, the hushed song of birds, and the drowsy mid-day heat had surely lulled him into lazy listlessness.

So the minutes passed slowly, slowly by, in that little waiting-room where their pace had so many times before seemed so laggard; yet, when they had once departed, rapid indeed appeared to have been their flight. How often do we not look forward with repugnance to moments we afterwards look back upon with longing!

But at last the silence of the group is broken. The clerk arrives and opens his desk, prepares his tickets and his stamps. The porter wheels forward the luggage of the young men which John and Bill have duly deposited in the booking office. Other boxes and portmanteaux are similarly treated.

Then some country people arrive, who are returning home from the Rosefield market. Next, a rough farmer's cart enters the station-yard, and a stout lass, who is going up to London, jumps down all flushed with tears and smiles. Her mother accompanies her, and the poor old dame is weeping bitterly at the thought of parting with her daughter.

And now a smart rakish-looking gig dashes up to the station, and a smart rakish-looking young man alights from it, ties his horse to the railings of the garden and waits, cigar in mouth, for the expected friend from town. Other arrivals follow, and the place which a quarter of an hour ago was so still and silent might now be taken as a type of bustling activity rather than of noiseless solitude.

If there had been too much time before, it seemed now as if there was not enough for all the preparations which had to be made. There were the tickets to pay for, the luggage to weigh, stamp, and register, inquiries to make, time-tables to consult, and many other little matters to attend to. While these arrangements were yet being made a whistle indicated that the train was in sight; then came a sharp clicking sound denoting its near approach; the signal with its outstretched arms was shifted, and the porter's bell, which had once before been rung with great violence, now stunned the ears of the company with its increased discord.

So then, parting was after all to be the work of a minute, and there was scarcely time to exchange any of those fond promises or those mutual requests which linger on the tongue until separation has almost taken place.

"Good-bye, aunt, good-bye, Ruth. God bless you both," was all poor Fred could say at last, as he kissed them in a nervous, tremulous manner.

"Good-bye, dear Fred," said his sister, fondly kissing him in return. "Don't forget to write to me at once."

"No, darling, no," he replied, embracing her and his aunt once again. "You shall hear from me in a day or two. Good-bye, good-bye."

It was George's turn now to say adieu: George, who although ordinarily calmer than Fred, was inwardly much more moved at this moment.

"Good-bye, aunt. Good-bye, cousin," he said in a dry hollow voice, for his throat was parched; and then, after a few scarcely intelligible words of leave-taking, he shook them warmly by the hand, and rushed away to the platform. The door was slammed behind him as he passed; the train had just reached the station.

Aunt Susan and Ruth went to the window of the waiting-room to see it arrive, and looked out until it departed, exchanging smiles and nods with the two young men, until they were fairly borne away into the distance. Then without a word they left the station, to set out on their cheerless walk home. John Plumber, who had waited until the last moment to shake Master Fred by the hand, to wish him God speed, and to give him a lusty cheer as he departed, now approached the two ladies to ask if they had any orders for him.

"No, John, thank you," said Aunt Susan, and she passed on with Ruth.

Both were crying bitterly.

Poor John! at any time he had but to see a woman in tears, to feel all his tenderness awakened, and his mind completely upset. But now there was another cause for the emotion he experienced. He had nursed and fondled Fred as a child; he had seen him grow up into a fine lad, then into a handsome young man; and during all this time his love and admiration of the "young master" had gone on increasing year by year.

Now he was utterly cast down at losing the favourite, from whom he had never yet been parted more than a few weeks at a time.

"The best lad as ever lived," he said aloud, though to himself, "I never had a unkind word from him, nor a uncivil word neither, all my life. And now he's gone to foreign parts, and may-be I shall never see him again. I 'm old, he 's young, and when he comes back I shall be under the turf for sartin. Well, well, its a' no use grievin' ;" and the rough coat cuff wiped away as sad a tear as ever moistened human eye.

Alas! when grief enters our hearts how short oftentimes is its stay there; how soon at the slightest pretext it will yield up its place to anger.

John Plumber was in the most tender of moods; his sturdy nature was completely melted by the scene he had passed through in separating from the young master. Yet it needed but a trifle to alter the whole current of his emotions, and to change the rippling stream of sorrow into the furious torrent of wrath.

The trifle was at hand.

John had left Bill in charge of Tom and the cart. When he approached the spot where boy, donkey, and vehicle were to be found, a sight met the old man's eye which at once put all his softer emotions to rout.

Master Bill, in fact, instead of attending to his charge, had dropped off to sleep upon the step of a stile close by, his back resting against the bars; and Tom, taking advantage of this neglect of duty, had wandered with the cart into a dry ditch, where he now stood with aggravating stoicism, utterly unable and unwilling to move a step forward or backward. The effect upon John at this sight was instantaneous.

"What!" he exclaimed, going up to the sleeper and dealing him a vigorous cuff on the side of the head, "what! arter gorging and blowin' yourself out like a cannible; arter stuffin' yourself with dumplins, as though they was no bigger than *antibilerious* pills; arter a whole half-oliday this arternoon, and a shilling each all round from Master Fred and George,—to drop off into this here beastly iusensible state, and leave Tom to smash the cart to hattums!—Get up, yer warmin, do:" and John administered a second cuff to the drowsy lad, selecting the left side of his head this time, as the right had been the first honoured.

Poor Bill was not long in responding to these injunctions. He sprang up with an alacrity which, admitting John's simile respecting the dumplings to have been justified by the quantity consumed, had in it something of the marvellous, and at once proceeding to the ditch, speedily extricated Tom and the cart from the dangerous position they occupied. Fortunately neither had suffered any injury.

But this circumstance by no means appeased the wrath of John. He had fallen into one of those fretting moods we are all tormented by occasionally, which rendered him discontented not merely with himself and those around him, but with the entire scheme of creation. Everything, in fact, was beginning to go wrong with the honest old gardener. The blue sky above him was already taking a sombre hue; the flowers were losing their brightness; and all human kind was assuming in his eyes a bilious aspect.

So paying no attention to Bill's humiliated and contrite looks; or to the tears which streamed down his cheeks, John sharply dismissed the blubbering lad, and told him to walk home by himself. With grief lying heavy on his heart, and the dumplings lying still heavier on his stomach, the sorrow-stricken youth was compelled to obey his order; for he felt too much intimidated to offer the slightest resistance.

John Plumber was indeed so irritated that he felt unfit even for the society of his son, and wished to be alone with his own reflections. But when his desire was gratified, the evil seemed to be increased rather than diminished. For directly the weeping Bill was out of sight, John felt compunction on account of the unnecessary harshness he had just displayed; and thus a fresh cause of annoyance was added to those which already possessed him.

So now it was Tom's turn to receive a dividend upon his master's ill-humour. The humble beast had really behaved in the most exemplary manner all day; he had been guilty of none of those vagaries which his tastes—almost as eccentric as those of Dr. Kunastrokius—occasionally led him into; his fall into the ditch had been purely the result of accident, as he was bending too far forward in search of a large-leaved dock.

But all these circumstances availed him nothing. In the inflammable state which had come over John Plumber, a frozen saint would have set him on fire. He fell therefore now upon poor Tom, uncharitably attributing to the guiltless animal all the fault of a casualty which had been entirely the consequence of Bill's inattention.

Down came the stick upon the donkey's hide (which fortunately was too tough to be in the slightest degree affected by this unmerited chastisement), and then followed exclamations upon his ill-behaviour, heavy and swift as snow-flakes upon the Koëlen mountains.

"Get up," shouted John in a voice of thunder, "get up, yer old crocodile, do. I 've put up with too much of your contrarcyness, I have. Get up, yer old sarpent; go along."

And then the staid and reasonable John Plumber must needs brandish his stick in the air, much as a Comanche might have brandished his scalping-knife, and stamp upon the bottom of the cart, and shout at the top of his voice, and rain down blow after blow upon Tom, who doubtless wondered what all this unusual uproar and violence arose from.

"My master must be a stupid old ass to act in so absurd a manner," was very likely the comment he inwardly made; and then he perhaps consoled himself by reflecting that sooner or later he would have an opportunity of taking his revenge for the undeserved ill-treatment to which he had been subjected.

In this manner did John Plumber return home to Sundown, his animosity against the inoffensive animal increasing at every step.

Poor Tom! he experienced that afternoon the fate which so frequently overtakes us all. When we least expect it, Fortune strikes us with her cruellest blows; and when we are most indifferent to her favours, they come upon us thick and fast.

[*To be continued.*]

BAD TEMPER.

A STORY FOR CHILDREN.

WILLIAM, Willy we usually call him, is generally a good-humoured, tractable, obedient boy, and on this account most people are fond of him. He is eight years old, a very interesting age with a sharp-witted boy who is beginning to observe, and to whom all things bear a novel aspect; and it is this makes him so agreeable to his mamma, a lady of education and refinement.

But sometimes it happens—just as we get dark days in May—that William disappoints and annoys everybody by rising in a bad temper; then he is the last to appreciate kindness and least susceptible to conviction.

> All seems infected that the infected spy,
> And all seems yellow to the jaundiced eye.

One day last week, for instance, he rose with no pleasant smile upon his cheeks (and he can smile very pleasantly when he pleases), but with an ugly frown, a knitting of the brow, and a pouting of the lips, very disagreeable to see on any face, especially on a child's. All day long he was in a bad temper. He quarrelled with the maid who dressed him; gave his mother good morning in a surly tone; complained at breakfast that his toast was burnt black, and as hard as a bit of wood, that the coffee was too hot, and the milk

STAND STILL.

too cold. With his tutor he was rudely impatient, and exceedingly troublesome. His books could not be found; his pens would not write, the ink was too thick, the paper was too rough, the lessons were too hard—everything was wrong.

"Depend upon it, Willie," said the tutor in a conciliatory way, "it is only the bad workman who complains of bad tools."

"Oh!" said Willie, "I think I have done very well, but you are never satisfied, Mr. Brownly; if I write ever so well, you tell me it looks as if a fly had dipped its legs in the ink and then run over the paper! You are always trying to make me do more than I can, and rebuking me because I don't work like a steam-engine of ten-horse power. You always do complain!"

"Not *always*, my dear pupil; notice, I have written on several of your copies—'Good—very good,—bold and free.'"

"Yes," said Willie, "I see what you have written, but I cannot see that one copy is better than the other."

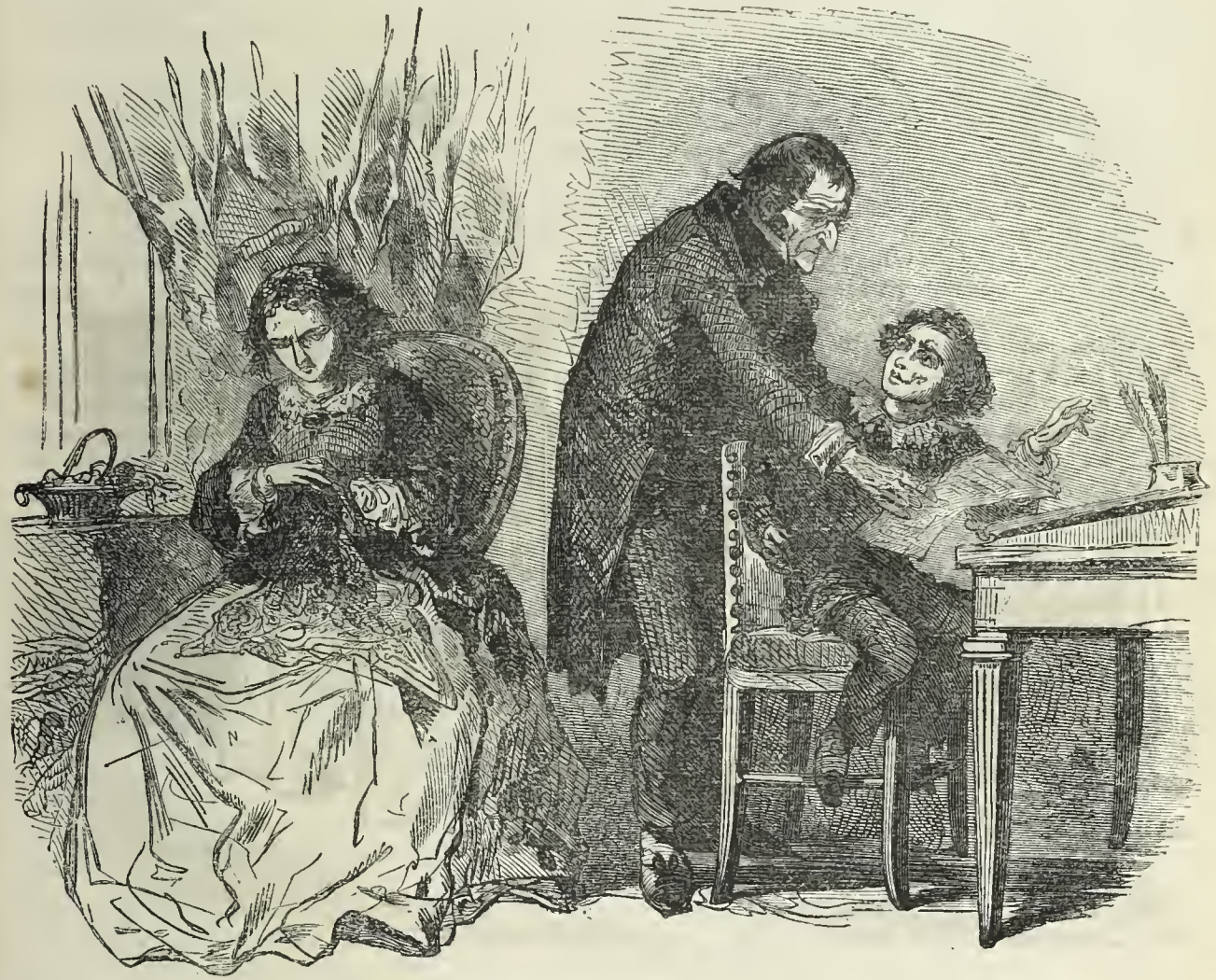
"One not better than another," says the tutor, rather

impatiently, "why, where are your eyes, Master William? Look here for instance, here is a regiment of letters tumbling all sorts of ways, some to the right, some to the left, and some, as if they were ashamed of themselves, hiding behind a blot!"

"I don't like to be made fun of, and mamma don't like it either; you ought to speak in a different way, Mr. Brownly."

Glad enough is the tutor when the morning lessons are over, glad enough to resign his pupil into the hands of Madame Fugue the music mistress, who is trying to make him play Rousseau's dream on the piano. Nothing satisfies William, he will not see the difference between a crotchet and a quaver, of course cannot stretch his fingers to strike the octave, and is not going to try! When the dinner hour arrives he grumbles with everything and at everybody; when after dinner his mamma wishes him to go for a walk, he objects on the score that it is too hot; to amuse himself he tries to build a bridge with his box of bricks, and succeeds in making a rubbish heap; endeavours to put together a dissected map, but loses all patience because Essex will not fit into Cumberland; condescends to beat the drum, and runs the drum-stick through the parchment; charges on a favourite cat as the cause of his disaster; tumbles over an ottoman, and gets up with a bruised elbow and a rueful countenance.

Finally, after tea, he creates some confusion by a determined opposition to bed; but at last capitulates and falls asleep.



ERRORS ON ERRORS: BLUNDERS ON BLUNDERS.

Now you may very naturally ask, why his mamma should allow Willie to conduct himself in this way without a word of reproof. That the maid should submit, may be accounted for on the score that by pleasing the child she pleased the mother; and as for poor Brownly the tutor, and Madame Fugue the music mistress, they belonged to the order of teachers, and were too well accustomed to bad treatment of all sorts to think of anything like resistance.

But, really, mamma had resolved on a plan to cure her boy of his bad temper; the maid, the music mistress, Brownly the tutor, were all taken into council, and what happened you shall hear.

Next day Willie awoke in a good humour. He had slept off all his bad temper, and was as bright and cheerful as ever. While the maid was dressing him, he was a little surprised to find that she looked exceedingly cross, and two or three times said in a sharp tone:

"Will you stand still, Master William? you fidget me out of my life!"

Willie said he thought he was standing still, but he would be more careful.

"More careful, indeed," Janet answered; "you are more trouble than three boys; now, are your hands washed?—no: I never saw such a child in all my life—come, pick up the soap, and wash them directly!"

When Janet combed his hair she seemed maliciously inclined to put him to as much inconvenience as possible. He submitted quietly, but as soon as he was dressed and left alone with his mamma, he said to her:

"I don't know how I have offended Janet, mamma, but it seems as if I had done so."

"Janet," his mamma answered, "is only in a *bad temper*."

At breakfast there was no toasted bread.

"Janet," said Willie, "have you toasted me some bread?"

"No, sir, I have not," she answered sharply, "you are so whimsical in your taste that neither cook nor I can please you at any time."

"Never mind, Janet, I did not mean to be troublesome—can I have some coffee?"

"Coffee! no, of course not, bread and milk is better for you—coffee indeed!"

"I do have it very often, Janet."

"Yes, much too often—bread and milk is what you will have now!"

"Really, mamma," said Willie, when Janet bounced out of the room, "I can't tell what is the matter with Janet."

"Nothing but *bad temper*," his mamma answered, and said no more.

Willie began to think that bad temper was really a very disagreeable thing, but he did not venture to say so,—there was something constrained in his mamma's manner, and he began to feel unhappy.

At the regular hour, punctual to the moment, arrived Brownly the tutor. Giving his pupil a rough good morning, he began by asking:

"Are you ready with your lessons?"

"I think so."

"I did not ask what you thought, I asked a plain question, and expected a plain answer—come begin:—Into how many counties is England divided?"

"Forty."

"How are these counties classed?"

"Into six circuits for the administration of justice."

"What counties are contained in the Midland circuit?"

Willie hesitated for a minute and then said:

"Warwickshire, Leicestershire, Lancashire—"

"What—Lancashire a midland county! are you not ashamed to make so absurd a blunder?—"

"But, sir,—"

"Don't interrupt me, sir; take back your book, and never tell me you have learned a lesson till you have really done so—why, such a blunder would shame the youngest boy in a charity school!"

Willie was so troubled that he could not succeed at all, and at last the lesson in geography was given up and the writing lesson begun. Willie tried to write, but his hand trembled so that he could not make a distinct letter. The tutor stood over him complaining of every stroke.

"Who can write," he said, "with their hand twisted into that ridiculous form?—square your elbows!—don't bring the strokes below the line; this is really enough to exhaust one's patience; pray look at your copy—who ever saw such an upstroke—what is that letter intended for? why, the writing is as hard to decipher as the cuneiform characters of Nineveh. Hold your head up—don't swell the paper: blunder on blunder, fault upon fault: I cannot wear myself out with these absurdities. There," said he at last, "pray give over," and taking the pen from the boy's hand, wrote across the unfinished copy—*Incurable—the boy is obstinate as well as stupid!* He then turned to mamma, saying—"Madam, I must resign my office as instructor to your son—he has exhausted my patience, and I must leave him to some more energetic teacher."

"Oh, my dear Mr. Brownly," said Willie, "I had no thought of offending you."

"I cannot listen to one who is ungrateful to those who are kind to him, and disrespectful to his teacher."

"I disrespectful, Mr. Brownly?"

Mr. Brownly turned to mamma, saying, "I shall take occasion to see you to-morrow, Madam; for the present you will excuse me. Good morning."

The boy tried to seize his hand—

"Mr. Brownly!"

But Mr. Brownly was gone.

"Indeed, indeed, mamma," said Willie, "I have tried to do my best, but Mr. Brownly is so very—so very—

"Particular," said mamma.

"I was going to say severe," Willie answered.

"This severity was caused by your own neglect."

"No, yes, but—Mr. Brownly was so unlike himself—perhaps—perhaps—"

"Perhaps he was a little *out of temper!*"

Willie was beginning to feel how wretched being out of temper made other people; he hung his head and made no answer.

After dinner Willie asked his mamma if she was going for a walk or a ride, and might he go with her, but she said no, it looked like rain, he must stop at home. Weather and everything seemed in a bad humour. When Willie tried to fondle the favourite cat, that sagacious animal, recollecting yesterday's adventure, would not submit to his endearments, but ran into the garden, up a tree like a squirrel, and sat there all the afternoon.

"Ah," said Willie to himself, "Tibby is in a *bad temper*."

The day wore on very slowly, and poor Willie could scarcely restrain his tears. When he bade his mamma good night he said to her:

"I think I know, mamma, what it is makes people seem cross to me to-day—I was cross yesterday—but I never thought, I never, never thought how miserable a person with a bad temper could make other people feel."

So his mamma talked to him very gently and affectionately. She told him how terrible a thing was bad temper, how it sours the spirit, thus leaving the soul destitute of all social attractions and generous desires, how it threw gloom where there ought to be light, withered the smile half formed, silenced the word half spoken; how much pain it enabled one human creature to inflict upon another without reap-

ing any gain or pleasure to himself. She told him that bad tempers could be corrected, and that they ought; that it was deceitful to say one could not help being angry, or sullen, or peevish; that we should strive hard and pray earnestly to have the same sort of temper that He had who was "meek and lowly of heart:" and the poor child listening confessed his fault with tears, and his mother embraced him tenderly and forgave him with all her heart.

Willie has not had another attack of bad temper—Mr. Brownly, Janet, and the rest have all recovered, and are happy again. Mr. Brownly says that Willie's writing is improving vastly, and that one need not wish for a finer copy than one which he completed yesterday without a blot. These were the words: "HAVE PEACE ONE WITH ANOTHER."

THE REV. J. M. BELLEW.

A PULPIT SKETCH.

THE pulpit will ever be a mystery to the general public; the popular preacher — the pet parson — will always be a wonder in the eyes of the profane. Dr. Dodd was a popular preacher, yet he chanced to get hanged. Twenty years back what a rush there was after Satan Montgomery! There was a time when the reverend gentleman was in great request as a preacher of charity sermons, and if you wished to hear him you had to go early, and then think yourself fortunate if you secured a seat. There was a time when you could not walk the streets without being stared out of countenance by Satan and by Woman, when the Rev. Robert Montgomery's name loomed terribly from gigantic posters, and the reverend gentleman's gifted face gleamed on you from every fashionable printseller's shop. There was a time when he was run after by people in search of novelty,—when fashionable piety wiped its weeping eyes with the very best French cambric as he passed,—when in common with the latest infant phenomenon, or the newest tenor, he shared the sympathies of the West End. But he passed away, and Spurgeon came, and Surrey Gardens became thronged with fashion and gaiety. When the proprietors of the "Illustrated Times" published a portrait and sketch of that gifted youth, in one week they sold 4000 copies extra. The "Spurgeon Pocket-Book" had a good sale, and in many quarters Spurgeon Quadrilles were known and admired: but Spurgeonism was a very short-lived affair, and just as the flame was dying out, and the religious world was seeking some new thing, the name of Mr. Bellew somehow or other began to be mentioned in different circles. Wonderful reports were spread of the preacher's pathos and power. Under his preaching the eye of stern men became filled with tears, and the loveliest of women had been driven into the genteelest of hysterics. All of a sudden Mr. Bellew became the rage; he preached in a fashionable quarter—Waterloo Place, Regent Street; the daintiest broughams set down at his door the most faultless ancles in London. Nowhere within the limits of the metropolis could you see a more charming set of miserable sinners. Unhappily pecuniary difficulties put an end to this delicious and desirable state of things. For a time the comet was under a cloud; but the cloud has past over, and in the doubtful neighbourhood of St. John's Wood Mr. Bellew is still a popular preacher. It is said the present generation is a fast one—that nothing would more surprise our respectable grandfathers, could they rise from their graves, than the sight of their descendants rushing on helter-skelter in the mad game of life. Your friend is a poor man one day, and a rich man the next. He breakfasts with you in town, and dines at Paris. One day he despatches you an epistle from the top of the Pyramids, and a little while after he dates from the wild Prairies of the Far West. This is different to what it was when George the Third was king. That august monarch, to whom it was a source of perpetual wonder how the apple got into the pudding, would be in danger of losing his seven senses were he living in these modern times. But perhaps nowhere is the contrast between the present and the past—between the England of Queen Victoria and that of the Puritans, for instance—greater than in the pulpit. What earnestness breathes in every line of "Herbert's Priest in the Temple!" What solemnity was there in the discourses of Baxter and Howe, and what length! This kind of preaching reached its climax in America under President Edwards. What wonderful discourses were those! He stood motionless in the pulpit, resting upon it the arm whose hand held the little manuscript book close to his eyes, while the other made the few gestures in which he ventured to indulge, but he could keep an audience assembled to hear a morning sermon, rapt and unconscious, until the rays of the setting sun streamed through the church windows. Wonderful are the instances related of his power. Once when he was discoursing of death and the judgment, people rose up from their seats with pallor in their faces, expecting to see Christ descending through the opening roof of the church, and the parting heavens. Once, on being requested to discourse at Enfield, where he was a stranger, and the assembly so indifferent to religion as to be even regardless of the decency of silence during his prayer, he had not half finished his sermon before the startled sinners, having already passed through the valley of silence, began to wail and weep so bitterly that he could not go on for their distress. On another occasion a large congregation, including many ministers, were assembled to hear a popular preacher, who did not fulfil his appointment. Edwards was selected to fill his place, principally because, being in the habit of reading his discourses, he happened to have a sermon ready in his pocket. He ascended the pulpit accordingly amidst almost audible marks of disappointment from the audience, whom, however, respect for the abilities and character of the preacher prevented from leaving the church. He chose for his text, "Their feet shall slide in due time," and began to read in his usual quick way. At first he had hardly their attention; by and by he succeeded in riveting every one of them to his lips; a few sentences more, and they began to rise by twos and threes; a little further and tears were flowing. At the close of another particular, deep groans were heard, and one or two went off in fits, and

ere he reached the climax of his terrible appeal the whole audience had risen up in one tumult of grief and consternation, and amid all this there stood the calm, imperturbable man reading on as softly and gently as if he were in his own study. Where are such men now? Have not the times changed? As a brilliant Frenchman writes: "Our fathers cast their works in brass, we scrape ours upon glass; our works are for the present, and the present only. We are born, and live, and die in a hurry, and this haste is perceptible in our religions as well as in our secular concerns." Old Haweis once told his clerk, in the presence of his congregation, that he drawled over the prayers so as to leave him no time for the sermon; now-a-days neither clerk nor parson may drawl. We have much reason to exclaim with Matthew Arnold:

"But we, brought forth and rear'd in hours
Of change, alarm, surprise,
What shelter to grow ripe is ours,
What leisure to grow wise?
Like children bathing on the shore,
Buried a wave beneath,
The second wave succeeds before
We have had time to breathe."

As we have become modified, so must our popular preachers be modified. Where a past generation would have agonized under an Edwards and a Baxter, we sit under a Bellew, who is to become now the popular preacher—who is the natural and necessary product of his age. The religious instinct is a fundamental one in man or woman, but it assumes different forms at different epochs. The tendency now is in favour of something light and elegant, and Mr. Bellew can supply the article. No man knows better than himself that

"Religion never was designed
To make our pleasures less."

To give Mr. Bellew his present position, however, something more was required; he must have some peculiar powers and attractions: that Mr. Bellew has is evident at the first glance. If, as old Wykeham wrote, manners make the man in these latter days, it is delivery that makes the preacher; and every one confesses that Mr. Bellew's delivery is of the most faultless character. It is said he was a pupil of Macready, and sure enough he reminds you a little too much of the saw-dust and the foot-lights of the stage. But the actor generally does justice to his author, and Mr. Bellew in a similar manner does justice to his message. There is no mumbling, or drawling, or haste, or mistake, the attention is kept up, emphasis is given in the right place, and the action of the hand and arm heightens the effect of his discourse. For oratorical display Mr. Bellew is admirably fitted; his figure is agile, his face indicative of talent, his mouth large and flexible; and his cheeks somewhat sallow, and his hair somewhat prematurely gray, do but incline the hearer to give him credit for the study and care which are evident in every line he composes and every word he speaks. Another thing about Mr. Bellew is, his sermons are not conventional discourses; not only, as the author of the "London Pulpit" writes, are his sermons true and catholic in tone, not only are they enunciated with oratorical effect, not only are they heightened by the charm of a commanding presence, but they are in themselves highly polished, full of passages of real eloquence, and retain the attention of their hearers. They all open well—the exordium is always spirited, and its tone is maintained to the end of the discourse. Thus one commences, "Eternity is the answer to life's question;" "Immortality is the hallowed reward of life's holy works." Another has, "Life is the expression of religion." In another we get a quotation from "Tacitus' Epigrams," with the meaning "Truth is established by investigation and delay." Then the circumstances of the text are well brought out. If Paul speaks at Corinth, we see that licentious city with its groves and temples; if on Mars' Hill he proclaims an unknown God, the orator, with a lustre on his face brighter than any genius could bestow, is in our midst; around him are the restless Athenians, and in the back-ground the marble statues of their deities—of Athena, Promachus, and Apollo, lord of the Silver Bow. If some divine word of the Great Teacher himself is the subject of discourse, then the Hebrew landscape is painted as only those can paint who have trod, as Mr. Bellew has done, the steps where more than eighteen centuries ago the Christ and His sorrowing disciples trod. Surely such a man may well be a popular preacher; he only query is for how long—and that query must be answered by Mr. Bellew himself. One word more: Mr. Bellew is essentially a man of the town and for the town. We heard him once in a rustic church. Great things had been expected. By means of bills and advertisements his advent had been spread over an area of twenty miles. He came, and saw, but did not conquer. The sermon was eloquent, the delivery faultless. On he went, graceful, self-possessed, from one climax to another; but the preacher was not forgotten in the solemnity and grandeur of his theme—no awe fell on hearer and teacher—no shadow as of the world to come brooded over the assembly; the rustics stared—the well-dressed simpered and smiled, and went home to dinner. In a London church, with a London audience, the effect would have been far greater.

LITTLE WORDS OF WISDOM.

[*Continued from p.* 93.]

The cynic is not a pleasant companion; yet he is often wise. He tells us that "a reconciled friend is a two-fold enemy;" that "he must be a very bad manager of honey who lets none stick to his fingers;" and that "he need have plenty of meal who would stop every man's mouth." He warns you that "he who is more civil than usual wants to cozen you or has need of you." He has little sympathy for "public men." Goethe said—

"Poor beast is he the public who obeys,
Though self-tormented he will win no praise."

And the modern Diogenes adds, "He that is good for something is the ass of the public." He has little faith in unwonted piety, but says "from a praying young man, and a fasting old one, God preserve my cloak." He is always very shrewd in his counsel. He tells you

that "it is dangerous to eat cherries with the great, for they will throw the stones at your head;" and that "friendship with the great is fraternity with lions." His idea of moral rectitude is not very defined, and so he bids you "tell your friend a lie, and if he keep it secret tell him the truth."

It is pleasant after listening to such caustic wisdom as this to give ear to gentler strains. Most soothing to bereaved mourners is the thought that "he who lies in the grave is well lodged." Beautiful is the sentiment that "mothers' love is ever in its spring;" and that "he who takes the child by the hand, takes the mother by the heart." Full of simple trust and contentment is the Danish apothegm, "If God bids thee draw, he will find thee a rope; if He bids thee ride, He will find thee a horse." In time of dearth the poor must often have found consolation in the words, "If God gives not bushelfuls, He gives spoonfuls." Many a man who is in a desperate hurry, but who makes little way, may be persuaded to hasten slowly by the proverb, "Nothing is lost on a journey by stopping to pray or to feed your horse." Of all poetical similes which have done duty in enforcing moral truths, none has done duty so frequently as that of the close relationship between the rose and the thorn. In all languages we find the same somewhat hackneyed moral reflection, that no pleasure is without pain, just as no rose is without a thorn. Better than most proverbs, or at least more poetical, are the following lines:

> "Before man's fall the rose was born,
> St. Ambrose says, without the thorn:
> But for man's fault then was the thorn
> Without the fragrant rose-bud born,
> But ne'er the rose without the thorn."

To which may be added the Dutch saying, that "Roses fall and the thorns remain," and the German proverbs that "Roses and maidens soon lose their bloom;" and that "Royal favour, April weather, woman's love, rose leaves, dice, and card-luck, change every moment." The sea has given birth to many a proverb. As usual, the offspring does not flatter the parent; and we find, especially among a people not given to seafaring, that the anti-types speak unfavourably for the type. Thus the old Romans, who probably did not send out as many ships from the Italian shores in 700 years as we despatch from our English ports in one month, were particularly fond of abusing God Neptune. What the Greeks thought of the sea, spite of their pretty similes about the "many-twinkling smile of ocean," we may gather from the little fact that the word *nausea* is derived from *ναυς* (a ship). By the same mode we may conclude that our forefathers were by no means "monarchs of the main," since the verb *sæclian* (to sicken) has for root the noun *sæ* (the sea). Even the Dutch, who have done a good deal of business in the great waters, say, "Better on the heath with an old cart, than at sea in a new ship," which proves that they do not know what it is to be on such desolate wildernesses as Dartmoor, 2000 feet above the sea, where the dense white fog flies past you in eddying wreaths swift and silent as death; till, brain dizzy, and eyes weary with striving in vain to catch a glimpse of familiar land-marks, you rush on recklessly through the sodden heath, and find yourself suddenly knee deep in a quaking bog of blackest peat. How should they know, indeed, living in a land where you must climb up one of their highest mountains, some fifteen feet, to get to the level of the sea. How vividly the proverb "If a man would learn to pray let him go to sea," recalls to us the well-known figure of the little Frenchman, who when on shore is liveliest among the talkative, but who on board "La Belle Alliance" packet-boat groans most pitiably, and thinks that the passage from Dover to Calais is an Odyssean voyage. The sea appears to be the *bête noir* of the German as well as the Gaul, judging from the proverb "No one can complain of the sea who twice suffers shipwreck." The Dane, as is befitting the sons of the old Norse Sea-kings, does not abuse the silent highway, which was to them so often the road to fortune. He says only, "'Tis hard to track the path which the ship follows in the water."

National and local proverbs would require many a page to do them justice; one or two only may be noted. We all know how notorious is the reputation of the English for wealth. In Holland there is common a curious piece of slang—"Do you speak English?" which means "Have you any money?" Formerly *we* used a similar *façon de parler*, with only this important difference, "Have you any *Spanish?*" Two neighbouring cities have gained a very dissimilar notoriety, if we are to judge by the two proverbs, "See Naples and then die," and "If there be a hell, Rome is built over it." It is fair to add, that the first of these is of Italian, the second of German origin. The Spaniard praises Seville as much as the Italian Naples. There is an old couplet which says,

> "Quién no ha visto à Sevilla,
> No ha visto maravilla."—

We, too, have many such rhymed local proverbs, of which we may quote for example,

> "Bloat is the eye
> Twixt the Severn and the Wye."

The French say that "the Germans carry their wit in their fingers;" that "the emperor of Germany is the king of kings; the king of Spain, king of men; the king of France, king of asses; the king of England, king of devils." They praise themselves when they affirm that "the Italians cry, the English bawl, the French sing," but scarcely when they avow that "when a Frenchman sleeps, the devil rocks." It is rare to find that one nation praises another. The Italian declares that "an Italianised Englishman is a devil incarnate." The Dane says that "Italian devotion and German fasting have no meaning."—At all events, if not devout, it would seem that the southern nation is at least prudent, if it be true that "the Italians are wise before the act, the Germans in the act, the French after the act." The two following proverbs hit off national characteristics with photographic truthfulness: "The Jew ruins himself with passovers, the Moor with wedding feasts, the Christian with law-suits." "In a new country the Spaniard builds a church, the Frenchman a theatre, the Englishman a tavern."

In religious matters the proverb-maker is generally mercilessly severe. No quarter is shown to hypocrisy,

nor to false or selfish religion. The pride that apes humility is despoiled of its borrowed feathers. The devotee who hopes to make a mercenary profit by his devotion is told sarcastically,—"Do n't believe in the saint unless he works miracles." Ingratitude is well expressed in six words: "The river passed, the saint forgotten." Irreverence is rebuked and told, that "he who laughs on Friday may cry on Sunday." Superstition is well exposed in the Spanish saying, "The mother of God appears to fools." A petition of the Lord's prayer is enforced by the advice, "Keep yourself from opportunities, and God will keep you from sins;" while the perplexed Christian is reminded that—"to God's council-chamber there is no key."

Not a few of our most common proverbs we borrow from classical writers. The "Comes jucundus in viâ pro vehiculo est," of Publius Syrus, we find turned into a French couplet:

> "Compagnon bien parlant
> Vaut en chemin chariot branlant:"

which we may translate, "A jolly companion is as good as a life in a waggon." The Italians have improved upon the oft-quoted "De mortuis nil nisi bonum," by adding the second word in their version, "De' *grandi* e de' morti o parla bene, o taci."—"Finis coronat opus" has been clothed in English, French, Italian, Portuguese, and Dutch dresses. The Horatian line about the mountain and the mouse has found a home in modern "bastard Latin,"—the "Bis dat qui cito dat" of the forgotten Alciatus is known to Italians, French, Germans, and Spaniards, in their own tongues. Many proverbs, however, which do not seem to be of classic birth are spread throughout the whole, or most, of modern Europe. Such are—"I would rather bend than break;" "Better late than never;" "Custom is a second nature;" "Every one for himself, and God for us all;" and "God helps him who helps himself." The saying "He that lies down with the dogs will get up with the fleas," is more common among lazzaroni, and in countries where able-bodied men are seen stretched at full length in the public streets, than in England where mendicancy is a crime. All nations are agreed in condemning the folly of those people who throw stones when they themselves live in glass houses. The universally-given advice, "Marry your son when you please, your daughter when you can," seems to imply that it is not only English young ladies who have to chaunt that mournful ditty, "Why don't the men propose?" All nations agree in acknowledging the stern behests of "necessity which knows no law," and the hopefulness of the first step is well expressed in the proverb found throughout Europe, "Well begun is half done."

There are many proverbs wise or witty which cannot well be arranged under any class. If we would find any generic name for them it must be such as the botanist uses to include those flowers which do not belong to any particular natural order, or such as the philologist has recently invented to embrace all those languages which do not belong to the Indo-germanic or Semitic families. But they must not be overlooked. A few may be quoted which are remarkable for their terseness, or for their grotesqueness of idea. Thus we find in the catalogue of French wise sayings, "All heads are not sense-boxes;" "A landmark is well placed between two brothers' fields;" "It is pleasant enough to be going on foot when you lead your horse by the bridle." The Germans are not behind the French in sententious wisdom. The Peace Society would endorse the proverb, "In time of war the devil makes more room in hell." Very ludicrous is the remark, "The cock shuts his eyes when he crows, because he knows it by heart." Suggestive by force of contrast to Butler's beautiful lines on loyalty, is the saying, "The sun-dial counts only the bright hours." But Germans and Spanish have perpetrated a pun in the following, "'Every beginning is hard,' as the thief said when he stole the anvil." German gourmandism creeps out in the saw, "A fish should swim three times, in water, sauce, and wine." Italian uncleanliness is implied in the proverb, "He who would relish his food must not see it cooked." Italian sharpness appears in the saying, "For the buyer a hundred eyes are not sufficient, for the seller one is enough." The musical ear, which is so highly educated in Italy, gave birth to the prayer, "God save you from a bad neighbour, and from a beginner on the fiddle." Most mothers can endorse the experience of Italian women, "Little children headaches, great children heart-aches." In contrast to the cynical tone of most southern proverbs, is one which well illustrates the doctrine, that to the pure all things are pure, in the saying, "The sun passes over filth and is not defiled." The Spaniard is, if possible, more severe than the Italian: "Man is fire, woman is tow; the devil comes with a bellows," is a sufficiently comprehensive condemnation of the whole human race. "The snail to be rid of annoyances bartered its eyes for horns," had best remain without a comment. "Tell a lie, and you will bring out the truth," is a rule for the flatterer. Anger would seem to be of lasting growth in the Peninsula, since one is warned there to "beware of a reconciled friend as of the devil." Probably most mistresses will confirm the fact that "the servant-wench who has a mother in town swoons seven times a day." The Danes are more kindly, and, perhaps for that reason, more truthful in their proverbs. The wise man does not write all his bitter sentences against other people. He remembers that he himself is often in the wrong, for "every man carries an enemy in his own bosom." Both Danish and Dutch proverbs bear the strong impress of that domestic life which is found in such perfection in the more northern countries of Europe. Home, women, and children are far better spoken of by the Teutonic than by Latin nations. It would be hard to find a proverb in any of the Romance languages answering to the Danish, "For a good dinner and a gentle wife you can afford to wait;" and "A hearth of your own is worth gold;" or to the Dutch, "Travel east or travel west, A man's own house is still the best." There is a quiet hit at a well-known feminine weakness in the Danish saw, "All wish to live long, but not to be called old;" a somewhat cynical recommendation to impudence in another—"A modest dog seldom grows fat;" and not a little humour in the sentence, "Before a man learns to hang he is half dead." The Dutch would seem to be as inveterate card-players as Signor Gallenga declares his

Piedmontese fellow-countrymen, for it is a common saying in Holland, "He studies the Bible of fifty-two leaves."

We conclude our extracts from Mr. Bohn's interesting volume, by two proverbs: the first, "A hundred years a banner, a hundred years a barrow," is of great antiquity, and marks the vicissitudes of great families. The second is perhaps the longest in existence, and will remain so, though we omit one sentence,—"Folks say there is a lack of four sorts of people on earth; of priests, else one would not have six or seven benefices; of gentlemen, else every boor would not want to be a squire; of * * *; of Jews, else Christians would not practise usury." Compared with this lengthy sentence the German Voll, Toll, (Full, Fool,) seems wonderfully terse, and is indeed the shortest proverb known.

In these remarks no attempt has been made to define a proverb. Brevity and analogy are the two prerequisites to constitute a proverbial saying. Proverbs must also be popular, and have in them the "wisdom of many, the wit of one." But it is needless to enlarge upon this topic. Dean Trench has so thoroughly exhausted it in his most admirable little volume, that all further remarks must be repetitions.

But although popularity is one of the necessary constituents of a proverb, there is a vast number of wise sayings not yet recognised, which are equally deserving of a place among a nation's "little words of wisdom." Take for instance the sententious remarks of Mrs. Poyser in "Adam Bede," which have recently delighted all lovers of laconics. But Goethe's writings are a storehouse of boundless riches. Let the following, imperfectly rendered from the German, serve as a sample for the English reader :—

"With neither purse nor scrip thou lightly climb'st the hill;
But the bag weigh'd down with riches is a lighter burden still."

"With ease the wreath of victory may be found;
But not the hero worthy to be crown'd."

"*How*, *When*, and *Where*. No oracles reply;
Restrain thyself to *Since*, and ask not for the *Why*."

"No man from me shall take my creed away:
Hast thou a better? Think it so, I pray."

"'T would be eternally to grieve
In Paradise alone to live."

Less terse, but perhaps more profound, are the following:

"Thyself in quiet peace restrain,
E'en though the thunder roll abroad:
The more thou feel'st thyself a man,
The nearer comest thou to God."

"Of knowledge many a man has store,
And yet from wisdom he is far removed;
The words of others are his only lore,
But his own being he has never proved."

"A lasting peace shall never be obtained
Till pole meet pole, and be together chained.
Therefore thank God, ye sons of time, for ever;
That He the poles eternally doth sever."

Few men have possessed so largely as Goethe the art of proverb-making; just because few men have thought so clearly as he, and therefore few have been able to condense their thoughts into so small a compass.

It would be well if all our cloudy philosophers would set themselves to express their thoughts in aphorisms. Whatever loss of dignity they might fancy they had sustained, it would be more than compensated by the influence which they would gain over that vast multitude who live "line upon line, precept upon precept," and who prize above all other literature, the "Little Words of Wisdom." EDWARD SPENDER.

Mannamead, Plymouth.

ABOUT COAL.

I AM sitting by my sea-coal fire, and from the clear way in which it burns, and the peculiarly pleasant warmth it seems to give out, I have every reason to believe that the thermometer is below the freezing point, that the ground is hard as iron, and that before to-morrow's sun rises, Jack Frost will not only have lavishly strewn the earth with pearls, but have sketched fairy landscapes innumerable on my window-panes. Ah, well, it matters little to me :

"The storm without might rain and ristle,
Tam did na mind the storm a whistle."

The respected partner of my joys and sorrows has retired to roost, far away in the nursery the maternal pledges of our affection have done ditto. Unless an amorous member of that inestimable class of public servants—the metropolitan police—be at this moment engaged in a furtive flirtation with the cook, I have no reason to believe that beside myself any of my limited establishment is awake. My boots are off—I have an old coat on—I have done my day's work—I don't owe anybody any money (the reader need not believe this)—I poke the fire—I light a cigar—and think there is nothing like a good fire after all.

I am thankful I am not in Paris now: I take down my French Pocket Dictionary, published by Orr in 1850, and cannot find the French for fire-place; I find fire-arms, fire-ball, fire-brand, fire-brush, fire-cross, fire-lock, but no fire-place. Ah, here it is (fire-side, *foyer* —substantive, masculine); but to make quite sure I turn to the French-English, and I turn up *foyer* there; and here I find it means, "heat, tiring-room, green-room," and so on. Well, am I not right? there is nothing like an English fire-place after all. The Germans are not much better off than the French; the German porcelain stove, for instance, standing in the middle of the room like a monument, and nearly filling it, is not for a second to be compared with a jolly English fire; besides, it is very dangerous, and, when the flue gets stopped, is, I was going to write, as great a murderer as Dr. Smethurst. Can I ever forget how when I lived in the Kirschen Strasse of a far-famed and delightful city, distant about seven hundred miles from where I write, how one morning I came down-stairs to have my *frühstück*, and how in the very middle of my meal I

felt an uncomfortable sensation as a gigantic Dane was reading to me a memorial he was about to address to the British government? May I tell the reader how at first I thought the document to which I have referred might have something to do with it? Will he forgive me if I narrate how at length I gradually came to the conclusion that the cause was in the atmosphere, which seemed to be splitting my head, and swelling out my body to the point of bursting? can he imagine my deplorable situation when I became insensible, and when I recovered consciousness found that I had been poisoned by the fumes of charcoal, and that I should then and there have shuffled off this mortal coil had not my Danish friend, for a wonder, lifted up his eyes from his precious document, and, seeing me go off, thrown open the window, and in a polyglottic way called for help? Truly then may I say, that for comfort, and for safety, and for warmth, if you can have it pretty nearly all to yourself, and do one side thoroughly first before you roast the other, there is nothing like an English fireplace in the world.

Woe is me! the present generation,—a generation most assuredly wise in its own eyes, can never know what I and others verging on forty know—the real luxury of an English fire after travelling all night as an outside passenger on the top, say, for instance, of the Royal London and Yarmouth mail. Pardon my emotion, but I must shut my eyes and endeavour to recall the past. It is six o'clock on a night cold as that in which I now write; I am at the ancient hostelry, now gone to the dogs, known as the White Horse, Fetter Lane, on the top of the mail aforesaid. The many-caped coachman has clambered up into his seat, I sit by his side perched somewhat like a mummy; outside and in we are full of passengers. The red-coated guard blows cheerily on the far-resounding horn. "Let 'em go," says the coachman, and four faultless greys impatient of restraint rush forth with their living load; in a twinkling we stoop under the ancient gateway, and turn into Fetter Lane; now we cautiously descend Holborn Hill, skilfully we are steered through Cheapside, past the Mansion House, through Cornhill, along dark and sullen Leadenhall, Whitechapel, all glaring with gas and butcher's meat; our driver gives the horses their heads, and our pace becomes pleasant. We pass Bow Church, and the bridge at Stratford, and now we have left the gas-lights far behind, above us is the grand dome of heaven studded with its myriads of stars. Hedge and field far and near are covered with a mantle of virgin snow. The traffic on the road has trodden it into firmness, and on we speed till we reach Romford, not then as now known all over London for its ales. I believe these ales are the occasion of an anecdote which I may here repeat:—Two friends went into a public-house and were regaled plentifully with them, but not finding them so strong as they wished were much disgusted, and rose to go; however, they had not gone far before the ale began to tell; one traveller soon found himself in a ditch on one side of the road, while his friend was prostrate in another. "Holloa!" said the one to the other, "that ale wa'nt so bad as I thought." "No, no," was the reply of his now apparently satisfied friend. But here we are at Romford. Fresh cattle are standing ready to take the place of the four who have gallantly drawn us hither. But there is time to jump down, and "have a drop of summut short," to catch a glimpse from the most glorious of fires, and to feel for the buxom landlady and her clean and rosy-cheeked Hebes very strong feelings of personal regard. "All ready," cries the ostler, and away we rush from this fairy land, as it seems to us, out into the cold dark night; the guard blows his horn; curtains are drawn on one side as we pass, that out of warm rooms curious eyes may look on us. The pike keeper bids us, for him, an unusually cheerful good-night, and by this time some of the old pilots returning to Southwold, or Lowestoft, or Yarmouth, after having been with vessels up the Thames, cheered by the contents of various libations, wake the dull ear of night with songs occasionally amatory, but chiefly of a nautical character; and if there is a chorus,—why, we can all join in that; are we not jolly companions, every one? Does not this beat railway travelling? "I believe you, my boys." I say the present race of men have no conception of this. Why, look at a London omnibus; for nine months out of the twelve a cockney can't ride even from the Bank to Pimlico without getting inside. A friend of mine, one of the good old sort, rides into town winter or summer outside a distance of about nine miles. "Of course you wear a respirator," said a young cockney to him. My friend only laughed. When the Royal Yarmouth Mail ran its gay career there were no respirators then. What if the night were cold—what if snow laid heavily on the ground—what if railway rugs were not; did we not sit close together and keep each other warm—did we not smoke the most fragrant of weeds—did we not while the coach changed horses jump down, and rushing into the cosiest of bar parlours (forgive us, J. B. Gough) swallow brandy and water till our faces were as scarlet peonies, and we tingled down to the very soles of our feet with an unwonted heat? A coal fire then was a sight to cheer the cockles of one's heart, to look forward to for one long stage, and to think of for another. But times change, and we with them. The other day I met one of our mail coachmen ingloriously driving a two-pair buss between the City and Norwood; he looked down at his horses and then up at us with an expression Robson might have envied. Let me return to coal. Gentle reader, did you ever go down a coal pit?—I once did, and I think with Sheridan it is hardly worth while going down one, when you might just as well say you had been. I was a stranger then to coal pits and collieries, rather greener then than I am now, and had on a bran new suit of clothes and patent leather boots, and thus accoutred I was let down into the bowels of the earth, wandered along little ways in beds of coal, past little nooks where black men were at work, or resting on lumps of coal dining on bread and bacon, and drinking cold tea; and then there were tramways, and horses drawing the coal to the mouth of the pit, and boys to drive the horses, and boys to hold lamps, and all around you was black coal, save where it shone with the reflection of your light, and beneath you trod in mud all made of coal dust and water of a character to ruin patent leather for ever. I was not sorry, I assure you, when I left the lower regions, and was hauled up to the light of day. Once

GRANDPAPA.

upon a time an exciseman at Merthyr Tydvil was overcome by liquor (for excisemen are but men) and fell asleep. Excisemen are not generally a very popular class of her Majesty's subjects, and there are many who owe them a grudge. This was the case with our hero. Accordingly the enemy in the shape of half a dozen dusky colliers made their appearance, and deposited their unconscious prize

"Full many a fathom deep,"

as Mr. Campbell says, in a coal pit. Alas! the inspiration of wine is but short-lived. From his glorious dreams of marble halls the exciseman awoke; wonderingly he opened his eyes and looked around. Where was he? To what dark and dolorous shades had he been conveyed? That conscience which does make cowards of us all answered the question;—he had been for his sins conveyed to that fearful locality which a popular clergyman once told his hearers he would not shock their feelings by naming in so well-bred and respectable an assembly; there he was far away from the light of the sun and the haunts of men. Everything around him was dark and drear. At length a faint glimmer of light appeared in the distance. It came nearer and nearer, by its light he saw a form he thought resembled the human, but of that he was not quite sure. The exciseman felt with Hamlet:

"Be thou a spirit of health or goblin damned,
Bring with thee airs from heaven or blasts from hell,
Be thy intents wicked or charitable,
Thou comest in such a questionable shape
That I will speak to thee."

Accordingly he spoke, and very naturally asked the new-comer, "Who are you?" "Why, I was when I lived on earth an exciseman, but now I am—" "You don't say so," exclaimed the interrogator, as sober as he ever was in his life. But the joke had now been carried far enough, and the exciseman gladly returned to the light of day, and the society of his fellow-man.

A coal pit, or rather a coal country, such as that you see around Merthyr Tydvil, or as you speed on by the Great Northern to Newcastle, does not give you a bad idea of Pandemonium. A coal pit is generally situated by the side of some bleak hill where there are but few signs of life. A cloud of smoke from the engine, or engines, hangs heavily all round. The workmen, of whom there may be hundreds, with the exception of a few boys, who stand at the mouth of the pit to unload the coal waggons as they come up, or to run them into the tram-road that connects them with the neighbouring rail-road, or canal, are all under-ground. If you descend, a lighted candle is put into your hand, and you must grope your way as best you can. If the vein of coal be a pretty good one you will be able to walk comfortably without much trouble, but you must mind and not be run over by the coal waggons always passing along. As you proceed you will observe numerous passages on each side which lead to the stalls in which the men work, and hard work it is, I can assure you: a great block is first undermined, and then cut out by wedges driven into the solid coal: I believe the work is chiefly contracted for at so much a ton. In these little stalls the men sit, and dine, and smoke. Little else is to be seen in a coal pit. There are doors by which the air is forced along the different passages; there are engines by which the water is drained off; there is constant communication between the upper and the lower world, all going on with a methodical exactness which can only be violated with loss of life. Let the engines cease, and possibly in a couple of hours the pit may be filled with water. Let a workman, as is too often the case, enter his stall with a candle instead of with a safety lamp, and an explosion may occur which may be attended with the loss of many lives; but the rule is care and regularity, each man doing his part in a general whole. The mortality in coal mining is still unusually great. It is ascertained that of the total number of 220,000 persons employed as colliers, 1000 are killed annually—that is to say, the poor collier has 1000 more chances of being killed at his work than any one of the whole travelling public has of being killed or injured on English railways. Dr. Philip Holland read a paper on the subject at a recent meeting of the Society of Arts. He stated that out of 8015 deaths by accident in eight years, 1984 (or about one-fourth) were caused by explosions. Remarkable it is, that in the northern counties of Durham and Northumberland (in which one-fourth of the coal is raised and one-fifth of the collier population employed), the average deaths per annum from explosions do not exceed 21 out of 248; and, as the average of such deaths for the whole country, including the Yorkshire, Lancashire, and Staffordshire districts, is 105, so 143 lives yearly are lost because the precautions against explosion proved to be effectual in the extreme north are neglected in all the other districts. Equally remarkable it is that falls of roof have caused nearly 1000 more deaths in the eight years than explosions, although the latter chiefly excite public feeling. Here, again, the extreme northern district affords a gratifying contrast with the others, as, out of an average of 371 such accidents yearly, only 49 occur there. It is suggested that the comparative immunity of the north from this cause of accident is attributable to the fact, that one man in six belongs to the safety staff, who are charged with the superintendence of ventilation, road, and prop making, &c. In other parts no such person is employed, and the men in their anxiety to get coal neglect these salutary means of safety. The next greatest number of fatal accidents occurs in the shafts, 1734 in the eight years. Here, again, the cautious north exhibits its superiority, its proportion of fatalities from this source not being more than a fifth part of the proportion throughout the country. Other fatalities there are, principally the result of bad discipline, the employment of too large a proportion of boys under fifteen years, the use of machinery where hand-pulling would be preferable, the narrowness of the galleries, and such like. Dr. Holland notices that the system of government inspection has, in the southern coal districts, led to the discontinuance of the services of "viewers," or mine engineers, to direct the operations, which it never was intended to do. Either these viewers must, as a rule, be reinstated, or the government system of inspection must be enormously increased. Among the means suggested to prevent accidents is that of making the coal owner civilly responsible for accidents caused by the obvious neglect of reasonable precautions in the working.—In the course of the dis-

cussion which followed, it was urged that the workers should no more be exempted from the penal consequences of neglect than the employers.

Fancy—I can do it easily, over my sea-coal fire—fancy the coal dug out of the pit, put into a waggon, that waggon put on a railway—travelling, it may be, some distance, and depositing its precious burden in a collier's hold; imagine this collier put to sea, and safely arrived in the Thames. As Mr. Cobden said, "What next, and next?" here a new agency comes into play, the coal cannot come right to my fire. We leave the collier at Gravesend and land, let us say, at Billingsgate—never mind the fish, nor the porters, nor the fair dealers in marine products. Come right away into Thames Street—cross it if you can, for this street, of all London streets, bears away the palm for being blocked up at all times and seasons, and this morning there has been a block lasting a couple of hours; but the people here are used to it, and do not think it worth while to have recourse to hard words, nor to repeat sounds very much like oaths, nor to grow red in the face and threaten each other, as is the case with the angry Jehus of Cheapside and Holborn Hill. We enter a handsome building by a semi-circular portico, with Roman Doric columns, and a tower 106 feet high. A beadle in magnificent livery, and of an unusually civil character—for beadledom is generally a terror to our species—meets us. We wish to see our friend; right into the middle of a busy group of coal-dealers and factors the beadle rushes, and repeats the name of our friend; up one story, and then another, and then another, the sound ascends; our friend hears it, and rapidly descending gives us a welcome as warm as his own fire-side. We begin our voyage of discovery:—first we descend and examine a Roman well, in excellent preservation, discovered in excavating the foundation of the new building. The water looks thick and muddy, but they tell you it is clear; but the fact that it ebbs and flows seems to connect it with the Thames; and Thames water, when taken opposite Billingsgate, is not generally considered clear; We again ascend to the ground-floor, which is a rotunda sixty feet in diameter, covered by a glazed dome seventy-four feet from the floor. This circular hall has three tiers of projecting galleries running round it; the floor is composed of 4000 pieces of inlaid wood, in the form of a mariner's compass; in the centre is the city shield, anchor, &c., the dagger blade in the arms being a piece of mulberry tree, planted by Peter the Great when he worked as a shipwright in Deptford Dockyard. The place is worth coming to see—country cousins ought to look at it; the entrance vestibule, Mr. Timbs in his "Curiosities of London" informs us, is richly embellished with vases of fruit, arabesque foliage, terminal figures, &c. In the rotunda between the Raphaelesque scroll-supports are panels painted with impersonations of the coal-bearing rivers of England—the Thames, Mersey, Severn, Trent, Humber, Aire, Tyne, &c.; and above them within flower borders are figures of Wisdom, Fortitude, Vigilance, Temperance, Perseverance, Watchfulness, Justice, and Faith. The arabesques in the first story are views of coal mines—Wallsend, Percy, Pit Main, Regent's Pit, &c. The second and third storey panels are painted with miners at work; and the twenty-four ovals at the springing of the dome have upon a turquoise blue ground figures of fossil plants found in coal formations. The minor ornamentation is flowers, shells, snakes, lizards, and other reptiles, miners' tools, and nautical subjects;—there you can see all the process of coal mining, without troubling yourself to go down a mine, and in a small museum, too small for such a grand building and such a wealthy trade, curious specimens of fossil products and coal will make the observer still more learned; but let us look at the living mass beneath. Some of the men below are famous city names. There sometimes you may see Sir James Duke, who came to London a clerk, poor and under-paid, on board a man-of-war, and who on this Coal Exchange has made a colossal fortune, and who was made a baronet, he being at the time Lord Mayor, when the New Exchange was opened by Prince Albert, on the 29th Oct., 1849, accompanied by the Prince of Wales and the Princess Royal. Here oftener you may see Hugh Taylor, M. P., who began life as a cabin-boy, then became a captain, then was developed into a coal-owner, and who is said to be a perfect Midas, and possesses an art very much thought of by city people, of turning everything he touches into gold. On a door just below where we stand is inscribed the name of Lord Ward, for even noblemen don't mind sullying their fingers with vulgar trade, if anything is to be made by it. And there is the name of a Welsh coal-owner, who some fifty years back was a clerk in a certain timber merchant's, at a guinea a week, and who now, I believe, can raise and ship a couple of thousand tons of coal a day. Depend upon it there is some money made by these black diamonds, and the corporation of London know it, for they have managed to get a tax levied of one penny on every ton of coals whether brought by sea or rail within thirty miles of where we stand. What they do with the enormous sum thus collected, it is impossible to say; it is true they built this handsome Exchange at a cost altogether of £91,167 11*s.* 8*d.*, but that is a small part of their receipts. When the tax was first levied it did not much matter; about the year 1550 one or two ships sufficed for the coal trade of London. On Friday, December 2nd, 1859, the number of ships with cargoes for sale on that day was not less than 340—and on an average each ship employed in the coal trade carries 300 tons of coal. In the month of October alone there were brought into the London markets 283,849 tons by sea, and by rail 95,195 tons and three quarters. Of course at this time of the year the trade is very brisk. The retail dealers in the metropolis will tell you that a few cold days make an enormous difference in the sale of coals, and the large dealers are driven to their wits' end as to how they can find enough waggons and horses to enable them to supply their customers. In the large coal-yards in the winter time the men are at work from five in the morning till late, very late at night. I am thankful for their industry, I hope they are well paid.

But I have not yet said how the business at the Coal Exchange is carried on. There are two classes of men connected with the place,—the factors, who have a handsomely furnished room up above, and who elect

each other by ballot,—and the merchants, who have a room below, to which they pay so much a year, and to the use of which they also are elected by ballot. On the topmost story of all are the offices of the gentlemen who collect the city dues, and render themselves useful in similar ways. When the colliers arrive at Gravesend, a messenger is sent up with their names and the number of coals on board, and so on. Each ship is consigned to a London factor, and in the official room is a large case full of pigeon-holes, in which the papers for each factor are deposited; these papers are collected by the factors' clerks, and with these the factor goes into the market to sell; for if he does not sell—unless the charter party permit him to wait for a second market day—he has to pay a demurrage of 1½*d.* a ton, a demurrage, however, often submitted to rather than the coals should be sold at a loss of a shilling per ton. A bell rings at twelve, and all at once you see by the sudden apparition of merchants and factors from the surrounding offices that business has commenced; however, little is done till towards the close at two, the factors till then holding out for high prices, and the merchants holding back. I may add that there is very little speculation in this trade, all is fair and above-board. In the rooms of the factors as well as of the merchants is a daily list of what vessels have arrived at Gravesend, with what amount of cargo, and what vessels are on their way, and how many are going up to the north in ballast; thus the buyer knows as much about the state of the trade as the seller—and as he thinks the factor must sell before the market is over, he waits till the very last before he concludes his bargain. At the end of the market, when there is a heavy sale, people get a little excited. They are also rather more numerous and noisy than when you first entered, and, besides the regular dealers, a good many others are present: sailors out of curiosity, captains who want to know who are the purchasers of their coals, and where they are to deliver them to, general dealers, who do not belong either to the Factors' Society or that of the Coal Merchants'; and here and there a lady may be seen gazing with curious eyes on the groups below. When the sales are effected, the broker pays the city dues—for bulk must not be broken till then under a penalty of five hundred pounds—and a gentleman attests the purchases, and publishes them in a list, sent that evening to all subscribers as the real authenticated state of the markets for that day. I may as well say that the market-days are Monday, Wednesday, and Friday. By way of compendium, I add, that the price of coals, as given in the daily newspapers, is the price up to the time when the coals are *whipped* from the ship to the merchants' barges. It includes, 1st, the value of the coals at the pit's mouth; 2nd, the expense of transit from the pit to the ship; 3rd, the freight of the ship to London; 4th, the dues; and 5th, the whipping. The public then has to pay, 6th, the merchant for taking it to his wharf and keeping it there, and his profit, and, 7th, the retailer for fetching it from the merchant's, and bringing it to their doors. Of course you may save something by going at once to the merchant's. The poor cannot do this, and have to pay an extra price on this, as on almost everything they consume.

And now once more I am by my real coal fire, burning up cheerily in this bleak winter night. Let me light up another cigar, and indulge in a reverie. I am in a Welsh port on the Bristol Channel. Yesterday it was a small borough with an ancient castle, and an appearance of dirt, and poverty, and age. To-day its moors have become docks, or covered with iron roads, its few streets, but lately deserted, now stretch far away and are teeming with busy life. Where the heron flew with heavy wings, — where the sportsman wandered in search of fowl,—where idle boys played, thousands of habitations and warehouses have been planted. There the snort of the iron horse is heard morning, noon, and night. There the ships of almost every country under heaven float. There you meet German, and French, and Dane, and American, and Italian, and Greek. What collects that many-coloured and many-language-speaking crowd? Where has come the money to build those big warehouses, to excavate those capacious docks, to plant those iron rails, to make on this ancient desert a Babel busier and more populous than Tyre or Sidon of old? The answer is soon given. Up those bleak hills a few miles away are the coal-works, a little further still are more, a little further still are more, beyond them are the iron-works, and thus we go on, coal and iron everywhere, all fast being changed by magic industry into gold. Nature has destined England to be the workshop of the world. She sent here the Saxon race, she filled the bowels of the land with ores more valuable than those of Potosi. To France and Spain she gave wine; to the countries lying on the Baltic, timber and grain; to Russia, hemp and tallow; to Lombardy, its rich silk; to Calabria, its oil; to Ceylon, its spices; to Persia, its pearls; to America, its cotton; to China, its tea; to California, its glittering gold; but she has given us the iron and the coal—without which all her other gifts were vain—and with which all the others can be bought. To the rank we take amidst the nations of the earth, from the first we were destined. Ours is not the blue sky of Italy, nor the warm breath of the sunny south, but it is an atmosphere that fits man for persevering industry and daily toil. Let us then brace ourselves up for our mission. Let us proclaim the dignity of labour—its beneficent effects—its more than magical results. Let us honour the workman, whether he stand at the loom or plough the field—or sail

"—Beyond the sunset
Or the baths of all the western stars,"

or labour in the dark and dangerous recesses of the mine. Thus shall we build up a barricade against the murderous art of war, teach all the world the advantages of peace, and make manifest to the nations how to live.

A VISIT TO PORTLAND GAOL.

Weymouth is a pleasant bathing-place, sacred to the memory of George the Third. It has many attractions: one of these is the Portland Convict Establishment, which, by the kindness of Captain Clay, we were permitted to inspect the other day.

To reach Portland, which is almost an island, the better way is to take a passage in one of the numerous steamers which ply between Weymouth and Portland. In half an hour you will find yourself at the bottom of the chalk hill on which the prison is built. If you are sound in limb, and not deficient in wind, in another half hour you will find yourself at the principal entrance of the gaol. But to get at the prison is no easy work. The captain of the steamer will tell you you must take a trap the moment you get on shore, but Jehu will ask you so long a price as to put all idea of riding quite out of the question. The people on the island will give you but little information, and that of a rather contradictory character. Undoubtedly the better plan is to trust to your own sense and legs. On our way we met an officer of the Royal Navy—a captain, we imagine. Before us, at a little distance, was what we took to be the prison, but we were not sure of the fact, and accordingly asked the gallant officer. We trust he was not a type of the service. He did not know what that building was before him; he did not know whether there was a prison there; and then he finished by asking us if we were one of the officials. If the French do come, let us hope her Majesty's fleets will have more acute officers than our gallant acquaintance! We arrived at the principal entrance, notwithstanding the non-success of our queries with the brave marine, at a quarter to one. Before we enter, let us look around. What a place for a man to get braced up in! What a jolly thing it would be for many a London Alderman could he come here for a few months. Just below is the prison, clean and snug and warm. At our feet is the stupendous Breakwater, within which lie, as we trust they may ever lie, idle and secure, some of the ships comprising the Channel Fleet. Here, stealing into the bay like a bird with white wings, is a convict ship, coming to bear away to the Bermudas some of the convicts now shut up within those stone walls. If you look well at her through the glass you can see her live freight on board, for she only calls here for some fifty or sixty, —who, however, have no wish to leave Portland for harder work and a less healthy climate. Beyond is Weymouth, with its comfortable hotels—its agreeable promenade—and with, in summer-time, its pleasant bathing. Right across is St. Albyn's Head, and on the other side the Dorset coast; and straight across some eighty miles of the salt sea is Cherbourg, with a breakwater far more formidable than that above which we stand. It is a clear bright sky above us, and in the light of the sun the scene is beautiful almost as one of fairy land.

We ring the bell—hand in, through a window, our letter of introduction—are ushered into a wooden cage in which the janitor sits—enter our name in a book, and sit down. The officers, consisting of about 160 men, exclusive of a small guard of soldiers, are coming in from dinner. In appearance they somewhat resemble our Coast-guard, are tall fine men, with very red faces, and big black bushy whiskers. The principal warden came to receive us; he has been here ever since the place has been opened, and we could not have had a better guide, or one more competent to explain to us the nature of the important works carried on. And now we have passed into the very prison itself, and stand surrounded by men who have committed almost every species of crime. There are some fifteen hundred of them here from all parts of England; stupid peasants from Suffolk and Norfolk, and clever rascals (these latter are very troublesome) from London, and Birmingham, and Liverpool, and other busy centres of industry, and intelligence, and life. Says our informant, We have a good many captains in the army here, and several merchants; nor are we surprised at the information.

When we entered, the men had just dined, and were collected in the yard previous to being examined and walked off in gangs, under the charge of their respective officers, to work. The gangs consisted of various numbers, of from fifteen to thirty; each officer felt each man, to see that nothing was hidden, and examined his number to see that it was all right, and as each gang marches through the gate, the officer calls out the number of the gang and the number of men it contains to the chief officer, who enters it in his book. As soon as this operation was over, the gangs marched out, some to quarry stones for the Breakwater below; and others, by far the larger number, to construct the enormous barricades and fortifications which the Government has ordered as a defence for that part of the world. The prisoners who cannot stand this hard work are employed in mending clothes, in making shoes, in baking and brewing, in the school-room, and other offices necessary in such an enormous establishment. In this latter employment no less a personage than Sir John Dean Paul had been occupied till very recently. The scene was a busy one; all around us were convicts—here quarrying, there employed in the manufacture of tools, or in carpenters' or masons' work—all working well, and many of them cheerful in spite of the presence of an official, and little apparently heeding the sentry standing near with loaded gun ready to shoot, if need be, a runaway. We have heard gentlemen say that at Bermuda and at Gibraltar the convicts will not work. All we can say is, that at Portland they do, and so effectually, as to cost the country but little more than four or five pounds a year. Our out-door inspection over, we then went over the sleeping apartments, and the chapel, and the kitchen, and laundry, and bakery. The impression left on us was very favourable. The food is of the plainest but most satisfactory character. The allowance for breakfast is 12 oz. of bread, 1 pint of tea or cocoa. Dinner, 1 pint of soup, 5½ oz. of meat, 1 lb. of potatoes, 6 oz. of bread or pudding. Supper, 9 oz. of bread, 1 pint of gruel or tea. The chapel is a handsome building, capable of containing fifteen hundred people, and the sleeping apartments were light, and airy, and well ventilated. Each cell opens into a corridor, there being a series of three or four storeys; each sleeping apartment can contain from a hundred to five hundred men; in each cell there is a hammock, and all that is requisite for personal cleanliness, besides a book or two, which the convict is allowed to have from the library. Of course the manner of life is somewhat monotonous. Before coming to Portland the prisoners have passed their allotted time (generally about nine months) in what is termed separate confinement at Pentonville, Millbank, Preston, Bedford, Wakefield, or some other prison adapted for the first stage of penal discipline. Upon their

reception they are made to undergo medical inspection, a change of clothes, and are required to bathe ; they are then informed of the rules and regulations of the prison, and moved to school for examination in educational attainments, with a view to their correct classification. Afterwards they receive an appropriate address from the chaplain, and are allowed to write their first letter from Portland to their relations. They are then put to work, and are made to feel that their future career depends in some measure on themselves. Thus there are four classes, and the convict in the best class may earn as much as two shillings a-week, which is put to his credit and paid him when he becomes free, partly by a post-office order, payable to him when he reaches his destination, and partly afterwards. The dress consists of fustian, over which a blue smock frock with white stripes is thrown. Convicts who are dangerous, and have maltreated their keepers, instead of a frock have a coat of a somewhat loud and striking character. Then again, a yellow dress denotes that the convict has attempted to escape ; and further, a blue cloth dress denotes that the wearer, engaged as a pointsman, has but little more time to stay, and has a little more freedom intrusted to him. In the working-days in summer the prison-bell rouses all hands at a quarter-past five, allowing an hour for washing, dressing, and breakfast. Then comes morning service in the chapel. They are then marched off to labour, where they remain till eleven, when they return to dinner. At half-past twelve they are again paraded, and dismissed to labour till six. Suppers are distributed to each cell at half-past six, and at seven evening service is held in the chapel. The prisoners then return to their cells. In winter-time they are recalled from labour at half-past four, prayers are read at five, and supper is served at six ; the prisoners then return to their cells. At eight all lights must be put out, and silence reigns in every hall, the slippered night-guards alone gliding through the long and dimly-lighted galleries like so many spectres. It may be that sorrow is wakeful, but it is not so at Portland. If the men have troubled consciences and uneasy hours, it is when they are at work, and not during the period allotted to repose. They are asleep as soon as ever the lights are put out, and till the bell summons them to labour they sleep the sleep of the just. Nor can we wonder at it. There is no sleep so sweet and precious as that earned by a long day's work in the open air.

Attendance at chapel and walking exercise in the open air are the two great features of the Sunday's employment ; and, as a further change, we may mention, each prisoner is allowed half a day's schooling per week. While at work, of course they talk together,—it is impossible to prevent that,—and they choose their companions and have their friendships as if they were free ; and even, as in the case of Sir John Dean Paul, maintain—or endeavour to do so—the social distinctions which were accorded to them when supposed to be respectable members of respectable society. Altogether here, as at many a worse place than Portland, the convicts must work hard, for the contractor depends on them for the supply of stone which is sent down the tramway to the Breakwater ; but many of the men at Portland have been accustomed to hard labour all their lives. They are chiefly young and able-bodied, and here they are well cared for and taught. Surely here, if anywhere, the convict may repent his crimes, and be fitted to return to society a wiser and better man! We cannot exactly say what are the effects of all this ; but surely the convicts must be better for this separation from their usual haunts and associates. Portland Prison is admirably adapted for carrying out a great experiment in the treatment and improvement of the criminal classes. It has now been in existence twelve years, and the experiment hitherto has succeeded. At any rate, if it is a blunder, it is not a costly one, like some establishments nearer town.

It is now nearly ten years since transportation to the colonies ceased to be a punishment for criminal offences. The Tasmanian and Australian authorities refused to receive them ; and the government establishment at Norfolk Island was abandoned, the home government resolving to make an effort to dispose of the convict population in some other manner. The convict establishment on the Island of Portland was the first scheme proposed for the employment and reformation of offenders. The principal object was to secure a place of confinement for long-term convicts ; the next, to systematically apply the labour of such convicts to "national works of importance," the prosecution of which at once was profitable, and afforded the means of training the convicts to habits of industry. The Penal Servitude Act was passed in 1853, and under it the much-condemned ticket of leave came into operation. It substituted sentences of penal servitude for all crimes formerly visited by sentences of transportation to a less period than 14 years. As few of such sentences, comparatively, reached over that period, the Act practically reduced the transportation sentences to a mere tithe of what they were before—the average during the years from 1854 to 1857 not being more than 235 out of 3200. In 1857 the transportation sentences only amounted to 110, while the penal servitude sentences were 2474. In that year an Act was passed with a small proportionate remission of sentence as a reward for good conduct. The advantages of the system thus established, were considered to be—1st, Its deterring effects. 2nd, Its affording encouragement to the convict. 3rd, As giving the means of dealing with refractory convicts ; and 4th, As affording means of employment to offenders on their discharge.

Portland Prison, as the chief punitive establishment under this new system, is, of course, most deserving notice. In 1857, the total expenditure on this prison was £48,782. The total value of the labour performed in the same year was £41,855, which, divided by 1488 (the average number of prisoners), gave £28 2*s.* 7*d.* as the rate per man. We doubt if the labour in our county prisons has ever reached the half of this value. Large numbers of the Portland prisoners have obtained employment at harbour and other similar works since their discharge, and generally their conduct has been satisfactory. The Discharged Prisoners' Aid Society regularly assists the well-behaved convicts in finding employment on their release from confinement, and that society's operations have been remarkably successful. Pentonville prison has ordinarily from five to six hundred prisoners ; while in Milbank the daily average number, in 1857, was about 1100. Parkhurst prison is

kept for boy convicts, of whom the average daily number, in 1857, was 431 ; and Brixton, for females, of whom 784 in all were received in that year. The Fulham Refuge is another female institution, in which convicts are received previous to being discharged on license, and in which they are taught a knowledge of household work, such as cooking, washing, &c., calculated to improve their chances of getting employment. Portsmouth, Chatham, Lewes, and Dartmoor are also used as convict establishments ; the latter, however, is being gradually given up, as utterly unfitted for such a purpose, its temperature in winter somewhat approaching to that of Nova Zembla. It is difficult to say what are the numbers requiring to be disposed of in these convict prisons in the average of years, but they probably range about 7000 males and 1200 females. If the decrease of crime in 1858 continue in subsequent years, our home prisons will amply suffice for the reception of our convict population.

Portland is insular only at certain times of the tide, and extending into the English Channel four and a half miles in length, north to south, by two miles in breadth ; connected with the main land by the Chesil Bank, a narrow ridge of shingle, ten and a half miles in length, and terminating on the south by Portland Bill, a rocky promontory, with two light-houses, 198 feet above the sea. It forms the west side of Weymouth harbour, and has stone quarries, and several ancient remains. Off its south extremity is Portland Race, a dangerous part of the channel, in which the tides set east, with great velocity. The works in contemplation are of a most formidable character, and will, doubtless, make the Island and harbour of Portland the most secure of any we possess, not excepting Gibraltar or Malta. The famous Breakwater is making rapid progress, and has already advanced about 2400 yards from the N.E. extremity of the island, and shelters a secure anchorage of upwards of 1200 acres for her Majesty's fleet and the numerous shipping which take refuge in the bay. The number of men employed in the construction of these great works is over 700, in addition to 1000 convicts, and is augmenting daily.

CONCERNING CABS.

One of the most blessed institutions of London is the cab. I prefer it much to the 'bus—to pedestrian exercise—and if I had, which I have not, a carriage of my own, I dare say I should prefer it even to that. If the horse falls down, it is not yours that breaks its knees ; if the shafts suddenly snap asunder, they are not yours that are damaged. And you need not be imposed on, unless you are flat enough to ask cabby his fare, and then it serves you right. The number of cabs now licensed in London is 4500 ; each common cab and the two horses with the appointments requisite to work it are estimated to cost not more than £60, so that the capital engaged is, in round numbers, upwards of £270,000, provided by upwards of 1800 small owners. The waste of the capital committed by this competition within the field of supply is visible to the eye, at all times and all weathers, in full stands, or long files, waiting hour after hour, and in the numbers crawling about the streets looking out for fares. The cost of the keep of each horse is estimated at 16*s.* 4*d.* per week—the depreciation of horse stock is put down at 2*s.* 6*d.* per week each, and of the vehicle at 8*s.* per week. The market value of the labour of such a man as the driver of a cab may be set down in London at 4*s.* per diem. The stable rent is, at least, 10*s.* per week, per cab and horses, so that the capital invested for man, horse, and vehicle, may be set down at more than one shilling per hour lost during every hour of the twelve that cabs are kept unemployed. On every cab-stand, where in foul weather as well as fair a dozen cabs are seen constantly unemployed, the administrative economist may see capital evaporating in worse than waste at a rate of 12*s.* per hour, £7 4*s.* per diem, or at a rate of between two and three thousand pounds per annum, to be charged on some one, i. e. the public. If all were employed, as the usual rate of driving is six miles per hour, they must be each employed at least four hours per diem to pay for their keep. If, however, the cabs were constantly employed daily at least three horses must be employed, which would augment the charge by that of an additional horse at the rate of 4*d.* per hour. A large proportion of the cabs are employed during the whole 24 hours ; but there are then two men, a night man and a day man, and three horses. It is probably greatly below the fact to state that at least one-third of the cabs are, the week through, unemployed—that is to say, one-third of the capital invested is wasted, a service for two capitals being competed for by three, to the inevitable destruction of one. As in other cases of competition within the field, efforts are made by violent manifestations of discontent at the legal fare, by mendacity, and by various modes of extortion, to charge upon the public the expense of the wasted capital. Sometimes it is in the form of a piteous appeal that the driver or the competitor has been out all day and has not before had "one single blessed fare." And yet the legal charge for the frequently wretched service of the man, horse, and vehicle is, when taken by the hour, nearly double, and by the mile nearly treble—when only two horses per diem are used—its actual prime cost, which is, when driving at little more than six miles an hour, 2*d.* or 3*d.* per mile, and when waiting 1*s.* 4*d.* per hour. But there is now a cry from the cab proprietors that this charge of double the prime cost does not pay, as it probably does not under such a ruinous system, and an appeal is proposed to parliament for an augmentation of the fares, but such augmentations under this principle of competition within the field would only aggravate the evil, for it would lead to an increased number of competitors, and instead of there being a competition of three to do the work of two, there would be a competition of two or more to do the work of one—that is, a greater waste of capital to be paid for by some one. Since the reduction of the fares in 1852, the number of cabs in the metropolis, instead of being reduced, has been increased from 3297 to 4507 in 1857.

The criminal returns afford melancholy indications of their moral condition to those conversant with penal statistics. Thus, in the police returns we find, under the head of "Coach and cabmen"—but it is stated by the police to be chiefly of cabmen—a very heavy list of offences. In the year 1854 it was 682; in the year

before that, 777. The recurring crimes are thus denoted:

Apprehensions for Offences against the Hackney Carriage Act	1853.	1854.
Simple larcenies	369	335
Other larcenies	29	36
Common assaults	10	12
„ on the police	54	42
Cruelty to animals	24	11
Disorderly characters	57	27
Drunk and disorderly characters	15	21
Drunkenness	66	62
Furious driving	82	73
	24	18

In respect to this—service of cabs—tho analysed charges and statistics show that by a properly-conducted competition by adequate capital for the whole field—for which, in my view, the chief police or local administrative authorities ought, as servants of the public, to be made responsible—service equal to the present might be obtained at 3*d.* or 4*d.* per mile; or at the present legal fare of sixpence per mile, a service approaching in condition to that of private carriages, might be insured out of the waste which now occurs. Machines have been invented, which are stated to be convenient and not expensive.

A pleasant way of getting along is that of getting in a Hansom, and bidding the driver drive on. A great improvement, undoubtedly, on the old Hackney coach, or on that first species of cab—consisting of a gig with a very dangerous hood—on one side of which sat the driver, while on the other was suspended yourself. Now as you dash merrily along, with a civil driver, a luxurious equipage, and not a bad sort of horse, little do you think that you may be driving far further than you intended, to a dangerous illness and an early grave.

A terrible danger threatens all who live in London, or who visit it, by means of a custom—which ought not to be tolerated for an instant—of carrying sick persons in cabs to hospitals. No doubt the increase of smallpox in tho metropolis may be referred to this source. Put a case of smallpox into a comfortable cab for an hour, then send the vehicle into the streets; first a merchant sits in it for a quarter of an hour, then a traveller from the railway gets his chance of catching the disease, and so on for the next week or two. When it takes, the victims have had no warning of their impending danger, and wonder where they got it. They in their turn become new centres of disease, and for the next few weeks they infect the air they breathe, the houses they inhabit, the clothing sent to the laundress, and everybody and everything which comes within their influence, and it is impossible to say where the infection ceases. The following arrangements would easily, cheaply, and effectually do away with the evil:—1. Make it penal to let or to hire a public vehicle for the conveyance of any person affected with contagious disease. 2. Every institution for the reception of contagious disease should undertake to fetch the patient on receipt of a medical certificate as to the nature of the case.

THE BLIND GIRL'S VISION.

THE sympathies that move the soul,
And wake the heart to love,
In living streams of beauty roll
From heavenly founts abovo.

Deep hid in light those rivers riso,
Mysteriously flowing
Through human hearts and human eyes,
All beauteous life bestowing.

And oft beneath the meanest dress
Life's fairest treasures grow,
As oft through scenes of lonelinoss
Those rivers deepest flow.

Low in a violet-scented vale
A humble cottage stood,
Where overy eve the nightingalo
The veilèd silence woo'd.

And every day the woodbine threw
Its loving arms more wide,
To clasp the rose that nearer grew
Its blushing face to hide.

But sweeter than the nightingale,
And fairer than the flowers,
There dwelt a maiden in the vale,
Fresh as the summer showers.

Her face was like a seraph bright,
And there her heavenly mind
Sat like an angel in the night,
For God had made her blind.

The maid was blind, but in her breast
Lived as serene a ray
As that which dreams abovo the west,
O'er the closed eye of day.

All things to her were what they seem,
Cradled in Sabbath rest:
Her life was like an infant's dream,
Lovely but unexpress'd.

Pictures of beauty and delight
Her secret fancy drew,
In shadow'd depths of holier light
Than outward vision knew.

All unperceived by mortal eyes
Those woofed fancies wrought,
Like hoards of sacred memories
Treasured in deepest thought.

Oh who shall say what visions bright
That maiden pure beheld,
Her trancèd spirit shrined in light,
Like holy seers of eld?

The senses that obscure the mind,
By darkening passions fed,
Pageants of glory undefined
Into her vision led.

The flowers that woo the zephyr's kiss,
With fragrant lips replying,
Were living messengers of bliss,
In thronging glory flying.

The birds whose lavish voices fling
Rich music down the air,
Were happy spirits welcoming
Her waking thoughts to prayer.

And when sweet Philomel was nigh
She felt the thrilling tone,
As if the soul of harmony
Was mated with her own.

The murmurs of the distant sea
Lying in solemn rest,
Were voices from eternity,
Communing with her breast.

But deeper joys than Nature tells,
In language manifold,
Chimed from the peaceful Sabbath bells,
And o'er her spirit roll'd.

Like angels' voices in the air,
They sounded soft and clear,
Telling the sons of toil and care
That rest and peace were near.

And ever in her fancy ran,
As to the church she went,
That heaven beyond those bells began,
In bowers of deep content.

Within the church the maiden knelt
In prayer with reverent awe,
For all the words of peace she felt
Which others heard and saw.

Pure, living beams of holy light
Around her spirit shone,
As the dark bosom of the night
Burns with a starry zone.

And as o'er night's untroubled breast
Peace broods with silent wing,
A radiant joy o'er-shadowing blest
The maiden worshipping:

A radiant joy, that silent knew
Devotion's sweet control,
But, clothed in music, vocal grew
Unto her ravish'd soul.

Oh who shall paint the glorious throng
That, clad in thoughts of light,
Were borne on azure wings of song,
Into her spirit's sight?

Now, robed in peace, a youthful train
Came crowding on her view,
Wing'd by a sweet melodious strain
That out of distance grew.

Now, bright with joy and ecstasy,
Exultant myriads pour
O'er silver waves of harmony,
Kissing a golden shore.

In notes that drop from heaven above,
Soft as an angel's tear,
Clad in rich hues of purest love,
Seraphic forms appear.

In measured step, with arms entwined,
Those beauteous spirits came,
Like beams first blushing o'er the mind
From love's celestial flame.

The music ceased, but, like a thought
Left by a loving glance,
A joy of fadeless hue was wrought
In that sweet poet's trance.

W. K.

AN INCIDENT IN THE REFORMATION IN PARIS.

The engraving we give on the other side is from a painting by Charles James Hook, A. R. A., and is, in the opinion of many, one of his best pictures, and was exhibited at the Royal Academy Exhibition in 1854. Every figure is eloquent, and tells of a time, happily long passed away, when the man true to the Bible and its divine teachings, was in danger of his very life. Well may that wife try to draw away her husband, and her little ones to aid her. A stern true man, in such times, was safest at home. Such a scene was a favourable one for Mr. Hook, for, if we mistake not, his grandfather on the maternal side was Dr. Adam Clarke, the distinguished Biblical Commentator. No doubt, in his young days, he had heard of the true men who would not worship the mass,—who would not pay what they deemed idolatrous reverence to the Virgin Mary,—who held that man had usurped God's place in religion; and the ideas thus excited had floated in his brain many and many a long day, and at length the time came when the idea was realized, and the painting burst upon the world. It is well that for such subjects the artist must go back to the past, look up old histories, revive old traditions,—that we live in happier times, when every man amongst us—be he high or low, rich or poor—has freedom to worship God.

THE STORY OF THE SYREN.

A long time ago and a long way off, down at the very bottom of the sea, a marine sovereign held his court, swaying his mighty sceptre, not only over all the fish in the water, all the gigantic creatures of the pre-adamite era, all the fair fields and forests covered by the green waves, but over a population of mysterious beings, whose very existence is denied by the science and philosophy of our age, just because neither science nor philosophy can understand them.

"There are more things in heaven and earth than are dreamed of in your philosophy." So spake Hamlet, Prince of Denmark, and he might have included the sea with its undiscovered wonders as containing that which the plummet of science had never sounded. I say he

AN INCIDENT IN THE REFORMATION IN PARIS.

might have done, and perhaps he meant it after all, for it is not unreasonable to suppose that he might have known something of this singular story which I am about to relate to you. It was off the coasts of Denmark somewhere that the events happened, either up the Baltic or the Cattegat, or somewhere else, and as they happened a long time ago, it very likely was long before Claudius ascended the throne, and the late king amused his evenings by walking on the castle platform.

Well: down at the bottom of the sea there reigned a certain king; his queen had brought him seven daughters, beautiful as the seven stars, and he was about the happiest of royal potentates. Everything by which they were surrounded was calculated to increase their delight; their crystal palace was enriched with gems of the first water, and sparkled with gold and silver; pearls of exquisite size and beauty incrusted all the furniture, which was of mother of pearl, and the gardens well laid out with the most curious and beautiful of marine plants, amidst the waving foliage of which the fish sported, just as birds nestle in trees. Everything of course had a very sub-aqueous aspect, but it was no more like what people who profess to teach us physical geography would lead us to suppose, than Ptolemy's astronomy resembled that of Newton. Who has not heard of the phosphorescence of the ocean in all zones of the earth? how, especially in the northern seas, it is highly luminous one night and not at all so on the following: Humboldt could not explain this. The fact is of course that the sea king gave a banquet, and that the palace and the city became one blaze of light; attendant dolphins sporting amongst the foaming waves gave to them an unutterable appearance of magnificence. Such effects as these were always to be witnessed when one of the king's daughters came of age, or whenever the king felt disposed, for some reason or other, or no reason at all, to gather his numerous vassals and delight them with his royal bounty.

The coming of age of one of the king's daughters was always an event of immense importance. All classes of the community—Leptocardia, Cyclostomata, Teleostia, Ganvidea, and Selachina—were in a state of perturbation to learn the news. But it always happened that the princess herself was more anxious about it than any one else, for it was the privilege of the princess on attaining her majority to ascend for the first time to the surface of the water and behold the upper world.

Oh that world! how the princess longed to behold its beauties; to see its wondrous sights, and to experience all the enjoyment of delightful novelty! There the sun shone through the day, and the pale moon came out o'nights, and stars there were, like jewels, spangling the sky; there flowers of all colours bloomed and exhaled delicious perfumes, not scentless flowers like those below the sea, and there winged fish—birds they called them—spread their rich plumage in the light, and sang melodious music, not like the dumb fishes in the world of waters. Some sub-marine philosophers, who had never been privileged to see it, wrote about the upper world, and described it very minutely; unfortunately the details were all wrong, but then no one below the water knew any better, so the philosophers took their oyster-shell degrees, and swaggered mightily about their wisdom. Sometimes they fell to quarrelling amongst themselves, and denounced some teacher who ventured to swim a little out of the regular track and to suggest something new; they were always very hard on such a fellow, and shunned him as they would a torpedo or electrical eel.

Now there was one thing which appeared to be tolerably certain; it was generally received as true; namely, that the people in the upper world were short-lived; unlike the people of the world of waters, they died early, some in a few days, some in a few months, all in a comparatively few years, while they of the sea lived on for a thousand or fifteen hundred years. But then it was stated that the people in the upper world possessed immortal spirits, which ascended to a better world after death; and, as is well known, fairies, elfs, kelpies, brownies, mermaids, mermen, syrens, and the rest of the supernatural race, have no souls, and when they die, *they die!*

It is necessary that this should be distinctly understood as the accepted creed in the world of waters, otherwise the intense desire to rise to the surface of the water, in the heart of the youngest princess, will not be sufficiently obvious.

All the princesses were anxious to look at the upper world, but none so anxious as the youngest; all listened with interest to what each one had to tell when she had caught her first glimpse of earth, but none listened with so much interest as the youngest. And being the youngest, you see, she had a long time to wait before her turn came, and she occupied that leisure in acquiring information as to what they had seen and done on their first visit. One thought the most beautiful thing she had seen was a globe of fire, which seemed to rise out of the sea, and lighted up everything with dazzling lustre: another had seen something she thought exceedingly curious, a boat with a sail spread, and some creatures sitting in the boat who—monsters as they were—let down a green net and dragged a quantity of fish into their vessel: another had seen a lofty mountain, whose sides were clothed with gardens and vineyards, and from the summit of which smoke and flame burst forth: another had seen icebergs floating on the water, and had seen a goodly ship go down in a storm; there was no doubt about this, for there were the timbers of the old ship at the bottom of the water.

To float away to this strange relic of the upper world was the youngest princess's chief delight. A sadness stole over her as she saw it stored with merchandise, the worth of which she knew not, and showing still the ghastly remains of what had been men, but the sight of what she knew not: it was strange to her, very strange—

> Inestimable stones, unvalued jewels,
> All scatter'd at the bottom of the sea.
> Some lay in dead men's sculls; and in those holes
> Where eyes did once inhabit, there were crept
> (As 't were in scorn of eyes) reflecting gems,
> That woo'd the slimy bottom of the deep,
> And mock'd the dead bones that lay scatter'd by.

At last the birthday arrived, and the youngest princess attained her majority. With her own hands her mother decked her brow with a coronal of sea flowers, and her attendant sisters arranged her golden hair, and clothed

her in such costly garments as they wore. With a jubilant air the king himself conducted her through the mysterious region of the upper waters. He told her he would leave her when they approached the surface, and so he did, and she leaping, as it were, from the waves, saw this world of ours for the first time.

O beautiful, O glorious! the splendour of the ocean palaces was forgotten in the gorgeous scene which met her gaze. It was mid-day; a sky of intensest blue stretched over a sea but slightly rippled by the passing breeze, and which looked in the sunshine as if with a prodigal hand gold and jewels had been scattered over it; and there were ships upon the water, small craft with painted sail; and there was a rocky coast, and purple mountains in the distance, and green forests that autumn time was changing into gold; and yonder there was a little cluster of huts, and nets were hanging up, and a bronzed-face man was showing a bright-eyed boy how to rig a toy-boat, and to cry yo, ho! And here along the sandy beach a man was riding with his wife before him on the same stout nag; and here was a garden sloping down to the edge of a calm still bay, and through the vista of tall trees there were traces of a grand mansion; and walking in the grounds there was a man, handsome, well proportioned, richly dressed —and the princess saw him and forgot everything else.

There was a singular fluttering at her heart; an emotion she had never felt before. She could not withdraw her eyes from the man's figure. Was this a man? —she had often heard of the race;—this a man, and an immortal man! To him she was invisible, for it is not given to the children of clay to behold with unpurged eyes the creatures of the mystic world, but she saw him, and when he approached the steps which led down to the water, heard his voice. He was singing a light love song, and, she knew not why, the child of the waters caught the strain and sang in harmony with him. He heard the music; stopped, looked round, hesitated; but she, as one inspired, sang on, and he, as one under a spell, remained to listen. He descended the steps and leant towards her, and then it was she felt her power and the power of her race, her syren voice could lead him anywhere, even to destruction.

When she ceased to sing the spell was broken, but as a man waking out of a dream he reascended the steps, and she watched him as he walked slowly to the mansion.

So the princess returned to her father's house, and when they questioned her as to what she had seen, she could remember nothing but the face of the man she loved. She loved him, loved him with all her heart; to be of his race, to share his fortune, to be the keeper of his heart, that was her strong desire. There are people who talk as though there was no reality in love at first sight: go to—they know nothing about it.

How could the princess Syren win the heart of the man she loved? There was a subtle counsellor, a creature of astonishing powers, but of evil repute; it was generally admitted in the world of waters that this creature could do anything, and to him the princess directed her appeal. Did he know her purpose? He did. Would he assist her? He would. Could he assist her? He could. At what time would he assist her? At once. What would be requisite? Listen:

"If thou seekest another destiny from that which is thine, thou must resign all the privileges of thy present condition. A thousand years of life are surely thine here in the world of waters; what may be thy fate above it is not mine to tell. But being of the race of man, thou wilt attain man's immortality; if thou dost marry the man thou lovest, his fate shall be thine; if he spurns thee, as it may be he will, thy present life is forfeit and thy future state unknown. Wilt thou accept these terms?"

"Any terms."

"It may be that thou wilt be called upon to suffer; man is not only of stronger bone and stouter sinew than a woman, but of a coarser mould, and he may bruise thine heart or break it!"

She sighed deeply, but answered—"I can endure anything from him!"

"Anything?"

"Anything, if I may but look into his face and hear his voice."

"Enough: to-night ascend to the upper world; approach the spot where he dwells; draw thyself from the water on to the sands; take this potion; its contents produce a lethargy, a trance, and in that trance the change from Syren to woman will occur: thou shalt fall asleep a child of the sea, and wake a mortal woman."

She took the phial from his hand and uttered words of gratitude; she did not observe the hideous leer upon the creature's face. Innocence is unsuspicious. And now she began to feel a sense of sadness stealing over her, as she thought of leaving for ever her old home to look no more on the faces so dear to her, to hear no more the old familiar accents. There was the king her father in whom she had so much trust and love; and the mother after whom her heart yearned as it had done when she was a little child; and her sisters; and the old palace, and the pet fish! ah me, so many things around which her affections were entwined, that it was hard to withdraw them. But there was a stronger love, a love such as she had never known before, steeping her senses as it were in a bath of fragrant herbs; she bade farewell in her heart to the scenes of her youth, checked the tears which rose to her eyes when she saw the loved ones for the last time, and so at last the hour of her departure arrived, and she rose to the surface of the water.

The crescent moon and the attendant stars silvered the waters that rippled in the evening breeze. The Syren princess saw again the marble steps, the avenue of trees, and the quaint gabels of the old mansion; but there was no human creature to be seen; no sound heard, except the light plash of the waters as it broke on the marble steps, and the distant tones of a female voice chanting the Ave Maria.

The Syren, implicitly following the instruction of the creature, drew herself on to the shore, and drank the contents of the phial. A heavy drowsiness, a gnawing pain, a dull sense of something terrible, came upon her, and she slept. It was a heavy, dreamless sleep, and when she awoke, it was with the sense of some calamity, some pressing sorrow, that for a few moments rendered her oblivious to the change she had undergone. Only a few moments, and then she saw it all. She was a woman—a woman clothed in a graceful dress, that was

girded at the waist by a jewelled zone. The remembrance of all that she had done now rushed upon her: she was a mortal, having a mortal's destiny, and immortal hopes, if—

She heard *his* voice singing the old love song she heard him sing before; he was coming towards her; she saw his shadow, and rose up, a little oddly at first, it must be owned, for she was unused to move as the children of clay; but after a little while, so short a time that he had scarcely advanced ten paces, she moved with ease and grace. Her heart fluttered like a frightened bird in a cage. She thought of retreating, but the thought came too late, he had seen her, come towards her, gazed upon her with astonished rapture, and then in courtly language begged to know the name and rank of the fair stranger. She tried to speak, not knowing what to say, but the effort was in vain, no sound was heard. She tried again and again, and her brain seemed on fire, but she met with no success. She essayed to sing, but not a single note could she produce; her voice was gone; the treacherous creature of the sea had robbed her of her Syren power, and of woman's grand prerogative—the power of speech.

The prince, for he was a prince, was astonished at her silence; but supposing that she was a foreigner unacquainted with his language, he resorted to others. Tried her with French, German, High Dutch, Low Dutch, English, Scotch, Hebrew, and Irish, Spanish, Italian, Welsh; ever so many more, for he was a right learned prince—the Admirable Crichton of his day. The right thought occurred to him at last; she was dumb. He ingeniously pantomimed to ascertain if she was deaf; found out she was not; was she dumb? she was. Greatly to his surprise, she, after this announcement, began to dance, lightly, elegantly, gracefully; not like a creature of earth, not like a belle in a ball-room, not like a stage ballet girl, not like a principal danseuse executing a pas, not like anything that he had ever seen before in his experience—and he was a right clever prince, and his experience was enormous.

He questioned; she danced. She intimated in that dance, plain as toe and heel could do it, that she was a princess; that she sought protection at his court; that she felt assured he was a right honourable prince, whose sword would leap from its scabbard that he might succour damsels in distress; might she trust him? He gazed upon her with admiration; understood pretty well the ideas she was expressing; assured her in reply that he had a sister who would render her every assistance, and to whom he would take her, then and there, if she so felt disposed. She accepted his offer, and proceeded with him to the house.

House! it was a palace; a palace fit for an emperor. The prince led the Syren to the princess's private apartments, and introduced her as a young lady in distress.

The princess was all sympathy and curiosity, in the proportion of seventy-nine of the latter to twenty-one of the former. However, she was very kind, and the poor Syren danced delightfully. So with the mystery of her past life unsolved, the princess made her exceedingly welcome, and so did the prince; and from that time forth she resided as an honoured guest at the court.

She saw him, that was much; heard him, that was much; but she could not speak the words that would have relieved her own bursting heart, and feared that she would never hear the words she longed to hear from his lips. He was kind to her, very kind, but it was not the passion of a lover; he was gentle, considerate, sympathizing, but he did not love as she loved; he never divined the flame that consumed her. Had he but known how much she prized and treasured every look and word of his; how she garnered in her soul his sentiments; and how sometimes when alone there came upon her an impetuous burst of passion and of self-reproach—he must have loved her. But he had no suspicion of the truth; he came to regard her as a sister, and bade her love him as a brother.

One day he approached her, with a face radiant with joy.

"News, sister mine; Good news—" he took her by the hands. "Give me joy: she has consented."

A pang shot through her heart, she trembled violently.

"Sister, darling, you are ill, faint; let me call assistance."

She shook her head, smiled, professed that she was better, and that he should go on with the news.

"Well, then, I have been in love these six months. Six times the crescent moon has filled her horn, and I have kept my secret. Ah! sister, you were never in love?"

She looked upon him with a smile, but there was wild reproach in her heart.

"And so I am to be married. You shall attend my bride; you alone, and go with me, so please you, across the sea in our stately galley to wander for awhile in foreign lands. I am sure you will love the lady, she is all gentleness, all goodness, all truth; her eyes, her lips—— but you are ill, sister, I am sure you are ill?"

She struggled with her emotion and smiled again.

"I have told her," he went on, "how good a second sister I have found in you; told her how you have ever anticipated my wishes, how you have cheered my hours of despondency, and added fresh joy to my happiest days; I have told her how you tended me in my sickness, sharing that duty with my own sister, and permitting no menial hand to approach me; how grateful I am; I told her that, and she is grateful too, and sends you this token of her love,"—he presented her with a chain to which an amulet was attached,—"'tis a precious relic of great virtue, will you not take it?"

Yes: he saw that she consented, and threw it round her neck with his own hand. "You promise to attend my bride." She motioned her assent, and then a gay company of the court ladies approaching, the Syren fled to her own chamber.

Wild despair, self-reproach, unutterable sorrow, were in her heart; the hope which she had indulged was disappointed; the fear she had felt was realized; then there sprang up a desire for revenge. Why should this man love another, why should he mock her, for was it not a bitter mockery to whisper the story of his happiness to her whose happiness he had destroyed? Who was this mortal woman who had won his heart, and who had smitten her with shame and remorse and

agony? And this was mortal life! Vanity and disappointment, sorrow and sin and suffering: ah well! the children of earth knew how to revenge their wrongs, could she not revenge herself as well as they! Here, on her ivory table, was a dagger, its hilt richly chased and jewelled; its sheath of crimson velvet, its blade seven inches long. Good; this would serve her excellently well.

The wedding-day arrived, so did the wedding-guests, so did the bride, a beautiful creature, all life and gaiety; she was fond of the Syren, at once caressed her as if she had known her for years, told her all her prospects for the future as if life was a drama in which people rehearsed their parts, and knew the end from the beginning. So the Prince and the Princess were married; crowds thronged the sands to see them depart in their stately galley; the Syren was in attendance; the gilded prow of the galley was covered with flowers; the pavilion of the royal party was also decorated in the same way; wreaths of flowers were worn by all the courtiers; flowers crowned the heads of gentlemen and ladies alike; the swarthy oarsmen had coronals of flowers, and flowers were scattered on the deck, a pathway of roses for the princely pair, roses with all the thorns picked out.

The boat left the shore and glided out to sea; the sun sank, and the purple twilight deepened into night; the stars came out and the full-orbed moon, and still onward went the stately galley obedient to her helm. The hours chased each other through the night, and when everything was very still, and the Prince and Princess had long retired, the Syren stole along the deck, her hair hanging loosely about her shoulders, and her face as pale as the moonbeams. She looked out on the tranquil sea, and listened to its murmuring voice as to the voice of a friend; to her that murmur was something more than the mere splashing of the waves; she bent over the side of the vessel and listened; she heard her sisters' voices singing; heard them wailing for her as for one dead; heard them tell to each other the story of her flight, and how nothing but human blood sprinkled on her feet, blood shed by her own hand, could restore them to her more. They continued singing as she listened, and seemed to draw her towards them with the same magical power which she had once herself exercised over mortals. She laid her hands upon the Amulet and heard no more. Then taking from the folds of her garment the jewel-hilted dagger, revenge and despair struggling in her heart, she crept to the pavilion, lifted the heavy curtain, and entered. They were asleep, and she looked upon their faces,—love and hope were written plainly there; a blow from her hand, and darkness would be their portion; she gazed upon them; he so noble in his bearing, she so graceful and beautiful; the blade glittered in the light of the lamp, she crept towards the man she loved, stood over him, lifted her hand, and the dagger fell—fell from her nerveless hand, fell harmlessly upon the ground, and down she knelt beside it, and with the voice of her soul cried,—Now Heaven have mercy on me; now Heaven bless and keep these twain beneath its own benignant power; now Heaven spare and pity the child of the sea whose only hope is death!

There were voices heard; voices in the water, Syren voices wildly chanting; voices on the deck and hurrying footsteps, for the Prince had awakened and found the dead Syren in his pavilion; voices in the sky—voices of celestial spirits that, as they bore upward a sister spirit to their heavenly home, were singing of a victory attained over self and sin, and uttering such words as these, "Thy forbearance has saved thee, O child of the Sea!"

THE BULL-FIGHT.

Flitter the fans like wings,
Sparkles a heaven of eyes;
Hark! the arena rings
With eager yet silvery cries.
See! how the brave bull stands,
Fiercely pawing the ground,
'Wilder'd with clapping of hands,
Angrily glares around.

Glares on the Picadors bold,
Doubtful which to attack,
Juan, in purple and gold,
Bestriding the foam-fleck'd black;
Carlo, in green and red,
Riding that gallant bay;
Or Pedro, with veil on his head
In white, on his dappled grey.

Now, with a hideous roar,
He singles a foe from them all;
Surely, that rush before,
Horse and rider must fall.
No; for with spear in rest
Juan faces the shock,
Strikes him full on the breast,
Sitting as firm as a rock.

Ah! that has made him mad;
But Carlo shows no fear.
Heavens! the wood is bad,
Shivers the well-aim'd spear.
See how the red blood spouts
From the flank of the gallant bay;
Mid clapping of hands and shouts
Feebly it staggers away.

Quick to the rescue flies
Pedro, the newly-wed.
Santiago! his charger shies
From the horrible pool of red.
Now with a terrible crash
Rider and horse go down;
See how the dark eyes flash!
How glows the cheeks' clear brown!

See how the small hands wave
Kerchiefs, and clap for joy.
Carrajo! the sport is brave,
A pleasure that cannot cloy.
—There rings through the joyous cries
A shriek. It is Pedro's bride.
Hers is the veil that lies
In her husband's life-blood dyed.

Now all the Chulos run
To lure the bull from his prey;
Fiercely he turns on one,
Who lightly dashes away.
While from the ring is borne
Pedro, but he is dead;
His bridal garb is torn,
Stain'd and speckled with red.

Waving around his head
Scarves of each rainbow hue,
Purple and green and red,
Orange and crimson and blue,
The Chulos play mad pranks,
And as they avoid each spring,
Thick at his heaving flanks
Quivering darts they fling.

Darts which crackle and burn,
Till mad with the noise and pain,
He knows not whither to turn,
And charges about in vain.
The crowd for the Matador calls,
For his strength is well-nigh sped;
Swiftly the keen blade falls—
Lo! the brave bull lies dead.

Long and loud the applause
Honours him even in death.
When there is such good cause,
Who would be sparing of breath?
Yes; he has killed his man,
Echo the silvery cries;
Wing-like flutters each fan,
Sparkles a heaven of eyes.

E. B.

LITERATURE.

The Song of Hiawatha,

By Henry Wadsworth Longfellow. Illustrated from designs by George H. Thomas, Engraved on Wood by W. Thomas and H. Harral. London: W. Kent and Co. We live in an age when the rivalry between Publishers seems to be as to who shall publish books most richly illustrated, most beautifully printed, and, to use a technical phrase, most superbly got up. At one time the rage for cheapness threatened to carry everything before it; all our standard authors were reprinted on the worst paper possible, with the smallest of type, and in the most unattractive form. At length the public grew weary of this, and a reäction against cheapness and shabbiness commenced. People began to feel that it was but right and proper that genius should be employed to illustrate and adorn the works of genius. Of this fact none have been more ready to avail themselves than Messrs. Kent and Co., and hence it is that we are constantly called upon to announce some fresh volume of theirs, rivalling anything that has gone before. Of the merits of Hiawatha as a poem, it is unnecessary here to speak. It was a bold attempt in a new metre to reproduce Indian life, and it was a successful one. On both sides the Atlantic the poem has taken its place among the classics of the age. Here we have to speak of the merits of this superb edition of this Song of Hiawatha, and they are manifest at the first glance. The binding, blue and gold, is a fine specimen of the craft, and excites expectations, which are not disappointed when you open the volume and look inside. The poem itself is printed in beautiful type on thick cream-coloured paper, and the illustrations, of which there are twenty-four, all exquisitely engraved, are worthy of the poem, and of the reputation of the artists. Mr. Thomas has evidently laboured long and arduously and successfully at his task. He has caught inspiration from his theme, and we could almost fancy, so true and life-like are the groupings, that he has crossed the water, and dwelt for a time with the maranding tribes of Indians of whom the poet sings. He commences with the birth of Hiawatha. We pass on and see

"The distant smoke ascending
The Pukwana of the Peace-Pipe."

We hear the shout,

"Honour be to Mudjeekeewis!"

and gaze with sorrow on the dead body of the deserted mother of our hero. Then, again, there is Hiawatha in the pride of his manhood, and gorgeous in Indian finery, rushing to the kingdom of the West Wind. Then we see him fainting and exhausted in his body. A fine real picture is that of the Indian forest, with Kwasind lifting aside the trunks. Then we have Hiawatha sailing and fishing, till he meets with Minnehaha

"Plaiting mats of flags and rushes."

Some of the more complicated groups are very beautiful; as the Beggar's Dance, the Dance of Shoes, the Blessing the Corn Fields; and the death of Minnehaha is as full of pathos and power as the poem itself. Of each illustration it would be, however, tedious to speak; and in pp. 114, 115, by the kindness of the publishers, we give a couple of the engravings, and thus enable the reader to judge for himself. We can only sum up by saying that they are all of the highest merit, and that we shall be much disappointed if this noble edition of a noble poem be not in great request in the drawing-rooms of the wealthy and refined.

Hinchbridge Haunted.

A Country Story, by George Cupples, author of the *Green Hand*, *The Two Frigates*, &c. Edinburgh: William P. Nimmo. We own to a liking for country stories, and, in some respects, Mr. Cupples is fitted to tell one. He is a careful observer, and has great command of language. Many of the incidents and conversations described in the book are admirably hit off. At the same time the plot is not clearly developed. The reader reads and reads in the vain hope of escaping from the air of mystery which pervades the book, but in vain. A little clearer outline would have rendered *Hinchbridge Haunted* a much more attractive book. As it is, a man with inferior capacity will produce a much more taking story. Mr. Cupples has descriptive powers of no mean order, and we should be glad to see them turned to better account.

STORIES OF INVENTIONS AND DISCOVERIES IN SCIENCE AND THE USEFUL ARTS.

A BOOK for Old and Young, by JOHN TIMBS, F.S.A., author of *Curiosities of London*, and *Things not Generally Known*. London: Kent and Co. The reading public are under no common obligations to Mr. Timbs. He always selects popular subjects—he always treats them in a popular way, and always adds to our stores of information. We have few more useful or industrious writers, and we trust he may go on reading and writing and publishing for another thousand years. This last book is, we think, his best book. We begin with the inventions of Archimedes — hear all about the Magnet, and Caxton, and gunpowder, and flying in the air, and diving under the water—then come to later times, to Prince Rupert and the Marquis of Worcester—and then, with a rapid glance at the perils of John Lombe in his furtive journey to Piedmont to bring over Silk-throwing machinery, and at poor Lee inventing the Stocking Frame, reach our own times, the era of engineering and railways, and the arch-chemic art of Photography, and the Electric Telegraph. On all these subjects Mr. Timbs discourses in his usually lucid and pleasant manner.

DISCOURSES BY WILLIAM ANDERSON, L.L.D.

SECOND Series. Glasgow: Peter Bertram. Sermons are not generally fair objects of criticism. They are published generally at the request of friends; they are read by the author's congregation; have a local sale and little more. We notice Dr. Anderson, however, because he is an original writer, and then he deals much in logic and sarcasm, and is a sermoniser of an uncommon stamp. This volume is a companion to one published several years ago, and now out of print. The author's aim is to reproduce "the old common-place theology, simplified, and practically enforced in natural feeling and speech, with but slight regard to those conventional forms by which sermons, both as spoken and printed, have been so injuriously affected." Without giving assent and consent to all Dr. Anderson puts forth, we take him to be a man of great mental powers. Here we have his best thoughts on the best subjects, and, in religious circles, we predict for this volume of his no common welcome. Let not Dr. Anderson, however, be too sure of success. "Good arguers," said Voltaire, "are in disrepute, and a man who would hope to make his way in the world by logic would be as mad as Don Quixote."

THE DIVINE LIFE IN MAN.

BY JAMES BALDWIN BROWN, B.A. London: Ward and Co. Sermons are evidently beginning once more to find favour with the public, and if they are as full of genuine religious feeling and catholic teaching as this volume of Mr. Brown's, we are glad to find such is the case. The writer is a man of highly cultivated powers, of wide reading, of generous aspirations—a man to whom religious truth is a reality, and every line bears witness to this. When we mention that the book is dedicated to Professor Scott of Manchester, and that it contains admiring references to Mr. Maurice, it is clear Mr. Brown belongs to what is called the Broad Church, rather than to the more rigid schools which belong rather to the past than the present day. We will let Mr. Brown speak for himself. The earlier chapters of the Book of Genesis present to us man made after the image of God in Eden. The last chapters of the Book of Revelation present to us man partaker of the Divine nature and the Divine life in heaven. The links which connect the two are the Fall and the Redemption. The object of the author is to trace, rather in a suggestive than formal way, the method of this progress. We must say one word in praise of the getting-up of the work. Its Old English appearance is well preserved.

ALLEGORY has of late somewhat grown out of fashion. In the days of Addison and Johnson, perhaps, it was somewhat overdone, yet it will always possess charms for the young, the reflective, and refined. *The Doctor's Vision*, by MRS. PAULL (London: Bell and Daldy), is an allegory of a high order. A medical man is called in to attend a patient who has met with a severe accident, which immediately proves fatal. On his return he has his solitary dinner—he is a bachelor—his old housekeeper places the decanter of sherry by his side, and leaves him to his own reflections. He draws his arm-chair to the fire, and endeavours to realize the wants of the day. From this state of dreamy consciousness he is suddenly aroused by the apparition of a beautiful female figure, evidently not an inhabitant of earth. Fancy, for such is the lady's name, leads him far away. She takes him to castles curiously fashioned, and shows how in some, reason and religion reign supreme, in others, intemperance and lust. The execution and design of the allegory are alike to be commended.

AMONGST the pamphlets we have received, a foremost place must be given to one on *The Rights and Condition of Women*, by the REV. SAMUEL MAY of Syracuse, New York, reprinted from the fourth American edition, and published by Whitfield, Strand.—The Scottish Temperance League have published an admirable account of Mr. Stirling, a useful Temperance Reformer, under the title of *The Gloaming of Life*. Mr. May tells us "the entire defranchisement of females is as unjust as the disfranchisement of males would be, for there is nothing in their mental, moral, or physical nature that disqualifies them to understand the true interests of the community, or to act wisely in respect to them." *The Gloaming of Life* shows what good may be done in the way of social reforms imperatively required, by a large-hearted, active, and earnest man.

MR. TAYLOR, Law Stationer, Brownlow Street, Holborn, has published two little works remarkable not so much for their literary merits as for the circumstances under which they were composed; the title of one is *The Agony of Murder: written by a Prisoner, describing his feelings when under Sentence of Death, and in most imminent danger of Execution.* Edited by the Rev. JOHN DAVIS, Ordinary of Newgate; and of the other, *Fugitive Pieces: written in honour of the Society of Foresters*, by ONE DEAD-IN-LAW. If we understand rightly, these

lines were really written in prison, under the full expectation of the writer having to undergo the extreme penalty of the law. The man Corrigan traces all his awful crime to intemperance. Those who think of purchasing this little volume will do well to remember that any profit arising from its sale will be expended for the benefit of the author's poor children.

PROGRESS OF SCIENCE.

In December, the progress of science partakes more or less of that material character for which the English nation is celebrated. Hence it is that this month is chiefly distinguishable for its scientific results as regards the production of food. Under these circumstances we would mention that on Dec. 6th the Smithfield Cattle Show opened. The general character of this year's fat stock show is that of well-bred animals of the most valuable description, so far developed as to prove the capability of laying flesh on the best places, and displaying the kindly properties and fineness of bone, indicative of thriving and profit. The gold medal in the oxen and steer classes goes to the animal that won the same distinction at Birmingham in the past week, and the gold medal in the cow and heifer classes likewise goes to the heifer which achieved the victory at Birmingham. In sheep, the Downs cannot well be more beautiful, or appear in better character, than they do on the present occasion; but they are certainly eclipsed by the immense size and ponderous proportions of the crossbreeds. In pigs, Prince Albert took the first prize in one class; and the show of pigs is full and remarkably fine.

The inquiry into the loss of the Royal Charter has terminated as we expected. The captain was in no way to blame; he did the best under the circumstances, and has paid the penalty with his death. But an inquiry has been raised as to the character of the iron of which steamers are built, which ought to receive serious consideration. In his report, Mr. Mansfield, the Liverpool Magistrate, states,—and Mr. Harris, Nautical Assessor, agrees with him,—"The officers and crew to the last were indifferent to the preservation of their own lives, and solely intent on their duty. Taking into account the unexampled fury of the gale, which entirely neutralized the powerful action of the screw propeller, so that the ship was no longer under command—a circumstance which Captain Taylor could not have anticipated; and considering also the apprehension he may have entertained, while at anchor, that the masts would foul the screw if they were cut away, and possibly that the action of the screw to ease the cables could not be safely intermitted—I do not think that this is a case in which I could report that the ship was lost by the default of the master."

The *Annuaire* of the Bureau des Longitudes for 1860, just published, makes known the following facts:—The number of telescopic planets discovered between Mars and Jupiter is 57. There will be found four eclipses in 1860: 1. one of the sun on the 22nd of January, invisible in Paris; 2. a partial one of the moon on the 7th of February, visible at Paris; 3. a total one of the sun on the 18th of July, partly visible at Paris, and perfectly visible in Spain, in the north of Africa, and in parts of America; and 4. a partial eclipse of the moon on the 1st of August, not visible in Paris. The value of the gold coin struck off under the reign of the Emperor Napoleon III., up to 1859, is 3,463,265,980f., and that of silver coin 180,085,578f.; from 1793 up to 1859 the total value of the gold and silver coin struck off in France was 9,710,747,892f. In 1858 the number of births in Paris was 37,541, of which 11,757 were illegitimate; the deaths were 32,362, and the marriages 12,016. The quantity of wine consumed in Paris in 1858 was 1,456,145 hectolitres in casks, and 12,367 hectolitres in bottle; of alcohols the quantity was 80,470 hectolitres, and of cider 20,878 hectolitres. Of meat it was 28,136,473 kilogrammes; of sea fish, 9,222,820f. worth; fresh-water fish, 1,076,154f.; oysters, 2,653,072.; poultry and game, 18,315,708f.; butter, 19,328,785f.; eggs 9,641,744f.; and fuel, 406,590,121 kilogrammes. Lastly, Easter will fall on the 8th of April, and there will be six high tides in the course of the year—the 7th of February, 7th of March, 5th of April, 16th of August, 15th of September, and 14th of October.

The great storms which periodically sweep our coasts—more particularly in the spring and autumn—invariably give warning beforehand of their approach. The great storm of the 25th and 26th October, which wrecked the *Royal Charter*, was indicated hours before its approach. It is 30 years since Sir H. Davy pointed out the means by which the mariner might turn this foreknowledge to his safety; but many years elapsed before this law of meteorology was practically applied to navigation. Happily, great progress in perfecting the barometer has been made; the instrument known as the "Admiralty barometer" has been set up in various sea-ports and fishing stations, and has kept the crews of small craft and fishing boats from going to sea on many occasions when its movements unerringly told of the coming storm-wind. At the last meeting of the British Association for the advancement of Science, Mr. Locke, of Rathmines, proposed that inquiry should be made as to applying our telegraph system to the purpose of conveying notice of approaching storms. A special committee was appointed to ascertain by what means this idea may be carried out. A dozen barometrical stations, at salient points on the coast, in the care of practised meteorologists, and having regular telegraphic communication with each other, seem to Mr. Locke to give us a machinery adequate to this important object. The Board of Trade, the Admiralty, and the committee of Lloyd's, may surely be expected to coöperate in a measure which seems capable of being worked to the saving of life and property. The committee of the British Association has already made formal application to the Board of Trade for arrangements to be made suitable to the contemplated end.

The work of M. Coulvier Gravier on "Shooting Stars," has been received with the greatest honour in the world of science. The question of the formation, the purpose, and the final destination of the vast quantities of shooting stars, whose existence has hitherto presented the greatest difficulty of explanation to the astronomers of all ages, is here solved by M. Coulvier Gravier, whose appointment to a most important post at the Observatoire his given universal satisfaction. The section of science to which M. Coulvier Gravier belongs has been, moreover, at the expense of building a small belvidere on the roof of the Observatoire, to facilitate his midnight researches. Conlvier Gravier is a poor peasant's son from the environs of Grenoble, and having lost his father at an early age, became, while yet a mere boy, the sole support of his family. It is to this necessity that he declares he owes the good fortune which has overtaken him. Having to work early and late, sometimes indeed far into the night, and long before the dawn, he became familiar with every change and movement of the heavenly bodies, and from incessant observation became convinced that even the shooting stars, hitherto regarded as phenomena, and removed from the general course of the celestial elements, were subjected to certain laws, and follow the same system of harmony which regulates the rest of the universe. His mother, a simple-hearted, pious peasant woman, encouraged and assisted this taste in her son, and to her exertions is due the presentation of the self-taught astronomer to Arago and Leverrier. Both these gentlemen beheld immediately the immense advantage to be derived from attaching him to their studies, and from the clay-fields of the Isère he is suddenly raised to a position of comparative affluence, with no anxiety for the future, and with

plenty of leisure for the pursuit of his beloved study, wherein he has already taken such high honours.

A considerable number of persons were invited to the Crystal Palace a few evenings since, to witness the exhibition of a new lighting apparatus. For several years back the ingenuity of inventors has been directed to the discovery of a mode of lighting more economical, more convenient, and more powerful than that which we now possess by means of the generation of light from coal. The electric light, which has been frequently exhibited in London, was the nearest approach to a mode of lighting calculated to supersede the existing means of producing light from coal; but, though admitted to be extremely powerful, it was deficient in that steadiness, continuity, diffusiveness, and economy which could alone render it available for the practical purposes of life. These, therefore, were the recommendations which any new inventors must associate with their light, in order that it should become of practical importance; and it was for the purpose of showing how far they had succeeded in this respect that they had invited a large public to witness the exhibition of their light on the other evening at the Crystal Palace. The new light is obtained by projecting a jet of oxygen and hydrogen, or oxygen and carburetted hydrogen gases combined, upon a surface of lime, and so regulating the supply and protecting the lime from crumbling away as to insure, with perfect continuity, a maximum brilliancy of intensity and continuity. With regard to the power of the lime light, a single jet of medium size has been found to be equivalent to forty argand or eighty fish-tail burners, each consuming five cubic feet per hour, or to 400 wax candles of four to the pound. The new light is represented to be peculiarly adapted for coast lights, steamers, sailing vessels, railway signals, bridges, wharfs, churches, factories, public rooms, squares, large and important thoroughfares. From its portability, it is eminently adapted for military operations in the field, both in attack and defence of important positions, as well as the service of the Coast Guard, both as an element of protection against surprise, and as a valuable adjunct to the already extensive arrangements for the safety of life. A very important application of the light, is its adaptation to the mining service, by which the safety of the miner will be effectually secured by the enclosure of the light, and its supply with oxygen gas, without the necessity for direct communication with the surrounding atmosphere. With respect to the important question of expense, it was stated that the cost of maintaining the light was considerably less than any other known light in the following proportion:—Oxyhydrogen lime light, 1*d.* per hour; coal gas, 4*d.*; argand oil, 15*d.*; wax candle, 60*d.* per hour.

It is well known that Bunsen's pile, which is but a modification of Grove's, consists of a glazed vessel, containing a cylindrical element of zinc, which surrounds a porous vessel filled with strong nitric acid, into which a charcoal cylinder has been introduced, the liquid in the outermost vessel consisting of water acidulated with about ten parts of sulphuric acid. Now, although this is a most powerful combination, and in general use, it has two great inconveniences; first, the quantity of nitrous vapour it evolves is highly unpleasant, and may become dangerous; and, secondly, the current produced is not of constant intensity. M. Thomas has just communicated to the Academy of Sciences a modification which he has effected in this kind of pile, and which would seem to be quite free from the inconvenience alluded to. M. Thomas, in fact, shows that the development of nitrous vapour is one of the chief causes which interfere with the constancy of the current, inasmuch as they attack the copper riband forming the electrodes, and effect certain chemical combinations, which give rise to counter-currents, and thus impair the principal one. He therefore causes these gases, as they are evolved, to pass into a porous vessel, where they are decomposed. In this process a secondary current is produced, which, by the peculiar construction of the apparatus, is turned to account, and tends to correct the inequalities of the principal current. This arrangement too prevents the pile from becoming dirty, as is the case with Bunsen's pile.

After years of mechanical labour and many mathematical tests, Mr. James White, of Wickham Market, has completed, and has now in constant operation, a self-winding clock, which determines the time with unfailing accuracy, continuing a constant motion by itself, never requiring to be wound up, and which will perpetuate its movements so long as its component parts exist.

Among new inventions attracting notice is one for attaining all the advantages of super-heated steam, called Scott's Patent Generator, which substitutes tubular coils for the ordinary boiler, and another called the Patent Adamas, a silicious composition, alleged to be free from liability to corrosion or oxydation or destruction from heat or acids, and which is said to be in course of trial by some of the gas companies as a material for burners, which will save them the expense of constant renewals.

The English Opium Eater is dead. He was an old man, 75, when he died. The American mail brings the sad intelligence of Washington Irving's death. This distinguished writer (says the "Men of the Time") was born in New York, April 3, 1783. His father, a respectable merchant, originally from Scotland, died while Washington was yet young, and his education was superintended by his elder brothers, three of whom had, without relinquishing active professional pursuits, gained considerable reputation for literary abilities. Mr. Irving's first essays in literature were made in the New York *Morning Chronicle* in 1802; and as symptoms of pulmonary disease now betrayed themselves, it was resolved that in the following year he should visit the south of Europe. He returned to New York in March, 1806, completely restored to health. He again resumed the study of the law, and was admitted to the bar in November of that year, but never practised. Shortly afterwards he took the chief part in "Salmagundi," the first number of which appeared January, 1807, and the last in January, 1808. In December the following year he published his "Knickerbocker's History of New York."

A new apparatus is just now being exhibited at the Palais de l'Industrie, Paris, by M. Vert, one of the numerous aspirants to the honour of solving the problem of aërial navigation. It consists of a large bag of gold-beater's skin, in the form of a fish, containing the hydrogen gas commonly used for filling balloons: it is hooped with iron, and carries a small boat fitted with various contrivances for propulsion. The tail of the fish serves as a rudder; the whole machine is seven metres in length, and is in the aggregate heavier than atmospheric air; so that, when left to itself, it slowly descends. In the car or boat there is a small steam-engine, of a power equal to that of a man; it serves the purpose of driving the propellers fore and aft, constructed on the screw principle; there are besides four rotary planes, which may be so adjusted as to make the apparatus rise or descend according to an inclined plane. It must be remarked that the model is not large enough to bear the weight of a man, and that the exhibitor consequently remains on *terra firma*, keeping his machine secured by a rope; but he by no means guides the machine, for the rope remains generally slack, and is only held in the hand in order to haul the apparatus down when it is necessary to arrange something in the gear. The remarkable fact which this invention at once decides is this: that air may be managed like water by means of paddle or screw; for, to the surprise of the intelligent beholder, this machine, which, as before stated, is heavier than the atmosphere, rises of itself as soon as the propellers are in motion. Hence it differs materially from the common balloon, which derives its ascensional power exclusively from the difference of specific gravity existing between hydrogen and atmospheric air. The machine also obeys the rudder just as if the latter acted in the water.

PATERNAL EDUCATION.

THE NATIONAL MAGAZINE.

PATERNAL EDUCATION.

THE obligations of the child to the father are manifold; in our humble opinion very frequently he is over-looked, and has injustice done him. We are all prone to talk of the mothers, nor can we thank them too heartily for the care and thoughtfulness and love with which they watch and train up their tender offspring. Ladies are large patrons of literature for children, and the writers and publishers of such are very naturally ready to dwell at considerable length and with considerable emphasis on this interesting theme. It is said if you would wish to stand well with the mother you must admire the child. In the same way one secret of success among the fair sex is to be ready at all times and places to speak well of mothers. The sentiment always is, and naturally and deservedly, popular. At the theatre how the galleries applaud when the villain of the piece in a penitential moment takes out his pocket-handkerchief and talks of his mother. Perhaps too we all of us have had indulgences at the hands of a mother, to which, it may be, the father has more or less objected.

> "The love of parents hath a deep still source,
> And falleth like a flood upon their child."

Sometimes the child is grateful; then his love comes like the spray returning. In this case

> "A father full of truth has cheek'd his son;
> Harshly, perhaps, for many a benefit
> Puts on the visor of a stern reproof;
> But oh! within (as roughest rinds conceal
> The tenderest kernels) gentle thoughts abide;
> Sweet meanings; seeds that, if the soil be sure,
> Will bring forth fruits of wisdom."

Ah yes, in spite of the father's sternness, unutterable is his love and care. Think of that George Stephenson, working of a night after his day's toil was over, in order that with the few pence thus gained he might secure for his eminent son the knowledge circumstances had put beyond his power. Think of old Sir Robert Peel making his son make speeches when a lad, and thus learning the future statesman to attain that wonderful mastery which, as Disraeli tells us, enabled him to play on the House of Commons as an old fiddle. What the relations of father and son were, writes the Reverend Derwent Coleridge, in that beautiful book, the Life of his brother Hartley, at that time may be gathered from the following observations, written by the latter in a fellow volume to his exercise book more than twenty years afterwards. "On the 4th November, 1806, my dear father presented this book to me, little thinking, I guess, that some pages of it would be still blank in 1830, and still less foreseeing through what dark and miry ways, what dull vicissitude, all my own fancies would lead me, before the last leaf was written. High were his hopes of me, for his love was strong, and finding an understanding and creative spirit in me, ready tears, repentance close upon offence, and simple notions of the nature of ill, he never thought the heart could be wrong." In one of Luther's letters we read, "I write to you under the depression of heavy sadness, for I have just received intelligence of the death of my father, that good old man whom I so loved. And though by my means he passed hence easily and happily into the bosom of Christ, and now, escaped from the monsters of this world, reposes in eternal peace, yet my heart is sad and agitated to think that he is gone from me, he who gave me birth and nourished my early years." Of Addison, Johnson writes that his piety was no doubt attributable to the early training of his father. Old Montaigne will have it fathers do not grieve for their children. He says "Q. Maximus buried his son when he was a consul, and M. Cato his when prætor elect, and L. Paulus both his within a few days one after another, with such a countenance as expressed no manner of grief. I said merrily of a certain person that he had disappointed the Divine justice, for the violent death of three grown-up children of his being one day sent to him for a severe scourge, as it is to be supposed, he was so far from being afflicted at the accident, that he rather took it for a particular grace and favour of Heaven. I do not follow those monstrous humours, though I lost two or three at nurse, if not without grief, at least without repining, and yet there is hardly any accident that pierces nearer to the quick." How fathers have wept and wailed, we have examples from the days of David bewailing the loss of Absalom to the present; and how great is a father's love and care many a son remembers but too late. The mother may teach the young intellect, may aid the dawn of reason, may calm the effervescence of youthful passion, may soothe in the sad hour of sorrow, but the father is a man, and the boy needs a man's guidance in the rough path of life. The mother may paint a bright feature, may stimulate the ambition of the child, may direct it to great and glorious objects, but the practical part of the matter must be left to the father, or the boy will find his difficulties, if not insuperable, at any rate very great. It is not alone within the province of the father to provide for the sustenance of the child. He can do, and all real fathers do do, much, very much more.

RICHARD COBDEN, M. P.

A PARLIAMENTARY SKETCH.

BY J. EWING RITCHIE.

For a few years anterior to the Crimean war, when the public in general believed that white-robed peace had taken up an eternal residence among the sons of men, the name of Richard Cobden was one everywhere received with respect. Sir Robert Peel had testified to the power of his "unadorned eloquence." The exasperation of rosy-cheeked country squires, not gifted with great oratorical powers, had subsided almost into a calm as they found that the alteration of the Corn-Laws had impaired neither their influence nor their wealth. The manufacturing interests had, in a substantial manner, by a subscription of £80,000, testified their value of Mr. Cobden's services. The hero of the Anti-Corn-Law League, the opponent of the Taxes on Knowledge, the champion of the ballot, the Coryphæus of the Peace party, the *decus et tutamen* of the Freehold Land Societies, had only to show himself to his countrymen to be regaled with the most vehement applause. In Exeter Hall, in St. Martin's Hall, at the Freemason's Tavern, at the City of London Tavern, at the Free Trade Hall in Manchester,—in short, in all the haunts and homes of popular agitation, honours were plentifully showered on the man who had commenced his political career as an obscure Manchester cotton-spinner; who, by his wonderful tact, had won from a hostile senate the triumph of Free Trade, and whose very name was received on the continent as the embodiment—politically speaking—of English thought and feeling. A plain citizen never achieved a higher pinnacle of greatness. A revolution in its consequences, even at this distance of time not to be over-estimated, and as yet but partially developed, had been effected mainly by his agency. In old Rome, when Tiberius Gracchus headed a movement against the landed aristocracy, the result was a sudden and bloody death. In modern England the popular tribune meets with a happier fate. But this popularity was too great to last. When the Russian war broke out, Mr. Cobden's protest against it lowered him in public estimation. His conduct in the Chinese affair—when an old ally, Sir John Bowring, was condemned unheard — rendered him still more unpopular; and the clever appeal of Lord Palmerston to the country for awhile sent Mr. Cobden, politically speaking, to Coventry. It is a long lane that knows no turning. If Englishmen are ungrateful it is only for a season. When the passions and prejudices of the hour had passed, men of all opinions felt that, Cobden not in Parliament, that assembly was deprived of some portion of its lustre. To the honour of Rochdale be it said, that was the borough that, at the earliest opportunity, returned Mr. Cobden to his proper place; and when the latter returned from America, where he had been sojourning awhile, it was to find that not only was he once more an M. P., but that a seat in the Cabinet waited his acceptance. Still more, he has lived to see it a matter of national regret that he did not join the Cabinet, and add right honourable to his name. In the case of Mr. Cobden we have a clear illustration of the axiom that it is the age that makes the man. When Cobden entered on public life, commerce was in need of a mouthpiece to assert her importance and to demand her rights. English country gentlemen had governed the country in accordance with the fancied interests of English country gentlemen. How to keep up the rent was the problem to be solved. That the time would ever arrive when the farmers would be scientific, and have a fair command of capital, and be enabled to pay higher rents, and make more money under a system that did not prohibit the introduction of foreign corn, never entered into the heads of the landed class. England was growing to be the workshop of the world. From the backwoods of Canada, from distant Chicago, from the banks of the Danube, from the vast corn districts of Southern Russia, there came a voice saying, "Give us your manufactures and take our corn. So will your poor have work, so will your hungry be fed, so shall commerce more effectually bind us in the golden cords of peace." In Manchester, in Birmingham, in Sheffield, and Leeds, where men live by the production of mechanism and manufacture, this truth was clearly and painfully felt. But it was only till within the last few years that the political existence of Manchester, and Birmingham, and Sheffield, and Leeds, had been admitted by our governing classes. Huskisson was beginning to see the truth in these matters, but the sudden termination of his lamented life left the commercial classes almost friendless and alone in the Senate. The landlords ruled the roast, and administered the game laws, and believed with Malthus that society had a tendency to advance beyond the means of subsistence, and stood aghast at the ever-increasing mass of pauperism, a terror by night and by day in their midst. The pious recommended resignation, the intelligent began to inquire how it was that life was such a curse, that here there was abundance, there, starvation. They found that our Corn-Laws produced much of this mischief; that the time had come for England to burst her chains, and take tremendous strides, or to be for ever fallen. At this crisis Richard Cobden arose. He had been a Manchester manufacturer; he was now to be the utterance of the wants and wishes of the age. The best years of his life he devoted to that work, and the splendid testimonial subscribed to him by the people of England at the termination of the Anti-Corn-Law agitation was but a poor equivalent for the pecuniary losses he had sustained by renouncing a successful mercantile career.

Yet Mr. Cobden is not popular. In the middle classes nine men out of ten tell you what a pity it is that Mr. Cobden has so lost himself. It is true he has said many things, and some of them not wise ones. A man who has made as many speeches as Mr. Cobden has done, is pretty sure, occasionally, to fall into blunders. In the heat and excitement of great struggles, things are said which turn out to be utter folly, yet the speakers of them are not set down as fools. The Duke of Wellington said it would be madness in him to think of being prime minister, yet directly after he attained that exalted rank. You could almost always tell when Sir Robert Peel was about to turn by the solemnity and vehemence with which he asserted he was not. Did not Sir Robert Inglis prophesy that ten years after the Reform Bill was carried, the House of Peers and the State Church would be destroyed, and

England would be turned into a republic? Did not he say he would be afraid to trust the Bible to the people unless it was in the hands of the clergy of the Church of England? and yet the man who could thus doubt the truth and power of the Bible as it stands by itself, and could thus insanely prophesy, was, to the very last, representative of an English University. Many of our leading statesmen took an active part in opposing the Corn-Laws, and predicted the most disastrous results. We do not sneer at them, but Mr. Cobden and the champions of industrial rights are taunted everlastingly when they blunder, as if no other men did the same. For them and them alone there are no waters of Lethe. Surely this is hard measure. Public opinion in this country is led by the aristocracy, and they, of course, very naturally look upon the Cobden class with more or less disfavour, but the disfavour of the Manchester school is to be attributed to a deeper source. Old Hobbes tells us man naturally is in a state of war. The Manchester school ignore this primary fact, and thus runs counter to the universal instincts of our race. War is a folly, a crime, a curse, but men have always fought nevertheless; and now, when all Europe resounds with the measured tread of armed men, more distant than ever seems the day when the war-drum shall throb no longer,

"And the battle-flag be furl'd
In the parliament of man, in the federation of the world."

Now Mr. Cobden's Peace speeches have not merely been falsified, but have been distasteful as well. Thus, when in a speech at Wrexham, in 1850, Mr. Cobden said he would rather cut down the expenditure for military establishments to ten millions, and run every danger from France or any other quarter, than risk the danger of attempting to keep up the present standard of taxation and expenditure, common sense tells us that the real question is one of national safety, and not of expense. If our war expenditure in time past had been greater we should have saved money now, as it is clear that our neglect in this respect has stimulated in other quarters increased activity. Mr. Cobden, in the same speech, said he believed there never was an instance known in the history of the world of as many as 50,000 men being transported across the salt waters within 12 months. It is true he cannot say that now, but the inference remains. In the same way he argues against a French invasion, because he and his family happen to have a comfortable domicile in Paris. No man better than Mr. Cobden can be blind to what he does not wish to see. Knowing the immense material advantage to England and France of peace, he can see nothing in the immense naval preparations of that country—nothing in such fortifications as Cherbourg—nothing in the invective, which under the license of the government was launched forth in French Journals against perfidious Albion. "The pacific genius of the house of Pelham was not unknown to France, and fell in very conveniently with their plan of extensive empire," writes Horace Walpole, in his "Memoirs of the Reign of George II." Is not the passage applicable to Mr. Cobden. The Peace party and Mr. Cobden, in the same way, undoubtedly had much to do with that miserable Crimean war. The late Czar, I have no doubt, imagined that Mr. Cobden and the Peace party represented England, and that under no circumstances whatever would she go to war. The late Czar saw an old ally at the head of affairs. He saw Mr. Cobden, the mouth-piece of thousands, representing all war as absurd. He saw Peace Congresses perambulating the land, and he knew that the prime movers of them, the Quakers, were men who if smitten on one cheek would meekly turn the other, and await the blow. He saw that we had allowed him to trample Hungary under-foot—that we had been silent when Poland was blotted from the map of nations—that wildly and viciously Protestant as we were, we had allowed the Pope to be re-seated on his tottering throne by the aid of French bayonets; and might he not well think that so reckless had we become of our ancient prestige—so absorbed had we grown in the pursuit of wealth—so permeated had we been by Manchester oratory and Peace tracts, that scarcely the dictates of self-preservation—certainly not the claims of humanity, or the obligations of treaties, or the considerations of an enlightened public policy, or the cause of an effete race, whose very existence in Europe was an anomaly—would induce us again ever to draw the sword. The Peace party themselves helped to create this confusion. Everybody wished them well, and soldiers and sailors were at a discount. Most of them, simple-minded, good-meaning folk, fell very naturally into the error of mistaking their select assemblies of neat Quakeresses and verdant youths for the people of England. When Mr. Bradshaw, of the "Guides," died,—a decent man, I doubt not, but not known to the nation in any capacity whatever beyond that of his trade,—I myself heard Joseph Sturge at a public meeting at Edinburgh exclaim that there were more tears shed when the nation heard of the death of Mr. Bradshaw than when the hero of Waterloo died. Now in England we simply laugh at such an assertion. But in Russia they could not see its absurdity. And the Czar, having seen that in one agitation Mr. Cobden had represented the will of the nation, fell into the very easy error of supposing that on the question of Peace as well as that of Free Trade, Mr. Cobden was similarly backed. Still more may be urged against Mr. Cobden. The war having once begun—Quaker Sturge having travelled to St. Petersburg, bearing the olive branch in vain—he should have remembered that he was an Englishman, and having lifted up his warning voice, and finding it disregarded, should not have condescended to seek to bring about the national disasters he had predicted. It is clear that a nation once committed to a war—any arraignment of the policy of that war—any attempt to embarrass the parties engaged in carrying it on—any endeavour to make it unpopular with the nation at large—is, to a certain extent, aiding the power with which you are at war. Had Mr. Cobden thus acted in the House of Commons, he could have been met and refuted on the spot, but the real truth is, while he was silent there he was mischievously active out of doors. He helped to prolong the war in the same manner as the Jacobites in 1696 helped to prolong the war with Louis the Great. Macaulay tells us Louis was inclined for peace. After the failure of the Assassination Plot he had made up his mind to the necessity of recognising William Prince of Orange, as king of

England, and had authorized Callieres to make a declaration to that effect, but the Jacobites in London wrote to the Jacobites in St. Germain's such tales of the distresses of the country — of its exhaustion and the unpopularity of the Prince, that, to the great joy of the non-jurors, Callieres became high and arrogant, and denied that William was anything more than a pretender to the throne. Mr. Cobden acted precisely in the same manner. Of course I give him credit for the best of motives, and believe that he is as honest and sincere a patriotias any man living. Yet to such errors of conduct did his peace policy lead him, that actually in the parliamentary recess of 1855, when the nation was in the very thickest of the war, he published a letter, which must have been more welcome in St. Petersburg than a victory over the British forces at Sebastopol. The obstinacy of Mr. Cobden on this subject was really surprising. After we had landed in the Crimea he persisted in maintaining that we had invaded the territory of Russia, and were carrying on a war of aggression. Undoubtedly our successes might have converted the war into one of aggression, but it was undertaken as a war against Russian aggression, and it would not have ceased to be that had the Allies marched through the land and encamped in Moscow or St. Petersburg. Indeed, to such an extent was Mr. Cobden hardened by his peace propensities—so completely did he see everything through a distorted medium, that though he did not deny that Russia was a barbaric power, or that we were turning her back to her home in the frozen North, yet, in our struggle with her—in the sacrifices we have made for that purpose—he could see nothing manly, nothing creditable, nothing noble, nothing but a course calculated to bring ridicule on this great country, to lower our *prestige*, perhaps to draw upon us slights and insults, and thus to hazard the recurrence of future wars. In the Book to which he appeals — and, we believe, with sincerity, however wrong he may be in his interpretation of it—we read how a certain man went down to Jericho and fell among thieves. The Samaritan, whom all the world has called good in consequence, went to his aid. Would Mr. Cobden have passed him by? If he were true to his theory of non-intervention, he would; but we do him the justice to believe that the better instincts of his nature would have compelled him to act a more honourable part. If Mr. Cobden wishes to be popular he must give up his peace crotchets. He is strong enough to be able to say, "I, in common with the wise and good of the British nation, have blundered, and find the Millennium of peace further off than I dreamed." All men deprecate war. Mr. Cobden must not believe that he and the men in drab are the only friends to peace. As sincerely and passionately as Mr. Cobden himself, we believe, do our leading statesmen long for peace; but we cannot shut our eyes to the fact that the course of events has placed us in the foremost files of time—that we may not stand in despicable isolation, printing calicoes and jingling guineas, while the strong are trampling on the weak, and robbery is being attempted at our very doors. Sure are we that when the nation shall have stooped to take so mean a view of its vocation, its glory will have departed, and the period will have arrived when the famous picture of Macaulay shall be realised, and the stranger from New Zealand, standing on Westminster-bridge, and contemplating the ivied ruins of St. Paul's, shall mark the traces of a greatness that has passed away. The spirit that animates the nation in a righteous war is a noble one. Humanity has shone brightest at such periods. It would require the most profound ignorance of history for a man to assert that the contests which gave the victories of Marathon and Salamis to the Greeks—that roused up, in the Middle Ages, the followers of the Crescent and the Cross—that triumphed at Waterloo—that crushed the Indian revolt — were among the least illustrious events that occupy and adorn the annals of the world. Mr. Cobden is unfortunate when he appeals to history. About eighty years since, our statesmen were after his own heart. Our national income was unequal to our peace establishment; our navy was a "visionary fabric;" our troops were not sufficient to be of any service; Frederic the Great had civilly declined the overtures of Mr. Fox; we had attempted to patch up an ignominious peace; yet, a War Minister came into office, and never did the nation achieve a wider reputation, or wield a more irresistible power.

Mr. Cobden, like Mr. Bright, underrates the influence of the landed aristocracy, and he is too willing to believe that the public is an enlightened body, acting solely from a sense of its own interests. The truth is that the public, whether of France or England, is very often the dupe of its passions and fancies, and that in England, whatever may be done occasionally by dwellers in cities, the real power is in the hands of the landowners.

"What do you think of Cobden?" said the writer to a large Norfolk farmer, after the former had been delivering an address in the fine old hall of the county town. "Why," said he, "I believe if Cobden had held up a sheet of white paper and told us it was black we should all have sworn the same thing." This answer may be accepted as a fair description of Cobden as a speaker. By his appearance he disarms all prejudices. You see a man of middle size, very plainly dressed, rather fresh coloured, with brown hair, slightly streaked with grey, and with arched eyebrows, which gives him a very shrewd appearance. There is a harshness in his voice, but that goes off after he has spoken a sentence or two, and there is such an ease about the man, such a clever adaptation of himself to his audience—you feel so much at home with him, he has so thoroughly the air of one arguing alone and familiarly with yourself—that it is almost impossible, at any rate while he is speaking, not to range yourself on his side. His unaffected good-nature, his natural pleasantry, are irresistible. In the House of Commons he is much the same as on the platform, equally clear, equally unaffected, equally at home. There he stands on the right of the Speaker below the gangway, slightly stooping, as if from physical langnor, alternately pointing with the fore-finger of his right hand to some honourable gentleman on the Opposition benches, with whom, if you could only see and not hear, you would suppose he was carrying on a very animated conversation. Occasionally the left hand is brought into play, and by means of sundry taps administered to it by his right, Mr. Cobden

denotes that he has made some very effectual observations. Mr. Cobden does not attempt eloquence—does not quote the classics—is very seldom witty—but gives you the idea of a plain man talking upon business in a business-like way. You listen to him in vain for the magic play of fancy—for rhetoric "rich with barbaric pearls and gold"—for a philosophy that shall live when speaker and hearer shall have passed away. Charles Fox's test of a speech is eminently applicable to Mr. Cobden—"Does it read well? if so it was a bad speech." Mr. Cobden satisfies himself with arguing the questions of the present moment with the facts of the present; all his references, all his hits and his speeches, abound with them; all his arguments are gathered from the experience of the day. Occasionally this leads him into error, as when he said he believed a modern newspaper a better mental exercise than a page of Thucydides; but to the men of to-morrow he leaves the task of doing to-morrow's work. Indeed, there are symptoms occasionally discernible indicating that Mr. Cobden is more ready to seek repose—to which no one has a fairer right—than to buckle on the armour for fresh fights.

In one thing he is still, however, as earnest as ever. In the cause of Free Trade, and the vast interests involved in the idea, he neither tires nor faints. For the recent changes in the commercial policy of France—for the pledge it gives us of peace—for the plenty it will give to manufacturing millions on each side the Channel—for all the blessings, social, intellectual, moral, it will scatter the wide world over—let the English nation tender grateful thanks to Richard Cobden.

MY UNCLE'S WILL.

BY EDWARD BRANTHWAYT,

AUTHOR OF "DEERBROOKE PARSONAGE," ETC.

"I GIVE and devise all that messuage or mansion house called Tremorgan, together with all and singular my other freehold messuages, cottages, farms, lands, tenements, and hereditaments, situate and being in the parish of Llandwllyn in the county of Caernarvon. Also all that my manor or lordship of Caermawr in the county of Denbigh, with the right, royalties, members, and appurtenancies thereto belonging, and all and singular my freehold messuages, cottages, farms, lands, and tenements, hereditaments, situate and being in the parishes of Caermawr, Caerlew, and Llandissen, in the county of Denbigh. Also all—&c. &c."

As the long list rolled on with its endless tautology, my thoughts were more occupied with the scene before me than with the weary recital.

We were a small but incongruous group, as we sat in that house of mourning to hear the last mandates of the dead. First there was the dry, sharp-looking little lawyer, reading in his harsh unmoved voice, provisions with which he was well acquainted. Near him sat the jolly, ruddy-faced doctor, wearing a look of real sorrow, but unable to banish altogether the expression of anxiety with which he listened for the expected legacy.

By my side was my old maiden aunt Sarah, so angular and upright that it made one's bones ache to look at her. And beyond her was my cousin Lucy, a girl of fourteen, of whom little could be seen but her red hair as she sobbed behind her handkerchief. As for myself I could pretend to no great grief for my almost unknown uncle, though, as the present head of the family, I had just attended to see him laid beneath the cold sod.

But now my attention was recalled to the reading, for the recital of the property was at an end, and the disposition of it followed.

"To John Jenkins, Solicitor of Caermawr, and Howel Price, Esquire, of Penfwllyn, upon the trusts, uses, intents, and purposes herein-after mentioned—that is to say—"

But I will be more merciful to the reader than the worthy solicitor and trustee was to us, and briefly explain the eccentric arrangement, without the chaos of words in which he had buried the meaning. They were to pay five hundred a year each to me and my cousin, and let the remaining five or six thousand accumulate till I was twenty-four. Then if I had married my cousin, or had been rejected by her, the property was to vest absolutely in his "nephew and heir-at-law, Evan Llewellyn Lloyd." If, on the other hand, I had not proposed, she was to have the estate; forfeiting it however by marriage with any other than a Lloyd, when it would pass to our cousin Gwynne Lloyd, as it would also in case of failure of issue to me or Lucy, which ever was the owner.

Except the automaton reader, we were all surprised by these strange conditions. The girl indulged in a giggle, which was quickly cut short by the sour old maid, who exclaimed sharply, "Lucy! for shame!" twitching away at the same time the sheltering handkerchief.

As I gazed upon the charms thus fully displayed, I felt that if sixty instead of six thousand a year were at stake, it could not induce me to marry her. I have mentioned the delightful hue of her dishevelled tresses; then she had no eyebrows or eyelashes, unless those whitish fringes were to be dignified by the name; she was as freckled as a toad, her eyes were pink, her lips puffy; and such a gaunt, graceless figure was surely never seen before. I positively shuddered at the idea of such a being as my wife.

The rest of the will was quickly read. A small outlying farm was given to the old steward, and an estate bought from his father was returned to Gwynne Lloyd. There was an unconditional bequest to me of £3000, and both the doctor and Sarah Lloyd were gratified by hearing their names in the list of Legatees.

I made little if any response to the congratulations which were now offered to me, and in less than an hour I was on my way to London.

At first I felt a little doubtful about sticking to my profession. This addition of about six hundred a year to my income made it no longer necessary. But in a few years this would not be the case, for I should forfeit the five hundred a year. My father, as a younger brother, had commenced life with a mere pittance, and though he had acquired fame as a surgeon, dying in his prime, he had left me only three hundred a year, which, with the interest of my £3000 legacy, would be the whole of my income. Besides, I wanted some occupation, and really liked the profession, so I resolved to follow it, and I

worked away at the hospital as industriously as if I had hardly a penny to bless myself with.

I was just 20 at the time of my uncle's death, so there were four years to run before I resigned the family estates, for I had never wavered in my resolution. Meanwhile I worked hard at my profession, and had no reason to be discontented with my success. I did not make myself a slave however, but entered freely into society, in which I had a good footing through my connections. I was well able to afford the expense this entailed upon me, and when the time drew near for me to lose the five hundred a year, I found that my earnings would amply supply its place.

About two months before the important day I received a communication from Mr. Jenkins. He said that, as trustee and family adviser, he felt it his duty to call my attention to my own interests, and to point out that if I did not at once take steps to secure the estate, I might lose the chance for ever. In reply I informed him that I did not intend to act, which I told him merely for his own information, as the fact would speak for itself.

I hesitated whether I ought not to go to Tremorgan. It struck me however on consideration that it would be a positive insult to go down, as if to inspect my cousin, and then virtually to reject her.

Mr. Jenkins, in formally announcing to me my forfeiture of the property, enclosed in the same envelope a private note, in which he referred to a report that evidently cleared me in his eyes of the suspicion of insanity. Lady Clara Devereux would not only, he said, bring me an equivalent fortune, but she would also ally me with a very influential family.

To confess the truth, I had a weakness for a pretty face, and probably owed my safety to a constant succession of enslavers effacing each other's charms. Lady Clara (who could match me at flirting) was in power at present certainly, but her reign was not to last much longer.

I was leaning over her at the Opera one night, when suddenly my eye fell upon a girl in an opposite box. The effect upon me was electrical—such loveliness I had never seen before. A queenly and graceful form, a hand and arm that would have driven a sculptor to despair, a skin so exquisitely fair with its contrast to the sweeping lashes and glorious tresses of dark, but richly-coloured brown hair, features perfect as a Grecian statue's, but full of life and warmth. And those eyes—they stirred my soul, as a mere stray glance fell upon me from that distance.

Lady Clara saw my preoccupation and its cause. She quizzed me—she criticised her rival unmercifully. Her hair was "auburn," her neck was so unnaturally white as necessarily to owe its snow to art, her eyes so dark that she must have learnt a lesson from the East. It was a profanation, a sacrilege, I felt, and I fled from the box with horror.

Taking my seat in the stalls I gazed upon her. I knew every face in society, and this vision of heaven had never blessed my eyes before. Who could she be, and where could she have been hid?

Her companions afforded no clue, being equally unknown. They were an elderly couple, not without a certain look of distinction, but they had a somewhat old-world air, as if they had been living in comparative seclusion.

In vain I made inquiries of men with the most extensive acquaintance; we were all alike puzzled. A formidable array of glasses was levelled upon her, but she underwent the scrutiny with the most well-bred composure. Again her glance met mine, and I felt, rather than saw, that she perceived my admiration. I was gratified, for, slight as it was, a kind of link seemed formed between us.

Before the ballet was over they rose to go, and I hurried out to take my place on the stairs. As she passed me, I thrilled at the touch of her dress, and was bewildered by the full blaze of her beauty.

Quietly I followed, and saw her handed to her carriage. She had not taken her seat, when the horses started. Her arm, outstretched to save herself from falling, crashed through the window, and I saw the blood spurt out in dark jets. An artery was cut.

I sprang forward.

"I am a surgeon," I cried: "I can stop the bleeding for the present, but drive home as quickly as possible."

No one resented my tone of authority, and the carriage wheeled away with us. A handkerchief and a Brobdignag, silver penholder (designed to look professional for prescriptions and memoranda) formed a temporary substitute for a tourniquet. With the pressure of my thumb on the injured vessel, it sufficed to stop the flow.

By the gas-light I could just see that she leant back and closed her eyes as if faint.

"Are you suffering? How does your arm feel now?" I asked gently.

I had almost dreaded to hear her speak, but her voice was music itself as she replied, "My arm is quite cold. Your hand seems to burn it."

Well it might, for the touch of that soft smooth arm was sending the blood coursing through my veins at fever speed.

Soon, oh! so soon, we drew up before the hotel. Clinging to my arm she ascended the stairs. I had stopt by the way at the shop of a chemist I knew, and had procured all that was necessary. Quickly the wound was dressed, for it was a clean cut presenting no difficulty.

Then after laying my card on the table, I bowed myself from the room, saying that I would call again in the morning. If I had remained a moment longer I must have committed some folly.

I went home, but I was positively in such a state of excitement that I could not sleep. This would not do, for I had my work for the next day, so I took a sedative, which had the required effect. Perhaps I had rather overdosed myself, for I did not awake till late. It was near midday before I reached the hotel.

"They have gone, Sir," said the waiter in reply to my inquiries: "but the gentleman left a note for you."

I could hardly believe my ears. I felt as if I had received a sudden blow. It was a cruel disappointment, but with a gleam of hope I opened the letter. It ran:

"Dear Sir,—We had intended to leave town this morning, and your patient, thanks to your skill, felt so well, that she would not hear of a change of plan. She

wished to leave you the accompanying trifle as a sign that she is not ungrateful. Indeed I cannot express our feeling of what we owe you. Yours sincerely, H. L. Jones."

Enclosed was a ring, a small cameo of no great intrinsic value, but I had seen it on her hand as I dressed the wound, so to me it was priceless.

What delicacy this showed. Perhaps she had seen that a fee would have pained me, while this memento was unspeakably precious. With renewed ardour I sought to trace her, but in vain I cross-examined the waiter. He only knew that they had been there two or three days, their name was Jones, and they came from Wales. The young lady must be their daughter, for he had heard them both call her "my child."

Though I had never gone as far as this before, I had often had violent attacks of love at first sight, or I should have been positively terrified at my own sensations. I was obliged to own to myself that if called in to a patient in a similar state, I should at once have given a certificate of insanity.

More than a year passed away, and by degrees the impression made upon me wore off. I did not forget her, however, and my thoughts would not unfrequently turn to the fair unknown.

For the moment I had felt utterly unable to endure Lady Clara's badinage, so I carefully avoided her for a month or two. Naturally this put an end to a flirtation which had been established on the principle of mutual amusement with limited liability, and I had not filled up the vacancy permanently. I wandered about indeed with even more than my usual inconstancy.

I think that the danger I had been in had given me a shock, and I could now feel thankful that the temptation had been removed. That memory made me difficult to please, and cautious against giving rein to my feelings.

It was autumn, and London was a desert. Suddenly I remembered that my friends, the Llewellyns, had given me a warm invitation to their place in Wales. I had not seen my native principality for years, and I resolved to pay it a visit. To look at my engagement-book and see that I had nothing important to tie me, to make arrangements for a substitute in case of any emergency arising, was the work of an hour. I wrote a letter announcing my arrival, and had everything packed in readiness to start next morning.

As I travelled westward I found that much rain had fallen, and in one place a torrent had washed away the rails. The consequence of this was an hour's delay, and on my arrival at the terminus I found the coach had already started.

There was, however, another later in the day, and I booked a place in it. The clouds now cleared away for some hours, and I enjoyed the drive, but presently another shower came on.

The Llewellyns evidently had not expected me by this conveyance, for when we reached the corner where the road to Llandethryn branched off, there was no one to meet me. I had my luggage taken into a cottage by the road-side till I should send for it, and learning that I had only a mile to walk, I set off on foot with my umbrella.

A quarter of a mile on I came to a little hamlet, but I did not pause, for I saw nothing to be gained by stopping. As I passed one of the cottages, the door opened, and out tript a quaint little being who appeared as much at home in the rain as if she were a mermaid. Wrapping her closely, and worn hood-like over her head, she had an ample red cloak. Her dress, whatever it might be, was gathered up under this drapery, leaving visible an exquisitely shaped—well, ankle.

She gave me one sly glance, and then tript on as unconcernedly as if a well-dressed, not altogether frightful London man was quite a common sight in the village. This, however, did not suit my notions, for the glimpse I caught had convinced me she was pretty and lively-looking.

"Here, my pretty one!" I cried after her: "have part of my umbrella, if you are going my way, unless you are a water-kelpie."

She stopt short, and dropt a low courtesy.

"My cloak keeps me dry. If I have your umbrella you will be wet, look you," she said, with that peculiar accent, which after my long absence seemed strange even to my Welsh ears.

"Nonsense!" I returned: "there is quite shelter enough for both, my dear, if we keep close. Here, take my arm."

She took it with a roguish smile, even while saying: "I feel afraid. You are a fine gentleman, and I am only a poor village girl."

"I never saw a lady with brighter eyes, or more beautiful hair," I said, taking up a tress of pure gold, which straggled from beneath her picturesque headdress. "There is no one I should like to have here instead of you—what is your name?"

"Kitty, Sir, so please you."

"Kitten it should be, you frolicsome little thing. Keep your eyes away, you sorceress, you are bewitching me."

She laughed a low, pleased laugh, that would not have been out of place in a London boudoir.

We have now come to a turbid stream crossing the road. It was not deep, evidently, for there were tracks showing that carts and carriages passed through it, but there was no perceptible passage for those on foot.

"The stepping-stones are covered!" she said, with a look of dismay: "what can we do?"

"Those pretty little feet shall not be wet, at all events," I returned, "if I have to wade for it, but I think I can see the stones well enough to cross without that."

I caught her up in my arms, for she was as light as a feather, and quickly carried her across. "Now I must take toll," I said, suiting the action to the word. I had not set her down yet, and she could not resist.

"How dare you, Sir? I am very angry, look you," she said, with a pout.

"Well, I have looked, but I don't see it," I replied coolly: "if you were you would be an ungrateful little baggage, for I am wet to the knees, so if it had not been for me, you must have stayed on the other side, or have had a rare ducking."

"Well, if you meant no harm I must forgive you,

GIVE HIM A PENNY.

but you might have asked me first," she said, coquettishly.

By the time we had reached the house, she had quite captivated me *pro tem.* There was something very piquant and attractive in her look.

I had been rather surprised at her turning into the grounds with me, but when we had got near the door, with a laughing good-bye she ran down a side-path to the back of the house. It was one of the servants, then, with whom I had been making love; but what of that, I thought, since she was pretty enough to tempt an anchorite.

My peal at the bell quickly brought to the door a servant who admitted me into the hall. An open door led into a billiard-room, and Llewellyn hurried out to give me a cordial welcome.

"How wet you must be," he said: "you ought to change at once, but my things would be too wide and too short for you. Ah! I have it! Charlie will accommodate you; he is just about your build."

One in hand, Lord Charles Devereux had quietly sauntered out after our host. I was delighted to find him here, for he was a great favourite with me. He was not very bright certainly, but there was not a more warm-hearted, good-natured fellow in Her Majesty's service, and he was, as he deserved, a universal favourite.

"Why, Lloyd, old fellow!" he said: "I thought from your not turning up, you had been tooling the mail yourself, and spilling the concern. So you want some toggery—well, I dare say I can find you something."

I had no doubt of it, for dress was one of his strong points.

"And there is the dressing bell!" exclaimed Llewellyn, "so you have not too much time before dinner. Be off, both of you, and, mind, no gossiping up-stairs like a couple of school-girls."

"I don't stir," I said, "till you promise not to wait dinner an instant for me. I neither wish to be hurried out of my wits, nor to be worried by the thought that I am keeping you waiting."

"Well, I promise," he replied, "but be as quick as you can. Look your best though, for I have two such killing damsels here. You and Charlie must toss up to decide which each of you is to confine his attentions to, or you will be at daggers drawn."

It was some time before I could get comfortably dry; my hair and whiskers especially being like a sponge. When I entered the dining-room they were seated at table, and I went to the head of it to greet my hostess, a charming woman still in the prime of her beauty, a model English matron, with the single fault of being an inveterate match-maker.

After welcoming me she turned and introduced me to Miss Lloyd, and Miss Catherine Lloyd. I started, and my heart beat wildly; for there before me was my friend of the Opera.

In an instant the old fever had returned. I was enthralled anew. And, to my joy, I saw that her recognition also was instantaneous, that there was a smile on her lip and a faint glow on her cheek, as I sprang forward to take her hand.

"So you know each other already," exclaimed Mrs.

Llewellyn: "Ah, Mona, he is the surgeon who dressed your wound. Why did you not tell me so?"

"I did not know you were friends," she replied calmly, having perfectly regained her composure.

"You do not recognise *me*, though we also have met," said a laughing voice at my elbow.

It was another surprise for me, for there sat the supposed peasant girl. But after that first shock nothing could move me, and I replied coolly, "Ah, the Kitten! I told you I should soon find you out."

"What, another mystery!" said Llewellyn.

"I went to the village when the sun came out, she resumed," and I borrowed Nannie's cloak to come back through the rain, or I should have been late for dinner. Mr. Lloyd gave me half of his umbrella, taking me all the time for a village girl."

"You acted the part admirably," I said, "and seemed bent on turning the fine gentleman's head."

An overpowering sense of Mona Lloyd's beauty was filling my whole being, and I was immeasurably vexed at finding myself drawn into this bantering conversation with her cousin. But very different from my usual habit, which was to parade my devotion, I now had an eager wish to hide what I was experiencing.

Still, whenever I could do so unobserved, I stole a glance at Mona. And each look tightened, if possible, the chain that was binding me.

Soon after we rejoined the ladies, "the Kitten" challenged Charlie to a game of billiards, and they left the room. Presently they returned with an appeal for a decision on some knotty point, to unravel which the Llewellyns accompanied them to the billiard-room. I was left alone with Mona, and I positively trembled as I approached her.

"I received your ring," I said, "and I value it duely. It has never left my finger since."

"No! no! I was almost ashamed to offer it to you," she replied, "but it would serve to show that I appreciated your kindness."

"I have given directions about it in my will—for it to be buried with me," I added in reply to her look of inquiry.

The soft air of timidity, the fleeting blush, filled me with transport.

"Why did you leave without giving me the least clue?" I asked more tenderly. "I made every effort to trace you."

Her charming confusion, though it gladdened me, might be painful to her, and I hastened to continue: "I had a bracelet to return to you: let me clasp it on your arm."

It was close at hand, for being a gold chain bracelet, I had attached it to my watch. As I fastened the snap my eye fell upon the white seam slightly marring the symmetry of an arm which Here's could not rival.

"You will always carry that mark," I said. "How the sight of an injury to you pained me!"

As I spoke I pressed the scar with my fevered lips. Instantly I was aroused from my happy dream, for her arm was snatched away, and her glorious eyes flashed fire.

How could I have imagined she had any tender feeling for me? Her confusion must have sprung from annoyance.

The days flew by at Llandethryn, for if I was not happy, I was the next best thing to it, always excited. Daily my infatuation became greater. I would willingly have torn myself away, but I had not the power.

Yet I cherished an insane self-delusion, a mere tatter of a belief, that no one saw what was going on, and to keep up this ignorance I abstained from any manifestation of a preference for Mona. But with all the unreasonableness of human nature, I was pained when she seconded my efforts, shunning me and shrinking from me, as was too often the case.

At such times I would fall back upon "the Kitten," who gave me a ready but half-mocking welcome.

Presently I found that there was something like this in the case of Devereux. He too drew near Mona with a kind of timidity, as if he dreaded that each advance might be repulsed. With the Kitten he seemed, on the contrary, quite at ease, and their lively sallies often wound up with a regular romp. And I, judging from my own feelings, imagined that our cases were the same—that he felt no more than friendship for the Kitten, while he loved Mona. Still worse, I sometimes gnashed my teeth with frenzy, as I thought that she might return his affection.

One of the worst features in the case was that Devereux never uttered a word to me on the subject, though every night he smoked his cigar in my bed-room, and chatted with his usual simple frankness. He was just the man to rely implicitly upon the advice of some friend, and for a long time now he had done me the honour of setting me in the post of Mentor.

But one night he broke through this unnatural silence.

After fiercely puffing away at his cigar for a quarter of an hour without speaking, he suddenly blurted out: "I can stand this no longer! Lloyd, old fellow, I am distractingly in love with your beautiful namesake, and I feel I shall be worth nothing without her. Here I am longing, and longing, but without the pluck to ask. Sometimes I think she will have me, but the next minute I despair. She is so beautiful, so clever, and warm-hearted, that I feel she is too good for a poor devil like me. What do you say, old fellow? Shall I make the attempt or not? At least it would put me out of my misery."

I pondered before I replied. If I let him suspect the truth, his loyalty of heart would make him shrink from paining me, but to act upon this belief would be to take a base advantage of his noble generosity. Yet I could not be expected to sign the death-warrant of my own hopes.

"She is all that you say," I replied at length: "and if she waits for a man who really deserves her, she will have to look far. I cannot advise you, for you must know best on what footing you stand. But this I *will* say—if she has given you any decided encouragement, you may venture safely, for I am convinced she would not play with your heart."

He mused for a moment, and then replied: "Well, she *has* given me undoubted encouragement at times, so I will take your advice, for, as you say, she is too noble to play fast and loose with me. You and her cousin will be the first whose congratulations I shall claim. By the by, why don't you take up with the other? You seem

really to like each other, and then we should be connected?"

"Stuff!" I roared. "If I was the only man left on earth, with all womankind to choose from, I would not marry. I value my freedom too much to sell myself to slavery."

His complacent picture of Mona's undoubted encouragement and his claiming our congratulations, had irritated me beyond bearing. But the good-natured fellow only opened his eyes in wonder at this new specimen of my "strange ways," as he called them, without noticing that my tirade was anything but complimentary to himself.

Presently, finding that I was in no mood for chat, he took himself off and left me in peace. Peace do I say? Ay, such peace as there is in Purgatory.

I was sitting the next morning after breakfast writing a letter in the library, when Devereux burst into the room. His face, generally calm, but now radiant with delight, told me his errand at once.

"Congratulate me, old fellow!" he shouted; "she has accepted me, and I am the happiest, luckiest dog alive."

I could gladly have killed him where he stood, but I suppose the effort I made to hide my feelings was successful, for he betrayed no astonishment as he looked at me. Words cannot tell what it cost me to breathe out: "May you both be happy, but you cannot fail."

They should not guess at what I suffered, I was determined, so in less than five minutes after Devereux left the library I followed him to the sitting-room. It was a large double room with folding doors, and at the further extremity Devereux and Mona were sitting close together on an ottoman. The sight of the pleased attention with which she regarded him made me feel positively rabid.

Gladly I turned from the hateful scene to Catherine Lloyd, who at this instant came in with her hands filled with flowers for the vases. Her softened, gentle manner, and the kindly look she gave me, struck me at once. Could Devereux be right in his supposition that she too loved, and that I was the favoured mortal?

Yes, I could not doubt the signs of a woman's true deep affection that she betrayed. The sight of her cousin's happiness had vanquished her, forcing her to lay aside that giddy carelessness with which she generally masked her true nature.

An impulse urged me to act so that they could have no suspicion of my torments. The next instant I had laid my hand, heart, and fortune, at her feet.

First she stared as if she thought me mad; then her ringing laugh echoed through the room.

"Charlie, come here!" she cried: "you must call Mr. Lloyd out—he has positively been making me a proposal."

"He is engaged to you then!" I exclaimed, utterly confounded. "From his description I thought it was to your cousin."

With the pout of a spoilt child, she said, "You refused her once yourself. Why should you expect others to appreciate her better than you?"

"Refused her?" I echoed, utterly bewildered.

A glance at Mona only deepened the mystery, for she sat with blushing cheek and downcast eye, as if unable to deny the truth of her cousin's words.

But as I gazed, the truth dawned upon me, and with it a hope. "Who is she?" I asked, turning to Kate.

"Ah, I see you have already guessed," she cried gaily: "she is Lucy Mona Lloyd, whose hand oven with a fortune in it you disdained to accept. Charlie, come to the billiard-room with me; you and I are only in the way here."

"Can you forgive me?" I asked pleadingly: "I could not tell what you were, and I would not marry for wealth."

Her eyes flashed. How magnificent she looked in her pride.

"The thought of what was due to your cousin and to the memory of your uncle might have induced you to find some less insulting means than contemptuous silence to convey your rejection of my hand."

She hissed out the last words, as though the very thought was a bitter humiliation to her.

"You have your revenge," I said gloomily: "and I will not hide from you how fully. From that night when I first saw you, I have been madly in love, and I find I have thrown away my sole chance of happiness."

"I knew it," she replied fiercely. "I recognised you at once, and I read your heart with a feeling of triumph. And when you came here I rejoiced, for I looked forward to this moment when you should be at my feet, and I in my turn should spurn you, but—"

The change of tone, the sudden pause, made me look up. With a wild feeling of hope I saw a gentle, blushing look of love on that face, so haughty but now.

"—But I cannot," she whispered.

THE MANUFACTURE OF GUNPOWDER.

JUST now the favourite topics with the general public are military, and martial under the circumstances, we propose to write a little about gunpowder.

We should never advise any one who is not called by duty to visit a Powder Factory, for, firstly, you run a risk of being blown to nothing; and, secondly, you increase the danger in which the workmen are placed. So to save you, reader, from these dangers, and to give you a clear account of the various processes that are gone through to produce this important element of war, we sit down to write. As we enter the gates we observe nothing very particular, and our guide seems to be used to all matters connected with the business, so we go gently on until we reach several large stacks of wood, alder and willow, which are standing there to be dried by the atmosphere, previous to being converted into *Charcoal*. Each piece of wood is about three feet in length, and the manner of burning is as follows: A series of iron cylinders, each about two feet six inches in diameter and five feet in length, are ranged in a building known as the cylinder house. Each of the cylinders is set in brick-work, so arranged that the hot air from the furnace plays quite round it,

causing the heat on the upper and under sides to be uniform. Made to fit these cylinders are others of thinner iron and lighter make, capable of being drawn in or out at pleasure. In this portable cylinder, technically called a *slip*, the wood is put, and then pushed into the fixed cylinder and shut in by air-tight iron doors, or doors made air-tight by means of sand. As soon as the action of carbonication commences, all the gaseous products of the wood are expelled through a hole at the back of the cylinder, and thence into the flues, where they are burnt. Here is a two-fold benefit. The gases are almost sufficient to convert the wood into charcoal, and the great nuisance which would be caused by their escape into the atmosphere is avoided. After remaining in these cylinders at a low red heat for about six hours, the wood is perfectly carbonized. It is then allowed to cool; and when drawn out is charcoal of the purest quality, and is ready for grinding. This process is none other than that of grinding coffee. The charcoal is put into a hopper, from which it falls into the mill, is cut or crushed to pieces, passed through a reel covered with a canvass of the finest mesh, and is then fit to perform its part in the manufacture of gunpowder.

Sulphur is prepared by heating a quantity of crude sulphur in an iron pot, conducting the vapours into cool chambers, where they fall as a very fine powder, called flowers of sulphur. When the chamber becomes warm these flowers of sulphur melt, and run into cylindrical moulds, in which form the sulphur is called roll sulphur, and is quite pure. It is then ground and passed through a very fine sieve, when it also stands ready.

The last and most important ingredient is *Nitre*, or, as it is more commonly called, saltpetre. This is obtained chiefly from Bengal, and in its crude or "grough" state contains from one to twenty per cent. of impurities; common salt being the chief. In this state then it arrives in England, and before being used has to be freed from every impurity. This used to be done by repeated boilings and crystalizations; but now it is boiled once and passed (in a fluid state) into large shallow copper pans, called coolers. Now if allowed to cool at rest it forms itself into large crystals, which contain much that is impure; but if you can get the crystals small, there is little impurity to be found. This is obtained by keeping the liquid constantly in motion during the cooling process; so that the nitre crystalizes in very small particles, so small indeed that the saltpetre thus crystalized is called saltpetre *flour*, and is, if carefully washed with distilled water, absolutely pure, and so fine that no grinding is necessary. Under the old system the saltpetre had to be thrice boiled, thrice set to cool in crystalizing pans, and then melted, run into moulds, cooled, and ground. We are indebted to our neighbours the French for the new process.

After having then seen our ingredients carefully prepared, we now bring them together in a "house," called the "mixing house." They are here weighed in the following proportions:—

Saltpetre	75	per cent.
Sulphur	10	„ „
Charcoal	15	„ „

These ingredients are then placed in the mixing machine, which is simply a wooden box, through which a shaft passes armed with long copper or gun-metal teeth. The shaft is made to turn on its axis very rapidly, and by means of the teeth the mass is intimately mixed. A bag is placed under the machine, a slide is withdrawn from the bottom, and the powder (for such it is now, but very weak) falls into the bag. The quantity placed in one bag is called a charge, and weighs between forty and fifty pounds. An Act of Parliament passed in the reign of George III. fixes it at forty-two pounds. The charge (*green charge* called generally) is now ready for the incorporating mills, where the several ingredients, which before were only mixed, are now incorporated, or very intimately combined, by means of a heavy grinding pressure. Imagine a large round dish of iron. In the centre of the dish is an upright shaft, made to turn by means of gear-work underneath the floor; on this dish are placed two wheels, called runners, of iron or stone, each weighing three or four tons. Through the centre of each runner a horizontal spindle passes, which spindle also passes through the upright shaft before mentioned, cutting it at right angles. When the upright shaft is put in motion of course it carries round these runners, which perform about ten revolutions per minute. The weight of the runners causes great pressure upon the powder, which is spread equally over the bottom of the dish, and the small circle in which the runners revolve causes the grinding, by which means, and the aid of water, the intimate mechanical combination of the ingredients, upon which the strength of the powder entirely depends, is obtained. The time necessary to bring the powder to its proper strength varies from one hour to ten, according to the quality required. One manufacturer has patented a process by which he causes the bottom of the dish to be *heated*, by which means he obtains the required strength in a much shorter time. When taken from these mills it is in broken cakes of a greyish colour, and about half an inch in thickness. It is now called mill-cake, and has attained its greatest strength—all after processes decreasing its explosive force, but increasing its durability.

From the incorporating mills it is taken to the *press house*, where the mill-cake is passed between cylindrical toothed rollers, which in motion turn towards each other, and crush the powder again to dust. On one side of this press house you see a large cubical box placed between four iron columns, which support a huge cross-bar of iron, called a cap; underneath the cap is suspended a cube of wood to fit the box which stands below. The powder, when broken down, is carried to this box, on the bottom of which a layer of it is placed. This layer of powder is covered with a sheet of copper, and on the copper is placed another layer of powder, then another sheet of copper, and so on, alternately a layer of powder and a sheet of copper, until the box is full. A man then turns a small cock, the box begins to rise and pushes itself against the piece of wood suspended beneath the cap. As this wood fits the box, the box keeps rising, but as it rises the powder is compressed to the requisite hardness. But how is the box made to rise? By hydraulic

pressure. The box stands upon the *ram*, as it is called; this ram fits into an iron cylinder; into the cylinder water is forced, which raises the ram and of course the box placed upon it. The pressure obtained is generally about four tons to the square inch upon the ram. When the pressure is taken off, and the box opened, the powder and copper are compressed into one solid mass; but a few hard blows with a wooden mallet soon cause the cakes to separate. The copper plates are put aside for future use; the cakes of powder, about two feet six inches square and one-eighth of an inch in thickness, are carried to the breaking-down machine, where they are again passed between the toothed rollers and broken into pieces hard and black, of irregular forms, varying from an inch and a half to half an inch in length. The powder is now fit for granulating or *corning*, as it is called. Before we leave this house we may just get a glimpse at the men here, and yet the men you cannot see, only their intensely black faces and lively eyes. Strong men and true, no doubt, to their employers, but not always conscious that while careful for "the master," they are caring for their own lives. It was in the press house that the Hounslow catastrophe occurred last year.

We take leave of the press house then, and follow the hard pieces of powder to the granulating house. Here we are in greater danger, and not very well able to see it on account of the "dust" flying about. However, we can perceive the "house" is tolerably full of machinery; consisting principally of the toothed cylindrical rolls and "Jacob's Ladders." These "Jacobs" are endless straps passing over wooden wheels; each strap has a number of cups fixed upon it. The powder is "shot" into a hopper on the floor; at the bottom of this hopper one of the wooden wheels rotates and over it the endless strap passes. In the downward journey the cup is inverted, but no sooner does it get its turn on the bottom wheel than it rights itself, and not only so, but fills itself with powder, which it carefully carries to the housetop, and as it turns on the upper wheel shoots its load headforemost into another hopper, from which it passes between the rollers, and is crushed into the required sized grain. So these "Jacobs" save the trouble and expense of having men to carry up the powder on their backs. The powder here is not only granulated, but a large portion of the dust is taken from it and returned to the incorporating mills.

We have now the powder in grains of various sizes and of a very dull greyish brown colour, not much like the powder of commerce. But we shall get it so much like that, that you will recognise it wherever you may meet with it. From the granulating house it is carried to the rubbing house, where the powder is placed in cylindrical vessels of wood or canvass, and rapidly turned upon the vessels' axes. By this motion the grains of powder are hardened, and by the attrition they gain a glossy appearance and look bluish-black. This rubbing of the powder is a great deterioration to the expulsive quality of the powder; it makes it less angular, but, as a counterbalance, it is much more durable, being less impervious to moisture than before. Well, having whirled it in the cylinders for ten or twelve hours, and having seen it brought out, and noted its different appearance, we follow it to the drying house. Not long since it used to be dried as follows: The powder was spread upon canvass cases and placed in racks round a room, called the *stove;* into the wall of this building a huge iron pot was built; not standing on its bottom, but so placed that the bottom of the pot should project into the room while the mouth was outside. In this a fire was kindled, and the bottom of the pot heated to a red heat. Pleasant certainly when one entered to see the round red pot glaring in amongst the powder and threatening death and destruction to all. *Now* the stove is heated by means of steam pipes passing through it, and the temperature usually obtained is about 130. For twenty hours it rests in this warm climate, during which time it parts with all its moisture except about nine per cent. At this stage the powder is somewhat dusty and of different-sized grains; two things then are required, to clean it from the dust, and to separate the grains into the various sizes, for large or small arms. To accomplish these ends, the powder is transported from the stove to the dusting house.

The dusting house, as its name implies, is the place where the powder is dusted, or finally cleansed from any remaining dust. This is an important affair, as the fouling or not fouling of the gun depends greatly upon this matter. It is generally performed by causing the powder to run through a series of reels covered with open canvass, which reels are rapidly whirled round, and while they are in motion all the very fine powder or dust falls through the canvass. When properly dusted the different-sized grains have to be separated one from another: the "large grain" for artillery; the "fine grain" for rifles; the "double F." and "treble F." for sporting purposes; and so on. When separated it is carefully weighed, put into barrels, headed up, and carried away to magazines, quite finished and ready for use.

These various processes cannot be carried on without much risk to life and property, hence the necessity that exists for the greatest possible care throughout all the departments. Every man has clothes to be used only in the houses, so that there can be no chance of the least particle of grit getting on to the clothes, neither is any man permitted to wear metal buttons. All shoes are exchanged for shoes made only of leather, no nails of any kind; and these are worn only in the houses. In the machinery brass and copper are largely employed, because from them it is almost impossible to strike fire; and to prevent any friction under foot should grit get into the houses, the floors are carefully covered with leather. Still with all these precautions accidents are not entirely avoided, though greatly diminished.

And now having finished our powder, what becomes of it? Its missions are various. It may be used to level mountains which stand in the way of man's progress, or to level cities which stand in the way of his ambition. It may be to aid the slave dealer in his endeavours to hunt down men, or to aid nations in obtaining that liberty which we all hold so precious. It may be to carry the unerring bullet from the deadly rifle into men's brain, or to speed the no less unerring shot of the sportsman into a pheasant's breast. It may be to keep an enemy from our shores, or, in the hands

of a ragged urchin, to keep sparrows from our wheat. It is equally ready to aid man in his efforts to overcome nature's obstacles, or to aid the devil in his efforts to overcome men. H. R. S.

HOME MISSION.

Hear me, sisters of one race,
As I plead a little space,
For *our* lost, *our* straying;
I would ask your hearts to ponder
Are ye guiltless, whilst they wander,
Duties truly weighing?

Cheerful 'midst your happy homes,
See approaching Winter comes,
Ye rejoice with reason;
Joyous meetings are in store,
Parted friends will greet once more,
'Tis a festive season.

See the ruddy fire-light glow
Lighting up the drifting snow,
Closer draw the curtain;
Circle round the sparkling blaze,
Colder, shorter, grow the days,
Sunlight dim, uncertain.

Maiden, shelter'd from the storm,
Nestling 'midst hearts pure and warm,
Sisters cold are lying;
Matron, gazing lovingly
On the fair boy at your knee,
One as fair is dying.

Work is scant, and sickness rife,
They must struggle hard for life,
Cold and hunger-stricken;
Fireless, sunless, is their room,
Starving, shiv'ring, 'mid the gloom,
Scarce can life's pulse quicken.

There a fair young head is lying,
From the cold hard world is flying,
Yet his mother weepeth;
Love as fond for her lost treasure
Stirs her heart, as yours can measure—
Weary watch she keepeth.

Crouching near the window-pane,
Daylight's latest gleam to gain,
Sits a slender maiden;
Aching fingers, aching heart,
Toiling on, though hunger smart,
Poor heart, sorrow laden.

Scarce sufficeth all her toil
Famine's gnawing tooth to foil,
Want has seized her brother;
Clutch'd him with its icy fingers,
Yet his little spirit lingers,
Moaning, sister! mother!

Forth she goes with misery blind,
Tempters in her path to find,
Lordly vice assails her;
In her ears still rings the cry,
Food may yet restore the boy,
Virtue nought avails her.

Who dares say in such an hour,
She would shun the tempter's power?
Boast not, poor weak mortal!—
Hunger, cold, e'en love assailing,
Madden'd by a dying wailing,
She hath pass'd guilt's portal.

Homes of wealth and luxury,
In thy midst can such things be?
Oh! if *all* would labour;
Strive then each in her own sphere
Some poor sorrowing heart to cheer,
Save some erring neighbour.

Ours the talent God has lent,
Fearful trust, ah! feel it sent
From our loving Master;
Waste it not in idleness,
Few, perchance, our hours to bless;
Each year life ebbs faster.

A. G.

WOMAN AND ART.

BY HORACE ST. JOHN.

It is most encouraging to all who are lovers of their kind, to reflect upon the unmistakeable evidences which mark the progress of our civilization in the present day. Reform—the root of all advancement—is rapidly transfusing itself throughout the entire social system, bringing with its healthful influence healing to a diversity of ills and much of sore distress amongst us. The monuments which immortalize philanthropy are increasing. Ragged Schools and Training Schools, Refuges, Hospitals, and Homes for the Destitute, bear witness to the labours of many hands and the good-will of many hearts. Those favoured by fortune in rank and wealth are ennobling their position by honouring the sacred name of Charity. Diligent efforts on the part of the benevolent of either sex are made for the amelioration of the masses; while through various channels the toils of their humbler brethren for the public weal are making themselves not less surely felt. The Press, continuing still to probe the working of our political institutions, takes cognizance more and more of suffering and oppression, else without appeal, and Journalists should feel proud to urge on in the vocation—a momentous one—they are called upon to fulfil.

Reports, committees, meetings, are in busy operation for the furtherance of sanitary science, a better knowledge of which among the poor would prove a very Palladium of life itself to them, increasing their ability to improve and to enjoy existence. We rejoice to perceive through these, and various other agencies on their behalf, that note is meritoriously taken of the needs of the humblest. Inexpressibly gratifying also is it to observe the unceasing endeavours of benevolence to better the condition of a class which, though a portion of what are termed the "middle orders," is often scarcely less suffering, or sometimes less indigent, than the very

poorest—we mean the class of English governesses—who, if they owe much of their endurance to their own sex, are mainly indebted also for strenuous advocacy to the true-hearted among their sisterhood. And here we have another exhilirating demonstration of our progress in the success which has so far attended the application of the agencies of women, more especially in the work of charity. Their capacity to utilize a greater degree of social freedom has now been proved, and their right to enjoy it is beginning to be acknowledged by the liberal and honest-minded of both sexes. Let women then wait, work, and hope, and their true "mission" will ere long be thoroughly understood and fulfilled. The condition and prospects of the feminine portion of the community, especially those of the middle classes, constitute, indeed, one of the prominent questions of the day, and the result is, as always when public curiosity and interest are awakened, an influx of literary productions all more or less calculated, perhaps, to aid in the solution of the inquiry. True, the chaff outweighs the wheat, but when any agitation stirs, it is as on a spring day, we are fretted with the dust, while gladdened and refreshed by the breeze.

Nevertheless, as we have said, in the majority of publications, and even in those least deserving of praise, something is to be gleaned of import to the topic now arresting the attention of the enlightened public, how best to employ and utilize the powers of women.

As tending to elucidate one, and a most important, branch of the subject, the practice of the Fine Arts professionally by women, we have to welcome very cordially Mrs. Ellet's recent volume on "*Women Artists.*"

An impartial retrospect of what has been actually achieved by woman in pictorial art during previous ages, together with a diligent inquiry into the causes and conditions which have proved prejudicial or favourable to the development of her talents, and their adequate recognition and reward, would, we think, assist in discovering by what means such relationships might be established as would insure the simultaneous advancement of Woman and Art.

As in the Egyptian systems of architecture and artistic decoration, we are able to discern those germs which, by infinite variety of application, gave rise to much that was exquisite in the Greek style of ornament, so in the unrivalled productions of the loom, and the draperies upon which Egyptian and Assyrian women were employed, we find the type of many of the beautiful designs in which the women of other nations, in after-times, showed such peculiar facility in excelling. Design, in addition to enamelling, miniature painting, landscape and flower painting, the last in a variety of manners the most curious and rare, with representations of animal life, constitute the branches upon which feminine skill has been chiefly exercised. Historical and allegorical departments, like our latter-day masters, women have comparatively neglected. Nevertheless, in these, as in modelling and sculpture, they have from time to time given signal proofs of their capacity to cultivate the highest, in those rare cases where time and mental faculty has been entirely surrendered to the continuous study essential to artistic excellence.

This want of adequate devotion to art on the part of women through a conscientious but mistaken submission to the trammels of circumstance and convention, is much to be regretted.

Natural laws provide abundantly those fitted through other than intellectual channels to minister to the material necessities of the universal family. Meanwhile, the unfrequented realms of science, literature, and art should with zeal be sought for by all conscious of aspiration, who should not forget the precept which the wisdom of the ancients inscribed upon their temple: "Be bold, be bold, and evermore be bold; be not too bold."

In Greece, notwithstanding the subjection in which the majority of women were held, feminine influence had an important share in the social organization. The most exquisite myths of the Grecian worship were feminine, and philosophers learnt wisdom, and statesmen eloquence, from the lips of Athenian dames.

Early in the history of Greek art, the name of Kora, a young girl of Corinth, is curiously distinguished. She was betrothed, and as she sat with her lover one evening by lamp-light, previous to a temporary separation, the maiden, desirous of some memorial of her friend in absence, traced on the wall the profile of the young man. Carefully he filled the outline with clay, and a perfect medallion was formed! Through this first portrait in relief, a new art was brought into the world!

After the accession of Alexander the Great, as art became more richly developed, its practice by women became more widely diffused. A certain Helena of this period is recorded to have painted for one of the Ptolemies the scene of a battle in which Alexander vanquished Darius. This piece is thought to have been the original of a famous mosaic found in Pompeii.

A single name only among Roman women appears as distinguished in pictorial art. It is that of Laya, mentioned honourably by Pliny amongst those of the most renowned artists of the age. She was the pioneer in miniature painting, a branch afterwards so largely and successfully cultivated by women.

Under the transforming influence of the Christian religion, Art assumed a phase entirely new. Its representations, at first far inferior to the gracious classic forms, gradually yielded, through various modifications, to emanations of surpassing loveliness. The cold, rigid, cramping uniformity of manner prevalent in the ages previous to the renaissance, we can scarcely believe to have given rise, as they did, to the matchless urbanity and beauty of the mediæval Madonnas. In this transition period of art, when the adornments of paganism were rejected by the disciples of a purer faith, ere they had yet created an art-system of their own, the process of illuminating was greatly practised, but chiefly by the inmates of convents and monasteries. The art was divided into two departments, that of the miniaturists, whose province it was to cover with gold and silver ornaments histories and arabesques; and the miniature caligraphists, who copied the books, and traced in red, blue, or gold the initial letters. The colouring and finish were often extremely brilliant and delicate. It was suggested recently in an able article contained in the "*English Woman's Journal*," an avail-

able market might easily be opened for productions of this kind by the hands of women. The long, drooping, graceful curves of the letters in this species of caligraphy, with borders bright with stars, flowers, and foliage, tinted in purple, gold, and other hues, would, it is thought, prove irresistibly attractive to the Eastern fancy, and insure a wide sale in Turkey, Persia, and Northern India for books copied in this fashion.

Christian art in the fifteenth century, parting with much of the mystic and ideal character by which it was previously too much governed, assumed a wider domain, to excel in which a far more extended study and experience were necessary. For correct exhibitions of the human form, knowledge of anatomy was essential. For the delineation of actions, passions, and feelings in accordance with human sympathies, more enlightened views of nature, resulting from a freer intercourse with the world in its vast expanse of varied suffering, energy and achievement were demanded. The shams of chivalry, the seclusion of the cloister, the narrow social arena assigned to women in the earlier portion of the middle ages, were prejudicial then to triumphs by them in this new and higher art life. Hence the dearth of fame for women which marks this period; and hence too the hopelessness of attainment by women of real artistic excellence in this day without a bolder and freer educational course than is at present open to them. The name of Margaretta Von Eyck has moreover descended in conjunction with that of her brothers. She was chiefly celebrated for proficiency in miniature painting. Caterina Vigesi, her contemporary, also excelled in miniature, but her larger pieces of considerable merit are still in the Pinacothek at Bologna, and the Sala Palladiana of the Venetian academy.

A genius of a very different order to this saintly founder of the Corpo di Christo Convent, was Onorata Rodiana, who, when quite young, obtained so noble a repute as a painter that the Marquis of Cremona, a tyrant like so many of the Italian Marquises of the feudal date, appointed her to decorate his palace. While thus engaged, she was one day addressed insultingly by a courtier, whom the young girl at first endeavoured to repulse by moderate means, but finding these useless, at length drew a dagger and stabbed him to the heart. She then fled from the palace. The Marquis, at first indignant, afterwards summoned her to complete her labours, which no one else was deemed sufficiently skilful to finish. But the pictorial Amazon had joined Lampugnaur's Condottieri, and having speedily reached a post of command, declined the Marquis's request. She followed painting and a soldier's life alternately for thirty years, and was killed at the relief of her native town, which she defended victoriously against the Venetians.

Sculpture had its first female disciple in Sebina Von Steinbach, whose Scriptural groups adorn the southern aisle of the Strasburg cathedral.

Illustrious in this branch of art was Propergia di Rossi, also of the fifteenth century. Like so many of the Italian masters, Michael Angelo, Da Vinci, and Rosa, she excelled in a variety of accomplishments. Her great personal beauty also was universally admired. Propergia adopted at first the practice of minute carving on peach-stones, after the fashion of some of the antique sculptors. One of their achievements had been to carve a chariot with four horses and a charioteer, so small that a fly with his wings spread could cover the whole.

Propergia carved on a peach-stone the Crucifixion, a work comprising a number of figures. A series of her intaglios is possessed by the Count Grassi, of Bologna. In the cabinet of gems contained in the Florentine Gallery, is preserved also a cherry-stone, on which is carved a chorus of saints, numbering no less than seventy heads. Sculpture, on a larger scale as well, engaged the attention of Propergia. Two angels in bas-relief, exquisitely wrought by her, adorn the church of San Petronio. She is honoured with the highest praise of Vasari, who has recorded of Propergia, that everything succeeded with her save her unhappy passion; in allusion to her unrequited affection for a young patrician, who refused to make her his wife, though enamoured of her, because she was of less honourable family than himself.

A century later than Margaretta Von Eyck, we find another woman artist inheriting an illustrious name. This was Margaretta Tintoretto. Her portraits were so celebrated that to be painted by her became the ambition of the Venetian aristocracy. Philip the Second of Spain, and the Emperor Maximilian, both invited her to become the artist of their courts.

Among the "six wonderful sisters" who adorned this period in Italy, all more or less endowed with superior talent in painting and music, Sophonisba Anguisciola was the most renowned. When a girl, popes and princes were solicitous of engaging her services. Accepting an invitation to the court of Madrid, she was met by the king and queen, and escorted to the palace with great pomp. A diamond worth fifteen hundred crowns, and a pension of two hundred, were her recompence for painting the portrait of the king. Throughout a long life she continued to receive the rich emoluments consequent on royal patronage. Medallions were struck in honour of her, poets sang her praise, and higher tribute still—Vandyck, who was frequently her guest, was accustomed to say in allusion to her unfortunate deprivation of sight in her latter years, "that he received more enlightenment from this blind old woman than from all his studies of the great masters." An eminent critic has described one of her works as painted "with so much skill and care that the figures want only voice to be alive."

Foremost among female artists of the seventeenth century stands Lavinia Fontana, the tender graces of whose style have caused her pieces to be compared to those of Guido Reni. Her portrait painting was highly esteemed in Italy. High prices were awarded them, and they adorned the galleries of the nobility and royalty of the land. Lavinia was engaged by Pope Gregory the Thirteenth as his painter in ordinary. Her later productions were church pieces for the religious edifices of Bologna. To the Escurial at Madrid she contributed a Madonna uplifting the veil to view her sleeping child. This is described as of such "glorious colouring, and so full of beauty, that one would never weary of admiring it." As it was customary in those days for genius in either sex to receive in equal measure its deserved rewards, Lavinia was chosen member of the Roman Academy, without, in all probability, rendering herself a mark for ridicule as "strong-minded," "mascu-

line," or "a blue." Why have subsequent generations so fostered the growth of vulgarity? At a later date than that in which Lavinia flourished, we find Mdlle. Sophia Chéron admitted to the same privilege in the French Academy, and also in the Academy dei Ricovrati of Padua.

From the decline of the classic age, during the mediæval epoch, it will have been seen the richest efflorescence of pictorial genius in either sex belonged to Italy, and reached its zenith in the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries. Yet in England the name of but one female painter during the reign of Elizabeth is recorded. Somewhat more pictorial repute was gained by women in Germany at the same period, but the palm of distinction belonged to Maria Schurmann of Holland. Her varied achievements were the more extraordinary because attained under depressing circumstances of thwarting influence and uncongenial association. Maria excelled in carving on wood and ivory, as well as modelling in wax and the curious process of engraving with the diamond on crystal. She possessed a knowledge of the Oriental and the classic tongues; and was learned in theology. To the Dutch also belonged Madlle Rosee, whose talents displayed themselves in the brilliant effects produced by a most singular method of colouring with the various shades of silk instead of with oil or gum. She thus painted portraits imitating the flesh tints admirably, and also landscapes and architecture. Her pieces commanded high prices, and one is preserved in the collection of the Grand Duke of Tuscany.

Joanna Block, also of Holland, practised engraving with the diamond on glass and crystal. Her colouring was exquisite, and her powers of imitation were said to have been so great that her copies of the best masters could scarcely be distinguished from the originals. She possessed astonishing mastery of a peculiar art of executing with the scissors what the engraver does with the burin. In this way landscapes, animals, and portraits were finished with accuracy and marvellous resemblance. This novelty became fashionable in the courts of Europe, and a portrait thus executed by Joanna of the Emperor of Germany is preserved in the Imperial collection at Vienna.

The eighteenth century, marked by the advancement of art itself in England and elsewhere, was characterized at the same time by an increase in the number of its female followers. Enamelling, engraving on copper and other materials, continued much in vogue, especially on the continent, but gradually yielded to a more extended cultivation of the loftier branches of art. The interval from this period to the present day boasts women artists, whose labours have earned for them an European reputation. On the beautiful productions of Angelica Kaufmann, now the delight of spectators in various quarters on the continent and at home, it would be superfluous to dwell. It is gratifying to think that this meritorous artist received during her career the full acknowledgment, courted as she was by the titled and wealthy, as well as admitted among the painters of the Royal Society, and appointed to a professorship in the Academy of Arts.

The triumphs of Mrs. Damer in sculpture of human and animal life are best recorded by the criticism of Horace Walpole: "Mrs. Damer's busts from life are not inferior to the antique."

The portraits by Madame Le Brun, the rare colourist, Sir Joshua Reynolds pronounced "as fine as those of any painter."

Among a host of women students, subsequently more or less devoted to art, appear as preëminently deserving of notice, Madlle Felicie Faveau, Rosa Bonheur, and the American sculptress, Harriet Hosmer, already, though young, so distinguished as to receive a visit from the Prince of England, and so fortunate as to enjoy the tuition and intimacy of the most illustrious sculptor Europe can now boast. Harriet Hosmer is of delicate physical constitution, and owes to her own energetic persistence under a signal adversity her continuance in the honourable position of an independent professional career. These names we have mentioned are as shining lights in the celestial sphere of intellect. Yet let it be remembered that as much through moral vigour of character as through natural endowment, have they become illustrious. The example afforded by such women as those recorded to those among their sisterhood who dignify their sex by aspiration cannot be too earnestly reflected on.

PRINCE HENRY BELIEVING THE KING DEAD ASSUMES THE CROWN.

In the beautiful collection of pictures now exhibiting at the Crystal Palace, Sydenham, and the sight of which alone is well worth the shilling you pay for the admission to the entire building, the picture we have engraved on the other side occupies a prominent place. The selling price is marked 800 guineas, if we remember aright. If any one of our readers, tempted by its merit, owing to this notice, should become its purchaser, we should greatly rejoice for his sake, and for that of the artist as well. The picture is one of the many called into existence by government patronage of arts. In 1843, the first Westminster Hall competition with fresco took place, and Mr. John Callcott Horsley, leaving the peculiar class of pictures by means of which he had achieved eminence, turned his attention to high historic art. His cartoon of St. Augustine Preaching gained one of the three prizes in the second rank of £200. During the ensuing years his ambition was concentrated in efforts to succeed within the same arena. In the trial of skill of 1844, his two small frescoes obtained him a place among the six painters commissioned to execute further samples. That of 1845 for Religion was approved of, and the subject subsequently executed at large in the House of Lords. In 1847 his colossal oil-painting, "Henry believing the King dead assumes the crown," secured for him a premium of the third class. In King Henry IV., Part II., Act iv. Scene 4, occurs the passage from which Mr. Horsley has painted. The old king, heavy and sleeping, lies insensible on his bed. Prince Henry sits and watches. While thus occupied his glance lights upon the crown placed by his father's bed. He apostrophises it as a "troublesome bed-fellow"—"a polished perturbation"—"a golden care that keeps the ports

PRINCE HENRY, BELIEVING HIS FATHER DEAD, ASSUMES THE CROWN.

of slumber open wide to many a wakeful night." At length claiming it as his due from his father to himself, he lifts it on his head, exclaiming,

" So here it sits
Which heaven shall guard; and put the whole world's strength
Into one giant arm, it shall not force
This lineal honour from me; this from thee
Will I to mine leave as 'tis left me."

SUNDOWN.

A NOVEL.

By EDWARD COPPING, Author of "*Aspects of Paris*," &c.

[*Continued from p.* 131.]

CHAPTER XI.

The first few days which succeeded the departure of the young men passed heavily indeed at Sundown. Ruth walked about the house so silently and so sadly, that she seemed but the shadow of her former self. All her vivacity, all her cheerfulness, had departed. Even the tone of her voice was modulated to a lower key, and when she spoke to John or any of the servants, it was in a manner even more gentle than she had ever adopted before.

She did not give way to any idle sorrow, deeply as she felt the loss of her brother and George. On the contrary, she occupied herself more than ever with household matters; she studied her French with unusual industry; she weeded, planted, pruned, and trimmed, in the garden, with an energy surpassing that she had hitherto displayed.

But her heart was in none of her labours.

She busied herself almost mechanically, because she knew that employment would in time divert her mind from useless repining. It was of not the slightest use, she felt, to sit down and wring her hands because Fred and George were no longer at Sundown. *That* would not hasten the period of their return, or make their absence more supportable. So the brave little maid resolutely took up arms against sorrow, and if she did not conquer it at once, she at all events kept it in subjection, and never allowed it to gain a single inch of ground. Victory, of course, was assured to her from the moment she thus took precautions against defeat.

But the struggle sometimes was long and cruel.

Often when she was reading the French books George had given her, she would suddenly start, and find that whole pages had passed before her eyes without conveying a single sentence of their meaning to her mind. At this discovery she would rise, hurriedly pacé the room, open the window, catch a passing breath of fresh air, and then sit down again, her head resolutely planted upon her hands, and her elbows upon the table, in real student fashion, until she had steadied her tripping attention.

Sometimes, too, while gardening, the hoe or rake would drop, as it were, from her hands, and she would sink into the rustic seat, listless and repining, unable, as she fancied, to work any more.

But after a few minutes' pause she would rally by a great effort, and recommence her operations with such feverish vigour and such exaggerated haste, that stems, leaves, buds, and blossoms would fly about right and left, the innocent and the guilty alike struck down by her impetuous exertions.

Sometimes, however, poor Ruth would fairly give way, too wearied in spirit to continue her labours, and then there was but one resource open to her. Seating herself on a low stool by Aunt Susan's side, she would rest her head upon the old lady's lap, like a little child, and seek consolation where it never yet had failed her.

Aunt Susan was herself much affected by the departure of Fred.

The house seemed dull and empty to her now that he was away. Often and often she looked out from the parlour window when dinner-time arrived as though expecting to see him come up the gravel path from his morning's ramble. Then she remembered that he would come no more, and sadly sat down with Ruth to their silent meal. It was very silent now.

Aunt Susan did not at once strive to restore the young girl to her former gaiety. She left her as much as possible to her own meditations; never forced her into conversation, and was careful to utter no word that might be ill-timed, no consoling observation that might be superfluous.

Ruth was deeply grateful to her aunt for this thoughtful reserve. Had she been forced to converse against her will, or to appear gay when she felt sad, the effort would have wearied and distressed her. She had taxed, and over-taxed, her cheerfulness during the week preceding the departure of the young men; now her energies had collapsed, and she needed repose.

It came to her as gratefully as death to the aged and suffering, or sleep to a fevered child.

It was only when Ruth sat down by her aunt's side that the good lady strove to console her. She would gently play then with her rolling tresses, smooth her cheeks, whisper fond words in her ear, and gently bend down and kiss her.

Nothing more was needed to calm Ruth's throbbing heart.

After she had lain thus a few minutes, she would look up into her aunt's face, and smile so sweetly, that her whole soul seemed to be wreathed upon her features.

"Aunt," she would say, in a tone so light that while her words were yet being uttered they appeared to float away into air, "Aunt, I am happy now again."

"Are you, darling?"

"Yes; I am never sad when I see you looking down upon me so kindly, and feel your hand upon my cheek. Kiss me once again, dear Aunt."

Then Ruth, weary and heart-sore, would sink into a gentle sleep as she lay thus fondly in her aunt's embrace, and wake up refreshed and strengthened, to be in her turn the nurse and comforter.

At the end of the first week, too, there came a daily messenger to Sundown, which restored the little household to almost its former happy state.

Fred had written a hasty note from Dover to say he was on the point of crossing the Channel; he had written another from Boulogne to announce his arrival in France after a *horrible passage* (underlined), and now

there came a letter from Paris itself, stating that he was installed in the French capital.

Henceforth, according to the solemn engagement entered into with Ruth—an engagement signed, sealed, and delivered by a kiss on both sides—he was to send every day a record of his doings to Sundown.

With what joyful eagerness Ruth now ran out every afternoon to meet John Plumber with the letter from the Rosefield post-office! If the honest gardener occasionally lagged a little behind time, she grew as restless as an imprisoned fawn, and paced the garden as though really captive. When John appeared at the gate, she darted towards him, took from his hand Fred's letter, and ran triumphantly into the house to read it to Aunt Susan. Of course she always began before she had quite recovered her breath, and was forced thus to pause in the middle of the very first sentence. Then she went back, and began again in a more decorous manner; but she never reached the end without breaking in upon Fred's observations with comments of her own, hearty peals of laughter, or exclamations of delight addressed to Aunt Susan.

Fred, to do him justice, wrote very interesting letters; unconscious, as it seemed, he had caught something of the spirit of Lady Montague and Madame de Sevigne; and his correspondence accordingly was easy, natural, and flowing, yet without displaying any trace of carelessness. He had an advantage, too, which did him good service, in being able to illustrate his communications with the drollest little pen-and-ink designs and caricatures.

His first artistic effort of this kind,—an exaggerated portrait of the Boulogne *douanier* in Flying Dutchman trowsers and curt imperial beard, made Ruth shriek with merriment. Then his sketches of the fish-women, to whom, with pardonable licence, he gave those sweet English faces Mr. Leech so constantly charms us with, caused the little sister the same amusement, tempered, however, with surprise at the free costume of these brawny ladies of maritime France.

In Paris, the diminutive size of the soldiers was the first fact which struck Mr. Fred's satirical eye and set in motion his pencil. Upon this theme he composed many artistic variations, all, it must be confessed, imbued with a strong national spirit.

"Attitude of a Chasseur upon seeing for the first time an English grenadier" was one of the most amusing of these pen-and-ink waggeries. The French soldier was represented as a mere dwarf, all agape with terrified astonishment before the most gigantic of Guardsmen; a very bean-stalk of a man, against whom the other looked the veriest little Jack.

Then Fred gave the portrait of a Zouave, who embodied the wild ferocity of a Caramanian mountaineer in alliance with the rolling swagger of the Pawnee Fork squatter. By and by, different performers came upon the scene.

The Parisian ladies fell under the strokes of the young caricaturist's pencil. Fred hit off very happily the fashionable promenaders of the Champs Elysées and the Bois de Boulogne, with their enormous width of skirt and their sumptuary toilette splendours.

He put in contrast with them the *cantonnières*, or female scavengers, with scarcely any skirts at all, and completed this little picture gallery with several portraits from the life of the poor degraded *chiffonnières*, or women rag-pickers, so squalid, loathsome, and repulsive, that they seemed hardly human.

Ruth and her aunt found endless pleasure in these designs, and Dr. Carter, who was specially called in to look at them, pronounced several worthy of taking rank with the best productions of our pictorial satirists.

They were, in fact, highly meritorious sketches, possessing the great charm of freshness and unrestrained freedom;—real Barham drolleries, toppling head over heels from the pencil instead of the pen.

And then, some of the written parts of Fred's letters showed even more talent than these off-hand artistic quirks.

"I went up Montmartre yesterday," he wrote on one occasion. "It is a lofty hill, dear Ruth, just beyond the city walls, once pretty and picturesque, I've no doubt, but now scattered with houses, and broken up by streets in all directions.

"The view, however, from its summit is very striking.

"The great city is just beneath you, and it stretches away on almost every side in a long diversified line of houses and churches, factories and prisons, palaces and hospitals, with chimneys rising against spires, and domes over-capping sloping roofs, and all blending together into one vast panorama, which the light smoke and the autumn haze soften and poetize like a picture upon which Time and a master hand have put the last finishing touches. * * * * I cannot tell why it is, sister mine, but whenever I stand alone upon an eminence overlooking a vast city, I feel depressed and saddened. I feel as though I were on the outside of a world in which there is no room for me. What need of yet another, when so many thousands are toiling, striving, and struggling below?

"As the sounds of movement and industry are borne upwards by the breeze, the distant clanging of hammers, the cries of workmen, the noise of wheels and motive power, the ceaseless din of life and traffic, all, all seem like reproaches and an accusation. I am glad to descend again into the city, where, lost amidst the endless throng, I lose the consciousness of my own individual littleness, and forget these sorrowful thoughts.

"Do you ever feel thus, dear Ruth; or am I alone in being so morbid?"

These and similar passages, upon which, it was evident, Fred had bestowed unusual care, the gratified sister would read again and again until she knew every word of them by heart. Page after page of foreign letter-paper did she fill day by day in reply to her brother; and he must have been insensible indeed had he not been stimulated by the praises she affectionately and enthusiastically expressed.

"My dear brother Fred," she would invariably begin: "Your last letter was really charmingly written, and we read it again and again, without being able to put it away with the rest that I carefully keep in my escritoire, all arranged in such a nice orderly manner that I know at once where to find every one you have sent us, like a little woman of business, as you used to call me; not that I deserve the title, or ever did deserve it, for I'm not half so careful or so particular as

you declare me to be. Aunt Susan is delighted with your letters, and I think them the most beautiful that were ever written ; and then, dear Fred, your caricatures are so *very* funny, that they make me cry and laugh too as I look at them, and Dr. Carter says they are admirable, and that you ought to send them to 'Punch,' for he is sure the editor would be delighted to receive them, and I think so too, for nobody, I'm certain, has ever drawn more amusing sketches.

"What a dreadful picture that was of the *poor wretched creature* with a hod on her back, and a stick in her hand, the *chiffonnière*, as you call her. I hope there are not many such miserable beings in the beautiful city of Paris, for it would make *me* even more sad to see them than I felt in looking at your portrait of the female scavenger. Why do they employ women, dear Fred, to do such nasty work as sweeping the streets and raking up the mud ? I thought the French were such a *gallant* nation ; so polite and attentive to women ; but I don't see how they can be if they force them to do such work as this. * * *

"Your letters make me so very, very happy. When two o'clock comes I run out to meet John, and until he appears I am all in a tremble with expectation and excitement, and then when I see your pretty little coloured envelope—I wish I could get such nice ones in Rosefield—and my name so clearly written, Miss Ruth Selwin, I feel so pleased, dear Fred, and I run into the house and kiss dear aunt, and then sit down and read to her. You will always write to me *once* a day, will you not ? for I should be very wretched indeed if I did not hear from you as often as that.

"We are very glad to learn that you are so happy with George ; he wrote us a nice long letter the other day, and spoke of you in the highest terms.

"And so good bye, Fred, God bless you, dear brother, I always pray for you every night. Good bye. Good bye. Good bye."

There was yet another inmate of Sundown who was as much delighted with Fred's letters as Ruth and Aunt Susan.

Honest John Plumber invariably loitered in the garden to hear the news of his young master after it had been communicated within doors. And Ruth would come to him and read aloud all the passages which she thought likely to interest the old fellow, and show him the quaint designs with which the Paris letters were filled.

Poor John did not on every occasion comprehend Master Fred's language, or catch the satirical meaning of his caricatures, but he was fully as gratified as though everything were clearly intelligible to him. And when Ruth came to the constantly recurring line, "Remember me to John," the worthy old fellow was so affected that a tear-drop would roll down his cheeks.

"He *do* remember me then," said the proud and delighted gardener ; "he ain't forgot old Plumber ; I knowed he'd keep me in his mind. God bless him. There never were a kinderer lad on this earth."

Sometimes, too, there was a whole paragraph devoted entirely to John, and winding up with some humorous inquiries respecting that rascal "Tom."

"Do you hear that, you old humbug ?" Plumber would exclaim, turning round with delight, and addressing the humble animal waiting near, "do you hear that ? Master Fred writes about you from forrin parts, and asks after your health as though you was a hinfant, or a high admiral. You 'll be a growin' as wain as a peacock soon, I 'spose, and there 'll be no living with yer."

After hearing the first kindly message from Fred, John Plumber completely forgot the grief he had felt at the young man's departure. He recovered all his old good-humoured stolidity, and was as kind and considerate with the boy Bill and Tom as he had ever been.

In fact, he seemed determined to make amends by unusual tenderness for the momentary severity he had displayed towards them on the day of Fred's departure.

He presented Bill with a new clasp-knife, and the lad was so enraptured with the gift that he nearly cut his left thumb off the very same day, in some over hasty attempts to cut a line-of-battle ship out of an old broom-handle. As for Tom, he was appeased in his own way : for by premeditated indulgence in the most aggravating eccentricity, he obtained more than ample satisfaction for the undeserved injuries he had sustained.

Sometimes he would stubbornly refuse to get up in the morning, and thus keep John waiting for him for hours, while he lay stretched at full length upon the ground as though suffering from an aggravated attack of gout, rheumatism, or sciatica.

At another time he would pretend to be ill in a different manner, lack-a-daisically refusing the food offered him by his master, but taking good care in that master's absence to fill himself on the sly from a neighbouring field of turnips, to which he had surreptitiously and craftily obtained entrance. Afterwards, when from sheer fatigue he had given up these artifices and returned to his daily occupations, he would often take advantage of John's abstraction to follow a road which he knew was not the right one ; and once when the gardener awoke from his meditations, and expected to find himself at Rosefield, he discovered that he was just on the top of Morecombe Hill, about five miles in another direction.

But John Plumber was too subdued and contented now to grow angry, happen what might ; so at every fresh trick played off upon him by Tom, he merely said, "Hulloa ! my lad, hulloa ! this won't do ;" or even attributed to his own absence of mind blunders and accidents that were entirely owing to the crafty and malicious old animal.

CHAPTER XII.

One afternoon, about a month after the departure of the young men, Ruth was pacing the garden, impatiently awaiting the arrival of the daily Paris letter, when John appeared at the gate, his hands empty, and his face wearing an unusual look of disappointment. Ruth was so busily occupied, however, with her own thoughts that she did not notice these unfavourable signs, but ran gaily up to the old gardener, to snatch from him in childish triumph the expected epistle.

"Why, where is it?" she asked, noticing now that he had no letter in his hand.

"There ain't one to-day, Miss," he replied, as though grieved and ashamed of the answer he was compelled to give.

"No letter!"

"No, Miss. There warn't a single French forrin letter from France to-day, Mrs. Phillips said."

"Oh! there must be some mistake," exclaimed Ruth, in the most confident of tones. "Fred promised to write to me every day, and I know he would not break his word. You're quite sure, John, you inquired correctly?"

"Sartin, Miss. I specially asked if there was anything for you, Miss, and Mrs. Phillips specially said as how that there warn't nothin', shuttin' down her little winder with a bang, which she have the custom to do, as though answering a civil question allays put her in a takin."

"I'll go and speak to her myself," said Ruth, very briskly: "I'm quite certain there must be some mistake."

And away flew the young girl into her bed-room, from which she issued in a minute or two with her bonnet and shawl on, and made all haste to the Rosefield post-office.

It was only about half-a-mile from Sundown, so in a few minutes the journey was accomplished.

"Good morning, Mrs. Phillips," said Ruth to the post-mistress. "Have you any letter from Paris for me to-day?"

Now Mrs. Phillips, a burly widow of fifty, with a perpetual flush of annoyance upon her cheeks, had an unconquerable aversion to questions which she deemed frivolous, absurd, or unnecessary. Unfortunately, nearly all that were addressed to her in her official capacity, she placed in one of these three categories.

If you merely asked her in the politest possible terms whether she could oblige you with a penny stamp, she would crimson, as it seemed, with impatient scorn, throw you the label required, and then fling down her window with that boisterous bang of fury to which John Plumber had alluded.

Her Majesty's Postmaster-General had not an agent in all the British dominions who performed official duties with more apparent ill-will, acerbity, waspishness, and irritation than Mrs. Phillips.

And yet she was not an unkind woman. In her domestic circle a large family of children respected and loved her, for she had brought them all up in comfort and decency by her own unflagging industry. It was simply an over-exaggerated idea of the responsibility of her position that imparted to her, while engaged in the execution of her duties, that spit-fire shrewishness to which all Rosefield was victim.

On the present occasion Mrs. Phillips was especially severe in manner.

John she had had some difficulty in getting rid of with a straightforward reply to the question he had asked, and now here was his mistress with the very same inquiry upon her lips.

The Rosefield post-mistress, who was a model of probity, activity, attention, and exactitude, felt all these business-like qualities at once attacked by Ruth's demand.

"Nothing, Miss," she therefore replied in answer to it.

"Are you quite sure?" said the young girl, eagerly; she could not divest herself of the idea that there must be some mistake.

"Quite," was the response of Mrs. Phillips, who already had the sash in her hands, and who was preparing to send it down with the customary bang.

"It's very strange," said poor Ruth, sadly.

As this was simply an ejaculatory observation requiring no answer, and utterly unworthy of comment, Mrs. Phillips spoke not, but made further preparations for the descent of the sash.

"It could not have been mis-sorted, I suppose?" said Ruth, utterly unconscious of the terrible accusation she was indirectly levelling against the carefulness of Mrs. Phillips.

"Of course not," was the rejoinder, even more sharply uttered than any which had preceded it; and this time down came the window with a tremendous blow, all further parley being thus definitively stopped.

Poor Ruth, utterly ashamed, vexed with herself, and sorrowful, walked slowly back to Sundown, and communicated the ill-tidings to her aunt.

But the good lady soon dispelled her darling's gloom.

She explained that at all seasons of the year the Channel was liable to such rough weather that steamers could not cross at the usual time, and that thus the post was sometimes delayed twenty-four hours, or even longer. A letter, she added, would doubtless arrive on the morrow. So, Ruth must quiet her impatience until then, and think no more of the matter.

The young girl, at once satisfied with the explanation, so far recovered her gaiety, that she began to laugh at the exaggerated alarm she had experienced, and then amused herself and her aunt by describing the wrathful impetuosity of Mrs. Phillips. So completely was she restored to herself, that she immediately sat down and wrote a good-humoured account of the afternoon's incident to Fred, embellished with unsparing ridicule of the fears she had given way to, and the hasty manner she had acted upon them in running off to Rosefield post-office.

All the rest of the day she was unusually light-hearted and merry, as if striving to make amends for her childish inquietude by more than customary cheerfulness.

The next day, too, Ruth determined to show the same amount of womanly firmness. So, instead of impatiently awaiting John's arrival, she gave all her attention to the garden, merely permitting herself, by way of indulgence, a side-look, from time to time, to see if her messenger had arrived.

He came at last, and, as before, there was no letter.

Ruth was sadly disappointed, but she bore up far more bravely than on the preceding day. There had been a great deal of high wind of late, she said in an explanatory manner to Aunt Susan; a letter would be sure to arrive on the morrow. Of course, the Channel was too rough for the boats to cross. And in this way the affectionate little being soothed disappointed expectation.

But the morrow came, and passed away, and another

morrow succeeded it, and still there were no tidings of Fred. The cause of delay could not be the wind, for that was now as gentle as an infant's slumber ; and besides, several letters from France had recently reached Rosefield. But not one was for Ruth.

A whole week had elapsed, and still there were no tidings of Fred.

Even Aunt Susan now became uneasy. If Fred were ill—and this seemed the only possible explanation of his silence—surely George ought to have written. He had already sent three or four affectionate letters to Sundown, in which he showed that he had not forgotten his newly-found relatives. Surely now that proof of his sincerity was most needed, he ought not for an instant to withhold it. Aunt Susan was really perplexed by the absence of news from Fred, and could form no explanation of the circumstance in any way satisfactory to herself.

As to poor Ruth, she was now seriously alarmed for her brother. She still wrote to him every day, expressing in each letter her surprise at his silence, and anxiously urging him to explain its cause.

"You cannot imagine how unhappy we all are," she wrote in one of her letters. "Poor Aunt Susan is so uneasy that she starts at the slightest sound, and I have lost all pleasure in my usual occupations, and can scarcely sleep at night. Then, dear old John Plumber has become so dejected that you would scarcely know him. He says even Tom seems to feel that something has gone wrong. Do therefore write, dear brother, if only one little line, or one little word, to put an end to our dreadful anxiety."

But Fred still remained mute as death.

Day after day passed and yet no letter arrived. John Plumber's daily journey to the post-office became a daily mockery. It was always the same question ; always the same reply. Even Mrs. Phillips was touched at last by the silent and trembling grief of the old man. As his voice grew more desponding, her's grew more hopeful. She would even endeavour to comfort the honest old fellow with a few kindly words, just as hastily and as abruptly uttered as her less amiable observations.

But they were of no avail. John was as inaccessible to consolation as his young mistress. Poor master Fred, he would sadly say, was surely dead and gone, or why should he give up writing to his sister ?

Nearly a whole fortnight had passed away, and still there was no news from Paris. Ruth during several nights had utterly lost her rest. When she should have slept, her mind was tossed about on a wild sea of apprehension strewn with wreck and danger. It was only as the dawn began to rise that she sank from utter fatigue into a troubled and unrefreshing sleep. When she rose, her eyes seemed to weigh heavily upon her very brain, and she walked as though suffering had already robbed her tread of all elasticity and youthfulness. Her face, usually so round and rosy, looked thin and elongated, from the pallor which had suddenly imparted to its features a new expression. Dr. Carter continually came to Sundown, and endeavoured by his cheerful words and genial presence to comfort the two ladies. But his efforts were mostly unavailing.

On the fifteenth day of John's return from the post-office as empty-handed as ever, Ruth was sadly turning away from the old man in order to finish some gardening operations, when a sudden thought sent a bright glow of animation across her face.

She had continually read and heard of the electric telegraph, but had never received or sent a message by it. Might she not avail herself of it now ? If Fred's letters by some mischance were being lost or stolen, no such accident was possible with a communication sent by means of this agency. So Ruth ran to Aunt Susan with far more alacrity than she had recently displayed, and developed the idea which had just flashed through her mind.

But the good lady was now so thoroughly depressed and troubled that she knew not what reply to make to the excited girl. Dr. Carter, however, who was present, took upon himself to answer for her.

A telegraphic message, he said, could be soon despatched, and as soon replied to. It could scarcely heighten their anxiety, and might perhaps materially diminish it, by at once eliciting an explanation of the extraordinary silence which had so much distressed them. He recommended that a communication of this kind should immediately be forwarded to Paris, and that to avoid the chance of delay, it should be written in French.

Then, as Ruth scarcely knew what form of message to adopt, ignorant of the usage in such cases, the doctor drew up for her a few lines, and calling John Plumber, explained to him their object and destination, desiring him at the same time to take them in all haste to the Rosefield station for transmission. He was moreover to wait for an answer.

Poor Plumber ! He was sensible enough in connexion with matters he understood : but those which passed his comprehension found in him the hardest of sceptics.

He had vaguely heard of the electric telegraph ; had seen the wires stretching along by the side of the railway. But with the incredulity common to people of his class, he would never believe that by their aid a little out-of-the-way place like Rosefield could be put in instantaneous communication with a far distant city such as Paris.

No ! This was too much for his credulity. He sadly smiled therefore as the doctor gave him the message, and went away to the station, convinced that nothing but fresh disappointment could result from the step he was taking.

Nay, when he told the clerk his business, that he had a message for Paris, and that he was to wait for an answer, he fully expected Mr. Thomas Beezely would laugh in his face, and ask him if had been cured for the simples. But the official merely said, "all right. Sit down, John," and at once began to work the instrument by which this marvel was to be accomplished.

"Sit down!" exclaimed John in amazement, "and for how long ?"

"Not more than an hour, if the line 's tolerably clear."

"And you 'll really have a real message from Paris in that time, what really ?" inquired John, quite staggered.

Mr. Beezely looked in his turn astonished, and with

a slight dash of contempt in his tones replied, "of course," and continued his duties.

John Plumber sat down on the office form, and patiently awaited the swift electric messenger. He was bewildered and ill at ease. Nothing did he long for more anxiously than news of Master Fred; and yet to suppose that by quietly sitting in the Rosefield Station one little hour that news could reach him, was more than his credulity could accept.

For a moment he thought that Dr. Carter, Miss Ruth, and even Beezely the railway clerk, had all entered into a conspiracy to laugh and mock at him. They were cruelly sporting with a poor old man, half crazed by grief and anxiety. It would be foolish to wait any longer.

But when John Plumber rose and saw how intently Beezely was occupied in working the electric instrument, when moreover he recalled the distracted look of Miss Ruth as he left the Sundown parlour, and remembered how anxious she was to receive tidings of her brother, the old man regained his usual composure and sat down again, ashamed of the incredulity and suspicion to which he had yielded.

That was a long and weary hour for John Plumber. He had placed himself exactly opposite the clock, and it seemed to have such a strange fascination for him, that he could not keep his eyes off it for a single instant. There he sat watching the hands move slowly, slowly on, and contrasting their sluggish pace with that of a minute hand, in the centre, which darted round the circle allotted to it with snake-like rapidity.

Oh! what an old laggard Time seemed to be that day. John had never before passed so long an hour. A whole day when he had been hard at work in the fields, from sunrise to sunset, had frequently seemed far shorter than those sixty minutes.

But at last the hour was at an end; the allotted time had run its course, and John, punctual to the instant, rose and inquired of Beezely if the answer had arrived.

"Not yet," replied the clerk; "but your message has been received in Paris, and despatched. Wait a little longer."

John returned to his seat, and as before sat gazing upon the clock, as though afraid lest time would cheat him unless he thus kept watch over its movements.

Yet how painful this sentinel duty now became. How discordant and irregular, too, the ticking of the clock began to sound to the old man. Sometimes it seemed to leave off altogether for several minutes; and then suddenly to recommence with impetuous violence, as if to make amends for its temporary cessation. Then it would appear to play strange tunes, jingling mockeries of John's sorrowful anxiety; and soon afterwards it would repeat some silly refrain with incessant repetition, until the sound clashed upon the watcher's brain by its long-sustained monotony.

The constant gaze and the steady sound were at last beginning to exercise something of a mesmeric influence upon the old gardener's mind.

John must indeed have gradually fallen into a sort of trance or waking slumber, for when about half an hour later Beezely called to him, he made no reply. The clerk peeped over the pannel which divided his office from that allotted to the public, and saw with surprise that the old man's gaze was fixed and glassy, and his features rigid and motionless as those of a corpse.

Not a little startled at this discovery, Mr. Beezely walked across to John Plumber, and again addressed him.

"Why, John," said he, shaking the poor old fellow, "why, what ails you? Wake up, man alive; the message has come," and he handed him a sheet of paper folded into letter form.

"Eh!" exclaimed John Plumber, starting to his feet. He had really been unconscious of what was passing around him.

"Here 's the message from Paris," repeated Beezely, touched by the wandering look of the old man.

"Oh yes: I remember," replied John, now quite recovering himself, "and what does it say?"

"Well, it's in French, you see, and as you don't understand that language it's of no use repeating it to you."

Mr. Beezely did not care to explain that his own knowledge of the language in question was of the most shadowy kind, but ingeniously avoided this confession of ignorance by the evasive answer he had given.

"But it 's really from Paris!" exclaimed John dubiously.

"Of course! you don't suppose that when we have a message for France we send it to Gibraltar, do you?" replied the clerk, with a slight infusion of scorn in his tones.

"They've been two hours sending it instead of one," he continued; "but the delay was on the other side. It always *is* on the other side," he said with spiteful emphasis; "at least always used to be, when I was on the S. E. R." For it was in this alphabetical manner that Mr. Beezely usually spoke of the South-Eastern Railway Company, by which he had previously been employed.

"And now if you take my advice," he added, "you 'll be off with that message at once to Miss Selwin. She must be anxiously expecting it."

Without another word John acted upon the hint, and made with all speed for Sundown.

Time had passed as heavily there as in the little Rosefield station. Despite Dr. Carter's presence and his cheerful words, both Aunt Susan and Ruth were tormented by a new anxiety. It seemed to them as though the telegraph would be the messenger of life or death.

All their hopes hung upon the message it was to bring. For the time every other sentiment was merged into the one comprehensive feeling of expectancy. They no longer tortured themselves in attempting to explain Fred's silence, or that of George. They were convinced some calamity had occurred; some accident out of their power to divine or account for; and all their desire was to ascertain its precise character. Whether Fred was alive or dead, they did not dare ask themselves. All their anxiety and racking doubt took form in the one single question: "What has happened?"

Again and again did Ruth steal out of the little parlour, and walk down to the garden gate to see if there were any signs of John; and at last, when an

hour had passed by, she remained altogether on the look-out, too excited to take her seat with Dr. Carter and Aunt Susan.

Once or twice she was on the point of putting on her bonnet and shawl and hurrying down to the station. But the rebuff she had recently experienced at the post office, and a consciousness that her presence could in no way hasten the arrival of news, effectually restrained her.

At last however her patience fairly broke down. She sent on Bill in advance, to see if he could gain any tidings from John, and then resumed her place at the garden gate.

She did not remain there much longer.

Scarcely had her new messenger turned the corner of the Rosefield lane and departed from Ruth's gaze, than he reäppeared in sight, running with almost greyhound speed, a letter in his hand. He had just met his father thoroughly worn out with fatigue, and snatching the message from him, had turned round and retraced his steps to Sundown. In another minute the long-expected despatch was in Ruth's hands.

She ran with it into the house, and announced its arrival in broken words. The paper was merely folded, and yet she could not open it without difficulty. When she tried to read what was written there, the task was utterly beyond her powers. Words passed before her eyes but left no meaning upon her mind.

She handed the message to Dr. Carter, and sank into a chair.

"Read it, read it," she exclaimed in a hoarse voice.

Dr. Carter cast a trembling glance upon the paper, stopped himself when he saw the message was in French, looked from end to end, as though to take in all its meaning at once, and then read out in hushed and fluctuating tones :—

"*Mr. Frederick Selwin cannot reply ; he is very ill.*"

The despatch was signed by the concierge of the house in which poor Fred had been lying for the last fortnight, hovering between life and death with fever.

[*To be continued.*]

LORD MACAULAY.

On Monday, Jan. 9, we formed part of a crowd who had assembled in the Poet's Corner, Westminster Abbey, to view the burial of the only man of our generation who, by means of his literary and oratorical efforts, has won for his brow a coronet. Of Babington Macaulay, as essayist, poet, orator, historian, statesman, we need not speak. What he was, and what he did, are patent to all the world. Born in 1800, the son of Zachary Macaulay, one of the brilliant band of anti-slavery agitators of which Mr. Wilberforce was the head, young Babington commenced life under favourable circumstances. At Trinity College, Cambridge, where he was educated, the world first heard of his wondrous talent. In 1830 he was returned by Lord Lansdowne for his borough of Calne; the Reform agitation was then at its height, and how bitterly and fiercely and eloquently Macaulay spoke we remember at this day. Then, in 1834, commenced his Indian exile, at the end of which he returned to Parliament with a competency. His Essays in the Edinburgh Review and his History were the chief business of his life. He might have shone as a poet had he not betaken himself to prose; but in this department he remained unrivalled, and the result was riches and fame. On one occasion, it is said, his publisher gave him a cheque for £20,000, and he was made by the Whigs a peer. His burial in Westminster Abbey, at the foot of Addison, was a fitting climax to his career of wondrous achievement and gorgeous success. The funeral was not as touching as might have been expected. It may be that the choral service itself interferes with the inner feeling of sadness the death of such a man arouses in every mind, and it is certain that the many ladies present were dressed in the most unbefitting costumes, and that ribbons and bonnets and dresses of all the colours of the rainbow were quite out of keeping with the place and the occasion. The saddest sight, the one most suggestive of deep feeling, was that of one or two ladies, high up in a recess above the grave. They were real mourners. Indeed, it was said one of them was the sister of the deceased peer. Lord John Russell also exhibited an emotion for which the general public will scarce give him credit. At the grave he was so much overcome that it seemed as if he would have fallen had not the Duke of Argyle held him up. Well might his Lordship be moved to tears. Could he keep from thinking while standing there, how soon his own turn would come, and how well and worthily he who slept the sleep of death in the plain coffin at his feet had fought the battle of the Whigs in their palmy days? We looked back, as we stood there, to other days. We saw a theatre in Gower Street filled with intelligent youths. A winter session had been closed : all its work and competition were over ; to the successful candidates prizes were to be awarded. The fathers and mothers, the friends and sisters of such had come together from far and near. Seated in the chair was a stout, mild, genial man, with face somewhat pale, and hair scant and inclined to grey. He rose, and was received with rapturous applause ; he spoke in plain language—with little action, with a voice rather inclined to be harsh—of the bright future which rises before the rapt eye of youth. He spoke—and as he did so, as he mounted from one climax to another, every young heart filled and warmed with the speaker's theme. That was Macaulay, just come from India with an honourable competence, to consummate the fame as a man he had acquired in younger years. Again, we thought of that last speech in the House of Commons, when, at an early hour on a beautiful summer evening, the Parks and Clubs and Rotten Row had been deserted, for it had gone forth to the world that Macaulay was about to speak. Poor Joseph Hume had moved the adjournment of the debate, and, as a matter of right, was in possession of the House, but the calls for Macaulay on all sides were so numerous, that even that most good-natured of men, as Hume was, grew a little angry and remonstrated ; but it was in vain that he sought the attention of the House : all were anxious for the next speaker, and no sooner had Hume sat down than Macaulay delivered, in his hurried feverish way, one of those speeches which not merely delight, but which influence men's votes and opinions, and may be read

with delight when the occasion which gave rise to them has long since past away. We have heard much in favour of competition in the civil service, at home and in India, since then, but never was the argument more clearly put — more copiously illustrated, more clothed in grace and beauty; and then came a few short years of infirmity of body, of labour with the pen, and sudden death, and the burial at Westminster Abbey. Out of the thousand standing by the grave, few could ever expect to see the career of such another genius. He is gone, and we may not hope to see his work finished. In vain we call up him—

"Who left untold
The story of Cambusean bold."

Here we will not attempt to fix the rightful place of Macaulay in the splendid group of statesmen, poets, orators, and historians, amongst whom he early took his stand. The public decision has been long made, nor will it speedily be reversed. A reäction will of course set in, for Macaulay was so clear, so minute, so easy, that the writers who dwell in cloud-land, and think they are philosophical, will enter their protest against his faithful outlines and sweeping generalizations. Rather would we welcome foreign criticism; the opinion of a foreigner is, in some respects, the opinion of posterity.

M. Peyrat, in the Paris *Presse*, pays the following eloquent tribute to the memory of the late Lord Macaulay:—"In this great historian England has just lost one of her most illustrious citizens, and liberty one of her most glorious defenders. Lord Macaulay was only fifty-nine years old. His death, then, is premature, and naturally awakens the most profound regrets of those who knew him, whether personally, or only through his works. A writer and critic of the first rank, he possessed an erudition as solid as it was various; his mind was a cyclopædia admirably arranged; everything was there, and everything in its place. He had that sort of universality which characterises superior men of all kinds, that precision of thought and appropriateness of language which throws light upon all subjects of discussion. No one has more clearly proved that what stifles and obscures the mind is the confusion, not the abundance, of its ideas. He possessed in the highest degree the intellectual and moral qualities of the true historian; he judged men and parties with an elevation of view, an impartiality, and a rectitude, which give a special authority to his eloquent and solid writings. He shows himself in general severe towards persons, and inflexible in matters of principle. We have more than once spoken of his beautiful History of England; he leaves it incomplete, to our irreparable loss. As a politician he had won and carried with him the esteem of all parties. In the course of an active life he may have been open to reproach for a few faults, but never for a single act which might give rise to doubts of the rightness of his intentions, or the independence of his character. He always worked, and always by honest means, to ensure the prosperity and greatness of his country. In the midst of party struggles, and the vicissitudes of fortune, in power and out of power, he was constantly faithful to his party, to his opinions, and to his friends. He combated all abuses, and his name is connected with the most important reforms. Religious liberty, above all, never had in any country a more persistent or more brilliant advocate. A liberal in the true and grand acceptation of the word, an avowed enemy of all exaggeration, profoundly convinced that in politics all extremes are equally dangerous, he set himself, in his speeches and his writings, to prove that despotism and anarchy are inseparable, and that each tends to generate the other.

"We have before us, while we write these lines, the portrait of Lord Macaulay, and when our eyes rest on it we fancy we are again enjoying the rapid moments during which, five years ago, we had the happiness of seeing and hearing him. We are sure that no one who ever knew him, or ever read him, will dispute the justice of the homage we pay to his memory. Such men, whatever country they may belong to, are the glory of the liberal cause; and we believe that it is for the interest and the honour of liberty to grave their names on the column which commemorates those who have sincerely loved and practically served her." These few words deserve a more enduring memorial than can be found in the columns of a newspaper; therefore have we reprinted them here.

FANCY.

Fancy is the bird that sings
Out of sight, where mortal things
Reach not, though the distant lay
Hath more reality than they.

Few things are what they appear,
Fair when distant, foul when near;
Fancy never cheats the eye,
But far outshines reality.

What is life? It glideth by,
From out the years a troubled sigh,
Waxing deeper as it grows,
Onward—where Fancy only knows.

What is hope? A priceless gem,
If set in Fancy's diadem;
But tear it thence, and you will see
How dull and dim its light will be.

What is love? Ah, Fancy bright,
Clothe my spirit with thy light;
Wake me from this dream of strife,
Rouse me from this death of life.

Lift me to thy seat above,
And tell me, Fancy, what is love?
Teach me to read the mysteries,
Hidden beneath an angel's eyes.

Vain my prayer while I am bound
By worldly fetters all around:
Vainly I strain mine eyes to see
Through mists of dark reality.

Take me, Fancy, on thy wing,
To soar on high where thou dost sing,
To see where thou canst point my sight
Out of darkness into light.

Into light of angels' eyes,
Speaking of love's mysteries,
Gazing let me live and die,
Far from life's reality. W. R.

FRIGHTFUL IMPRESSIONS.

I REMEMBER three of these frightful impressions as vividly now as when they stamped themselves upon my young imagination, and gave me the first knowledge of fear. In my childhood I was saved from much of that impressionable horror instilled into young minds by very ignorant nursery-maids, in the shape of—naughty men, bogies, dark holes, gipsies, and the hundred and one wicked inducements to make a merry little heart go to sleep when the curtains are drawn, the candle taken away, and the bed-room door shut. A very devoted mother saved me and an only brother from such questionable tuition, by taking the direct superintendence of her children into her own hands. And although by no means a masculine woman, I believe she never knew what personal fear was; I cannot remember an instance. But I can well remember when she displayed more ready and instantaneous courage than her husband, and he was no coward.

This horror of frightful impressions upon children must have been born with my mother, as it certainly was with her father before her. Fear, therefore, was not set down as one of the lessons of my childhood. Like most children, I began my journey in life by first creeping and then going round about, accompanied by that very infantile plaything with the tiny jingling

bells, and an india-rubber ring for teething. The going round was by means of an upright revolving post, reaching from floor to ceiling, and having attached thereto a steady wooden hoop, like a life-buoy, with a handle in it. Within this wooden fence I was occasionally fastened daily, by means of a small hasp and staple, and allowed to go the allotted round, like a colt in his first bridle and tape-strings, or a very small mountebank at a country fair—leaning upon it, sucking the india-rubber ring on my thumb, and impelling myself with the tips of my toes, squeaking, screaming, or laughing, as the fancy took me. After the hoop came the go-cart on casters, the first step alone—dear mother's hand or apron—the wooden horse, and into the orchard, a bright little nook, sunny with childish reminiscences which shed their pleasant beams into the heart of the full-grown man.

Our house stood alone, some distance from habitation of any kind. It would have been dreary to one not born to such an existence. To me it was the pleasantest spot in all creation. And it is so still, as I look down the long vista of years and wish I were a boy again. I don't now remember the faintest idea of an hobgoblin-story coming to my ears during childhood; but a fiercely formidable cock turkey, with awful gills and a more awful gobble, was a daily terror to me as I went across the green to a distant infant school, presided over by a young lady, who made the teaching of myself and brother her pleasure and not her profit. Kind soul! hearing that the spiteful turkey made me dread the going to school, even though sweetened by the nicest confectionary, she sent a servant, who would carry me on his back, and show me how to drive off my enemy. He (cock turkey) lived to a venerable age, and he made it his impudent practice to run after me and my red cloak, with wide-spread tail and flapping wings, every time he saw me (which was as seldom as possible), till I felt that I was a match for him, turned Turk, faced about, and drove him off the field.

In that isolated but happy home I grew to boyhood, tended and cared for by the best of good mothers, who had a positive dread of spoiled children. Obedience willing and cheerful was the first lesson impressed upon the minds of her little family—not fear, that fear which makes men cowards. In that out-of-the-way place I listened to the howling of the tempest, watched the flashes of the vivid lightnings, and lay in my little bed undisturbed by the dreary moanings of the winterly wind, yet hearing in its wild weird music the lays of wonderland. The great canopy of stars was a world of delightful mysteries, in which I read the glories of the Thousand and One Nights, again and again, till I had given every great star a familiar name, which I held in childish worship. The old-fashioned oak chest, in which I once ensconced my little body and fell fast asleep till they could not tell where to find me; the capacious closet, where starchless gowns hung up like so many spectres; the owl in the old barn adjoining the house, staring upon me with his great winking eyes; the deep dark, voiceless night, save an occasional low of the cows in the distant meadows; the solitary twilight beggar; the smirking, pilfering, fortune-telling gipsy; the flickering bat; the midnight crowing of the cock; and the dread stillness of the long, long winter evenings, these were all as familiar to me as my own existence. They seemed part and parcel of my young life. Our mother used to say, in her own quiet manner, that it was a waste of candle, and likewise dangerous, to go to bed with a light. So we crawled or scampered up the old stairs in the pitch darkness, and scrambled into bed without the least idea of a—frightful impression.

One very wet day I went into the old barn, and laboured knee-deep across a bay of barley, which the thresher had left unfinished, to pay my usual visit to the owl with food. I was standing immediately under its roosting-hole in the grey twilight of the barn, when my eyes encountered those of the first black man I had ever looked upon. He was half-buried in the barley; and the dark face and glaring eyes held me motionless. Seeing my terror he made some grimaces, doubtless intended to reassure me, but which petrified me. I was spell-bound, motionless. He half raised himself up and attempted to crawl towards me. I screamed, the large mastiff was in the bay in an instant, followed by my mother; my father was not in the way. The dog would have been upon the man's throat, had he not kept him off with a formidable crutch. I retreated to the barn door, my mother disappeared but returned instantly, with a gun charged and at full cock, determined to protect herself and child at any hazard if mischief was intended. No mischief, however, was intended and no gun required. The poor man was literally starving to death, in this far-off and unknown region, buried to the neck in a bay of barley in an old barn. Poor fellow, his legs were covered with ulcers, which were eating his life away, and he thought to die in that lone corner. Care was taken of him by those who loved to aid the needy, whatever colour their skin, till he died a few days after. Who or what he was he could not explain.

That night the glory of the stars, the tranquil silence of the darkness had departed. The dark face with the glaring eyes was constantly before me; in the old chest, in the great closet, peering in through the half-closed window-curtains, on the stairs, under the bed, behind every door, everywhere. *I feared* to go to bed without a light; told my mother so. My father frowned, while my mother consented for a few nights till the fear would gradually wear away. Kind soul, did it ever wear away?

It was in the deep twilight of a sullen autumn evening, several months after the incident in the barn, that I was sent on a somewhat important neighbourly errand, to the solitary cottage of a shepherd, which stood at the head of a valley which divided two hills or downs about a full mile from our house. The way was by a foot-path, across the broad meadows, and down by a thick holly-hedge which bordered the downs hereabouts. I had never been able to banish the first frightful impression from my mind, and therefore every step I took by the suspicious-looking hedge, I fancied I saw the dark face with the glaring eyes peering through each opening, till the slightest whisper of a leaf would have brought the living horror before me. I attempted a whistle, but failed to raise the ghost of a note. As I approached the cottage with

its one dim light, and was about to pluck up my courage accordingly, tho moon just glinted through a chink in the looming clouds, and cast its weird shadows across the downs and through the gloomy hedge—and a howl the most startling went up in the silent air, chilling all my young blood. It was within two yards of me (a boy of seven years), and immediately on the other side of the hedge. The moon shone out clearer and the howling grew louder. Then the light faded away grimly, and the fierce howl became a ghostly whine, which seemed to make my hair stand on end. There was a movement in the hedge—I ran in terror towards the cottage—the something followed right up to the door, which, fortunately was opened at the moment, and I sprung into the arms of the old shepherd, screaming to him to save me from the dark face with the glaring eyes.

It was not he; but an insane woman who had wandered about the country-side by day or by night for years, a mystery to strangers, a notoriety to the neighbourhood, and a terror to all children. Of late years she had grown worse, and was partially confined. On this wild autumn evening she had escaped from her keeper, and got beyond her usual bounds. Like a hot breath she hissed past the light of the door, a thing of shreds and tatters. She turned her face fiercely upon us for a moment and darted away. At the next she was grinning and muttering through the little window at the back of the cottage. I see her now, a strong-limbed, masculine woman, with light-grey eyes which shot sparks of fire; a determined mouth, with a short thin bristly beard upon her chin and upper lip, and a broad nose set deep in her face, through which she snorted imprecations long and deep in her wild frenzy. A menacing hand, another long howl, a gibing laugh, and she had fled into the darkness out of sight. I was carried home by the old shepherd, and my second frightful impression resulted in a fever of six weeks' duration and danger.

Many a time after this night I saw poor Betty Grey-beard (as she was called) in the fields, around several of which she had trampled out a path for herself; and woe be to those who tried to take it from her.

Family feuds, and the robbery of a large fortune by her nearest and dearest, with bad usage and harsh confinement, had driven her mad. One morning, as a thresher was going to his work, he saw the feet and legs of a person just above the surface of a pond known to be very deep in mud. It was poor Betty. In a wild midnight ramble she appears to have lost her way, and mistaking the railing round the pond for a gate which was just by, had fallen in head first and was smothered.

This frightful impression, with the previous one, had become a vivid remembrance of early boyhood, to be softened away with years, but never forgotten. I was about fourteen, when one cold November morning I left the old house at home for a distant town, where I was to try my young fortune in the then strange wild world to me. My journey lay across the country, through village and hamlet, some twelve miles or so. About half way, and two miles off the road over a dreary-looking heath, I was to spend a few days with a female friend of my mother's. The house was a remaining wing of an old Baronial Hall of many centuries, reduced to the present dimensions by the scathing cannon of Cromwell's fiery Roundheads. Hoary and blasted oaks, with huge trunks, stood like bearded patriachs, about the ancestral lawn, a tiny bit of Sherwood at the first glance. The great gaunt rooms within were wainscotted and pannelled, and crowned with dim old fretted ceilings,

"And passages that led to nothing,"

while the capacious chimney corners, with their raised hearths and polished dog-irons told of the days of "Merrie Englande" a long time ago.

The occupants of the old Hall were a sun-burnt weather-beaten bachelor, who had made a fortune, ere he was fifty, in the West Indies, by sugar and slaves; a widowed sister with two children; her companion (my mother's friend), a French governess, three female servants, and that useful masculine biped who represents in his one sturdy person—coachman, steward, footman, head-gardener, milkman, and family butcher. The day I entered the old Hall, this serviceable man had taken the widowed sister to a town at some distance, in an old tumble-down carriage with one horse that did a heap a work (so the errand-boy assured me). These would remain from home all night. So that the bluff weather-beaten bachelor and my insignificant self were the only beings in the shape of males in that old Hall on the dreary heath.

Everything was new and strange to my young inquisitive eyes. The age and hoariness of the place, within and without, filled me with a pleasing awe, which relieved itself by repeated long-held gulps in my throat. I imagined that the great oak chairs could, if they would, call up the spirits of the ancient barons, who would laugh to scorn the pigmies of the first blood of England now tripping it on tiptoe and elegant attire—seeking their information oftentimes through an eye-glass, which brings forth the expression "there's nothing in it." I fancied that those heraldic figures, carved in rude shapes upon the pillars of the staircase, could speak also; while the mystic light from the dim windows, and the chattering of the daws in the chimneys, wrought upon my excited imagination till I almost dreaded the being alone.

The housekeeper was in perfect harmony with the place also, both as to age and dress; she had lived there from a mere child, seventy years and over, and knew its whole history—legendary and otherwise. She took me kindly through every corner not seen; and when we reached the top of the house, pointed out the room in which I was to sleep. And a dark uncertain place it was in appearance to me, with its old-fashioned furniture, all "raw-heads and bloody bones," and its pointed roof, which by midnight might be haunted by at least a dozen owls with two awful eyes each, and all directed towards me—a very interloper. Moreover, there was an immense chest in one corner, belted with strong iron hoops and padlocked like the door of a condemned cell. The housekeeper did not tell me what was within, nor did I inquire—I was afraid. But when I got down-stairs I asked the widow's daughter, who looked, as I thought, scared while she said it con-

tained plate and jewelry, put up there for safety, as the room was haunted!

Do what I would the whole of that dark November evening, that ghostly ghastly word—haunted—took entire possession of my senses, and kept it. In vain I tried to put my mother's sensible advice, to fear nothing but my own wrong-doing, into practice. The dark face with the glaring eyes, and the frenzied woman by the holly-hedge, had made that ominous word a terror to me. In such a strange place too! But I kept my throbbing fears to myself, would not appear to be the least afraid for the world; while I would have given the contents of Christendom to have been well out of such a fearful place. I had plenty of courage for a boy, only it required at that moment the strongest effort to bring it to the sticking-place.

Cautiously and stealthily I looked round the room on going up to bed, casting my eyes towards the old plate-chest, with a dread that the ghost of something would lift up the ponderous creaking lid and walk out, to my infinite horror and certain annihilation. Nothing terrible came to pass, however, and I went through the awful ordeal of putting out the light, jumping into bed, and burying my whole body under the bed-clothes.

It may readily be imagined that I tried to go to sleep with the word haunted, personified by all sorts of unearthly shapes in my imagination. I had slept, but how long need not be decided at present. It seemed but a moment. Yet in that moment I was flying from an evil spirit, which followed me everywhere; out of the old Hall, across the dreary heath, through the woods, over the hills to my native meadows; down by the holly-hedge to the brink of a vast chalk quarry on the downs, over which I was about to be hurled headlong when I awoke, and found myself still unmolested in bed. When I had reassumed my senses and was about to enter upon my second spirit-flight I heard the echo of my own name between a suppressed hiss and a loud whisper. A moment's pause and then "Walter—Walter" was repeated in the same tone of voice. In another instant a figure white from head to heel, and holding a lighted candle in its hand, which seemed to burn blue, stood at my bedside. Gracious God! how I started. No human flesh and bones could possibly be underneath that breathless shroud! No face of mortal mould could be peering through the broad double borders of that starchless cap. With the great terror-drops bursting over my forehead I cried out—"What do you want?"

"There are thieves in the Hall; get up instantly and help Mr. Davis to expel or shoot them," said the voice in the same hissing whisper. And with that the vision lit my candle and vanished out of the room.

Left alone to my bewildered reflections, at midnight, in an old haunted house upon a dreary heath, it required no straining of the imagination to people the whole building with a gang of plunderers, every one of them then and there intent upon wholesale robbery, and murder if need be. The most valuable plate was in the old chest in the corner. The thieves would be in search of it instantly, and blow out my brains if I did not deliver up the key of the defiant padlock, or tell them where to find it. A boy of fifteen assist Mr. Davis to expel or shoot them! I certainly should sink through the floor or melt into thin air first. How to get away? Anything rather than face a band of plunderers, who would assuredly kill or gag or half-strangle every soul in the house, and sell their bodies for dissection. Oh, why came I hither for a holiday? Reflection. If I stir from the room I shall meet a pistol or a bludgeon; if I remain it is just possible that I may be passed over. I'll remain and bolt under the bed at the sound of the first footstep."

At this moment there came the whispered echo of "Walter" from the bottom of the stair, but in a much stronger voice. I answered tremblingly, and, as requested, put on my clothes hurriedly and went to the landing below, which was a small picture gallery. Here I found every soul in the Hall, but the plunderers and our Davis, huddled up in a corner like frightened sheep. Not so the ex-slaveholder. His monkey was up to fighting pitch. I could see it in his eyes, which flashed from beneath a towering nightcap, as he handed me a pistol at full-cock, and without the least ceremony said, "There, youngster, fire the monent I tell you, or by God I'll shoot you!" The sensation of that moment returns as I write, and threatens to choke me. I wouldn't tremble if I could help it—I'll muster up all the courage I possess, and brave out the few moments I have to live without sobbing, if I can. I'll go first and unlock the doors, as I am bid, if I don't drop dead in the doing of it. Along two gloomy passages, and through a door, and the plunderers are upon us in an instant. It is no myth, we can hear them now. Oh, mother! mother! do you feel your boy clinging to you for aid and protection? I turn to look at the bachelor's face, and it positively glows with the anticipation of blowing out the first rascal's brains that stands in his desperate way. I wish my heart would warm a little and my cheeks glow. He stops a moment to adjust his nightcap, and turn up the cuffs of a great foul-weather coat, so as to have fair play for the murderous weapon (a huge horse-pistol), which is held above my head, for the first shot at whatever intruder or marauder it may be. Reeling with terrified stupor I put the key in the last door, behind which the rascals were securing a part of their booty. An instant, a flash, a bang, a grip at a throat, a desperate struggle, and I remembered no more for some minutes.

Mr. Davis's pistol missed its mark; but before the plunderer (one had escaped) could return the compliment he was secured, and in a few hours after was a lodger hard by in the county jail. The French governess gave the alarm, and she was the vision which came to my bedside.

I have never been in questionable quarters where circumstances looked serious, without the dark man with the glaring eyes, the frenzied woman at the cottage window, and the night in the old Hall, or the dreary heath, starting up before me.

FRIENDLY SOCIETIES.

At this time of year we cannot too strongly press upon our readers the importance of making preparations for a rainy day. When Christmas comes, we wish each

other well, and trust that our friends may have a happy year. Now, these wishes are in vain unless the pecuniary position of our friends is comfortable. A man who is in debt, or a man who is living up to his income, and who remembers that, if he were to be suddenly cut off, his wife and family would be left destitute, and thrown upon the cold charities of the State for assistance and support, cannot be in a state to share in the festivities of the season; there must be a shadow on his heart—there must be a sense of inseeurity in his breast. He must feel that he is not doing his duty, either to his family or his neighbours. To a certain extent, he is a criminal; for he who lives so that when siekness overtakes him, he is dependent on others, and makes no provision for the welfare of those near and dear to him after his decease, is acting a criminal part. There is enough of poverty and wretchedness in the world without our adding to the mass. Of course, there may be eases where poverty is a sad neeessity—where a man has it not in his power to provide for the future; but these eases, we rejoice to believe, are rare. We regret to be compelled to think that, too generally, poverty, and destitution, and want, are the result of man's ignoranee, or thoughtlessness, or folly, or erime.

Under these eireumstanees we feel that the best way in whieh we can evince our interest in the well-being of our friends is by reminding them of their duties to themselves, and their families, and society at large. Have you insured your life? Have you joined a friendly society? Are you taking care that you are saving a little for the time when your limbs will totter, and your eye will be dimmed with age? If not, you must not look forward to a happy year. Mr. Tidd Pratt, the Registrar of Friendly Societies in England, has just issued some valuable instructions for the establishment of friendly societies, with rules and tables. They have been prepared with the view of showing the conditions upon whieh a friendly society should be established, particularly with referenee to superannuation or old age pay, and to payments on death, as well as to enable parties who are desirous of joining a friendly society to ascertain, by a comparison of the tables, whether it is founded on correct principles. The advice he gives is sound and salutary. He recommends that if there be in the parish in which the party lives a friendly society, on sound principles, he should join that rather than become connected with one at a distance. He thinks the society should act as the agent of Government in seeuring immediate or deferred annuities, and the payments on death should be secured by the policy of some old-established life-office, for which the society should receive of the members the annual or quarterly payments, by monthly instalments. The tables have been approved of by several eminent actuaries, and the contributions required are the lowest consistent with safety. Each member will have to pay according to his age at the time of admission, and will, therefore, bear his own burden—so that the young will not have to pay for the increased risk of the aged. The place of meeting should be, the registrar suggests, if possible, some public institution, school, or private rooms. If an inn or public-house must be used, a certain stipulated sum should be paid for the hire of the room, and no beer be suffered to be introduced. If friendly societies were established according to these instructions, there is no doubt but that they would, in a few years, supersede the present societies, the greater number of which are founded on erroneous calculations, and would secure to those who joined them the benefits they anticipated. These instructions may be obtained on application (prepaid) to the Registrar of Friendly Societies in London; and our hope is that, by availing themselves of them, many of our readers may be in a position to feel that they have done their duty to their poorer friends and neighbours. A little good advice is very valuable in these cases. In the upper as well as in the lower classes of society there is a tendency to live beyond one's income, and to forget the future; yet the sums invested in friendly and assurance societies show that a growing class are anxious to make provision for a rainy day. The number of the members of friendly societies are about 2,500,000, and the amount of their funds exceed £10,000,000. The annual payments for sickness, superannuation, and death money, exceed £1,500,000, the larger part of the members insuring for the payment of a small sum at death, ranging from £3 to £20. In the middle and higher classes the number of life policies are not more than 300,000, and as it is well known that a large number of those insurances are made for the benefit of the assured, it is not likely that more than 150,000 persons in those classes insure their lives for the benefit of their families. As depositors in savings' banks, on the 20th of November last, there numbered 1,383,329, the amount vested being £33,923,912. Of this number 200,403 had an average of 6*s.* each, 276,373 had an average of £2 10*s.* 9*d.*, 181,891 had an average of £6 19*s.* 10*d.*, so that 658,667 were depositors under £7 each, with a capital of £2,034,315.

These figures show a laudable desire on the part of the working people of this country to form habits of economy and self-denial, and to raise themselves in life. We notice the fact in a spirit of admiration. Men with such habits must be an honour to the community. And we notice it also to impress on our readers the importance of helping them by bidding them beware of doubtful investments, and associations which promise more than they can ever make good. There are too many such; and it is hard for a man who has worked hard, and been prudent and economical all his life, to find, when his strength fails, that the society to which he had trusted as the means of support in old age is a delusion and a sham. Mr. Tidd Pratt is the true friend of the working classes, and it is for this reason we call attention to his invaluable advice.

THE UNBIDDEN GUEST.

See him as he sits. The long brown coat reaching almost to his heels, fluffy, creased, and discoloured. The drab trousers, shining at the knees, terminating far short of the ancles, leaving to view an undue proportion of rusty "Wellingtons," long guileless of blacking, bulging at the sides, and destitute of heel—the waisteoat, whose primeval splendours show faintly through the overlying pattern of beer-stains, grease, and dirt. A bird's-eye cotton handkerchief is wrapped round his throat, and knotted loosely, tucked into the

vest; leaving the nature of the under-garment pure matter for surmise. His face is pale, whiskerless, and flabby, eyes puffed and heavy; hair shaggy and unkempt. Soap and water are to him superfluities of life,—to undress ere the night's repose, one would suppose, is with him the exception. A napless hat is placed beneath the chair on which he sits, in it one large worsted glove—for it is winter; without, are frost and snow,—within, the unbidden guest, who sits slouchingly at ease, his splay feet upon the bright fender, his dirty hands spread to catch the fire's cheerful glow—a strange contrast to the surroundings in that pleasant apartment; where all is so bright and spotless; where delicacy, taste, and affection, have presided at the furnishing, and made it a very gem of luxury and comfort.

Soft rugs and flowing drapery, pure tints, and dainty ornaments are there.

The work-basket upon the table near the couch, the open book beside it, the half-written letter upon the desk, tell of unlooked-for interruption, the charm of a gentle presence lingers about all, despite the desecration.

See him as, with hands behind him, he shambles to and fro, mentally pricing this and valuing that—now peering into the pictures on the walls—now grinning hideously as his eye falls on the tiny garment half thrust into the work-basket, on which the fingers of the young wife were that morning busy—now whistling to the pet bird, which, scared at the unwonted figure, flies wildly from side to side, and beats itself against the bars of its cage.

See him profaning with unhallowed touch objects, each by some dear association linked to the heart of the owner, held too sacred even for menial hands to tend!

But 't is dinner-time, the guest is hungry, and where he sits a meal is spread before him. How rapidly disappear the dainty meats prepared for others, whose appetite, alas! will fail them now. He takes no heed of the trembling figure and tear-stained face,—not he!—but boldly demands some "beer," well knowing he will not be denied: the repulsive guest must be propitiated.

Now, warmed and filled, will he light the noisome pipe—contaminating with its odours the little sanctuary—heap high the fuel, and setting the pewter pot upon the hob, make himself "comfortable" for the afternoon.

What is it to him that, in the next room, a young heart is throbbing in the agony of this first grief—that the shadow of his presence has fallen like a blight upon her home!—Does he think, as he casts his bleared eyes upon the silvery time-piece above his head, how her soul sickens at its very chimes; listening with painful longing for the footstep that is to bring help and release!

It comes! she flies to the door—with a smile she tries to meet her husband, to ask the question—alas! his face too plainly answers ere 't is spoken!

He has failed! failed where most he had trusted, where he had a right to hope for aid in his misfortune.

Sadly, silently their hearts repeat that which they refrain from uttering to each other. And now in trouble the weaker becomes strong—she comforts him; and, with her arms about him, takes the racked head to her bosom—stills her own grief to lighten his—hushes the storm of his self-reproach—discovers some new hope yet to be tried, some ray of light piercing the gloom; nay, pieces out a future from the wrecks of the present.

So he is strengthened, armed against despair; *all* is not lost, while that face is left to smile, that voice to speak comfort still, and love!

Cunningly she wins him to take refreshment, the food untasted by either through the day. She speaks of the morrow; to-day nothing more can be done, but there is yet a chance, and to-morrow, yes, to-morrow! How infectious is hope!

So they seek their pillow, perhaps to sleep, to dream of the morrow that shall rid them of the hated presence—perhaps to weep over a broken vision of happiness.

The night ebbs away, and all is still, save where—snug and warm in the improvised bed upon the dainty couch—grunts, swelters, and snores, the "MAN IN POSSESSION."

THE REV. T. L. HARRIS,

THE SPIRITUAL PREACHER.

A PULPIT SKETCH.

IN the *Morning Star*, not many days since, appeared a letter from William Howitt, intimating that if the religious public wished to hear a man truly eloquent and religious, a Christian and a genius, they could not do better than go and hear the Rev. Mr. Harris. Accordingly, one Sunday in January, we found ourselves part of a respectable congregation, chiefly males, assembled to hear the gentleman aforesaid. The place of meeting was the Music Hall, Store-street; the reverend gentleman occupying the platform, and the audience filling up the rest of the room. It is difficult to judge of numbers, but there must have been four or five hundred persons present. Mr. Harris evidently is an American, is, we should imagine, between thirty and forty, and with his low black eye-brows, and black beard, and sallow countenance, has not a very prepossessing appearance. He had very much of the conventional idea of the methodist parson. I do not by this imply that the conventional idea is correct, but simply that we have such a conventional idea, and that Mr. Harris answers to it. As I have intimated that I believe Mr. Harris is an American, I need not add that he is thin, and that his figure is of a moderate height. The subject on which he preached was the axe being laid at the foot of the tree, and at considerable length—the sermon lasted more than an hour—the reverend gentleman endeavoured to show that men lived as God was in them. that we were not to judge from a few outward signs that God was in them, and, as instances of men filled and inspired by God's Spirit, we had our Saxon Alfred, Oliver Cromwell, and Florence Nightingale. In the prayer and sermon of the preacher there was very little to indicate that he was preaching a new gospel. The principal thing about him was his action,

which, in some respects, resembled that of the great American Temperance orator, Mr. Gough. Mr. Harris endeavours as much as possible to dramatise his sermon. He stands on tiptoe, or he sinks down into his desk, he points his finger, and shrugs up his shoulders. He has a considerable share of poetical and oratorical power, but he does not give you an idea of much literary culture. He does not bear you away "far, far above this lower world, up where eternal ages roll." You find that it was scarce worth while coming all the way from New York to London, unless the Rev. gentloman has much more to say, and in a better manner, than the sermon delivered in Store-street. Of course I am not a Spiritualist. I am one of the profane—I am little better than one of the wicked, though I, and all men who are not beasts, feel that man is spirit as well as flesh; that he is made in the image of his Maker; that the inspiration of the Almighty giveth him understanding. Spiritualism in this sense is old as Adam and Eve, old as the day when Jehovah, resting from his labours, pronounced them to be good. But this is not the Spiritualism of Mr. Harris, and of the organ of his denomination, *The Spiritual Magazine*. At any rate the Spiritualists of the new school ought not to be angry with us. Mr. Howitt writes, "Moles don't believe in eagles, nor even in skylarks; they believe in the solid earth and earth-worms;—things which soar up into the air, and look full at the noon sun, and perch on the tops of mountains, and see wide prospect of the earth and air, of men and things, are utterly incomprehensible, and therefore don't exist, to moles. Things which, like skylarks, mount also in the air, to bathe their tremulous pinions in the living æther, and in the floods of golden sunshine, and behold the earth beneath; the more green, and soft, and beautiful, because they see the heavens above them, and pour out exulting melodies which are the fruits and streaming delights of and in these things, are equally incomprehensible to moles, which having only eyes of the size of pins' heads, and no ears that ordinary eyes can discover, neither *can* see the face of heaven, nor hear the music of the spheres, nor any other music. Learned pigs don't believe in pneumatology, nor in astronomy, but in gastronomy. They believe in troughs, pig-nuts, and substantial potatoes. Learned pigs *see* the wind, or have credit for it—but that other Πνευμα, which we transtate SPIRIT, they most learnedly ignore. Moles and learned pigs were contemporaries of Adam, and have existed in all ages, and, therefore, they *know* that there are no such things as eagles, or skylarks and their songs; no suns, skies, heavens and their orbs, or even such sublunary objects as those we call men and things. They *know* that there is nothing real, and that there are no genuine entities, but comfortable dark burrows, earth-worms, pig-troughs, pig-nuts, potatoes, and the like substantials." If this be so,—and Mr. Howitt is an old man and ought to know, especially when he says there are not in London at this time half-a-dozen literary or scientific men who, had they lived in Christ's time, would have believed in him—well, there is no hope for us. Spiritualism is beyond our reach; it is a pearl too bright for us. It is high, we cannot attain unto it. The other Sunday night, Mr. Harris was very spiritual, at any rate, very impractical and unworldly. At the close of the service he informed us that some few of his sermons, containing an outline of his religious convictions, were for sale at the doors, and would be sold at one penny and a half, a mere insignificant sum, just sufficient to cover the expense of paper and printing. On inquiring, we found, of the three sermons, one was published at three-halfpence, one at twopence, and one at fourpence, prices which, if we may judge by the copy we purchased, would yield a fair profit, if the sale were as great as it seemed to be on Sunday night.

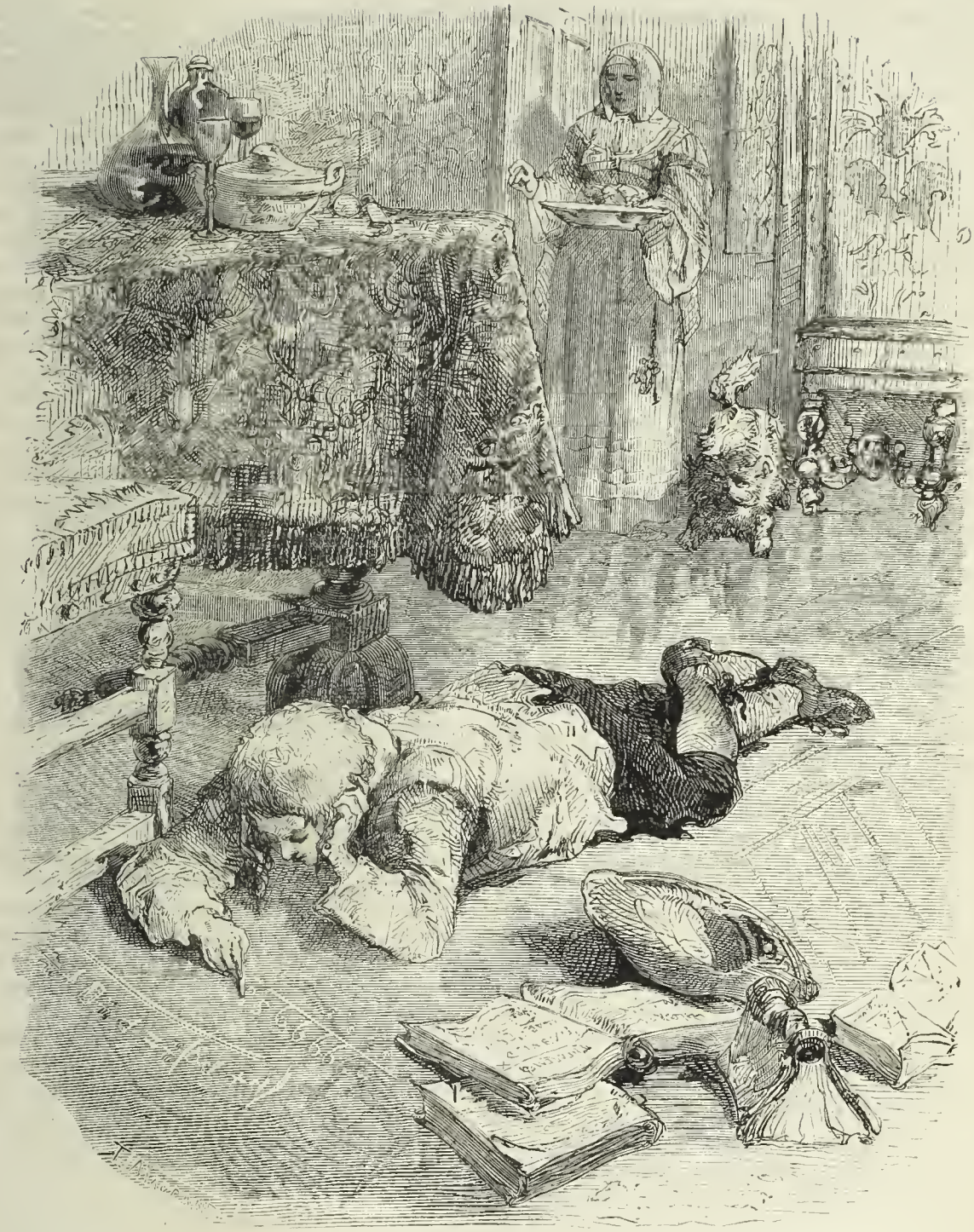
The peculiar doctrine of the Spiritualists seems to be the belief in Spiritual intercourse, and in mediums; as *The Spiritual Magazine* tells us "the only media we know accessible to the public are Mrs. Marshal and her niece, of 22, Red Lion-street, Holborn," we need not give ourselves much trouble about them. Concerning intercourse with departed spirits an American Judge writes, "The first thing demonstrated to us is that we can commune with the spirits of the departed; that such communion is through the instrumentality of persons yet living; that the fact of mediumship is the result of physical organization; that the kind of communion is affected by moral causes, and that the power, like all our other faculties, is possessed in different degrees, and is capable of improvement by cultivation," and from this doctrine the believers gather comfortable assurances. The Judge adds, "These things being established, by means which show a settled purpose and intelligent design, they demonstrate man's immortality, and that in the simplest way, by appeals alike to his reason, to his affections, and to his senses. They thus show that they whom we once knew as living on earth do yet live, after having passed the gates of death, and leave in our minds the irresistible conclusion, that if they thus live we shall. This task Spiritualism has already performed on its thousands and its tens of thousands—more, indeed, in the last ten years than by all the pulpits in the land—and still the work goes bravely on. God speed it; for it is doing what man's unaided reason has for ages tried in vain to do, and what, in this age of infidelity, seemed impossible to accomplish. Thus, too, is confirmed to us the Christian religion, which so many have questioned or denied. Not, indeed, that which sectarianism gives us, nor that which descends to us from the dark ages, corrupted by selfishness or distorted by ignorance, but that which was proclaimed through the spiritualism of Jesus of Nazareth in the simple injunction—'Thou shalt love the Lord thy God, with all thy heart, and with all thy soul, and with all thy mind. This is the first and great commandment; and the second is like unto it—Thou shalt love thy neighbour as thyself. On these two commandments hang all the law and the prophets.'"

In the case of Mr. Harris, it seems to us, he lays his stress upon these peculiar doctrines, and rather aims at a universal Christianity; in all sects he sees goodness, and he would combine them all into his own. He and his disciples have found what all the rest are seeking after. His Christianity is the faith which all good spirits own, which all angels reverence. Christ came to reveal this faith: the whole world is but an expression of it; the whole universe but an illustration of it; and as we become Christ-like, in the renunciation of self, and the acceptance of the great law of service in

the Lord and to the Lord, more and more we attain to an internal perception of the verities of that faith. The Word is opened before us, and the natural universe is perceived to be its outward illustration. The new church takes its stand upon this fundamental doctrine of regeneration, and it is to the putting forth of this in art, science, literature, poetry, preaching, in all the uses of an ordered life, that the energy of the true churchman is continually, in the Divine Providence, directed. And to those thus regenerated it is given to become mediums. Mr. Harris, in his sermon preached at the Marylebone Literary and Scientific Institution, May 29, 1859, says: "Any man, good or bad, can become a medium for spirits. I have seen the vilest and the most degraded made the organs through which spirits utterly lost, yet with something of the beams of the fallen archangel's faded brightness lingering in the intellect—I say I have seen such, as well as others, earnest, sincere, and worthy, become the organs of communication between the visible and invisible spirits. But no man can become a medium, an organ or oracle for the Spirit, for the Word made flesh, giving to every man according to his will, until he hath passed through the door of penitence—until he hath gone up through the gateway of a sincere conversion, or turning from his evil—until he hath consecrated himself to the great law of right—until he hath voluntarily taken up all the burdens which God in his providence, whether social, or domestic, or moral, has imposed upon him—until, at any cost or any hazard, he hath sought to do, in his daily life, those things which God in His word doth most authoritatively and continually command. All such may, all such do, become, all such are, the *mediums* of the Lord Christ, omnipotent, omnipresent, and eternal, walking, as the Divine Man, in the midst of the paradise of the angels. Breathing forth His breath, and so vivifying the very air which the angels respire and live, He breathes down that great *aura* upon us continually. In prayer, and in the good self-sacrificing life, we drink in that *aura*. The breath of God inflows into the lungs; the thought of God streams into consciousness; the energies of God are directed to the will; man, weak, becomes strong; man, ignorant, becomes wise; man, narrow, becomes broad; man, sectarian, becomes catholic and liberal; man, self-conceited, becomes reverent and humble; man, transformed from the image of the tiger, the ape, the serpent, takes upon himself, in Christ, the angels' image. And as we drink in more and more of this Divine Spirit, our path in life—the path of humble uses (not the path of self-seeking ambition; not the path of prying curiosity), groweth brighter and brighter unto the perfect day."

PASCAL AT HIS STUDIES.

Blaise Pascal, one of the most gifted of Frenchmen, was born at Clermart, in Auvergne, June 9, 1623. He was the only son of Etienne Pascal, President of the Court of Aids in that province—himself a learned and respectable man, an able mathematician, who, when his boy had reached his eighth year, resigned his office and removed to Paris, for the purpose of watching over his education. At sixteen years of age Pascal produced a treatise on the conic sections, of such excellence as to provoke the incredulity and wonder of Descartes. In his nineteenth year he invented an ingenious machine for making arithmetical calculations; and when he was twenty-four years of age the conjecture of Torricelli that the atmosphere had weight, and that this quality might account for effects before ascribed to the horror of a vacuum, led him to institute many experiments on this subject, which confirmed the truth of Torricelli's idea, and established his own scientific reputation. The results of these labours were collected into two essays, which appeared after his death—"On the Equilibrium of Liquids," and "On the Weight of the Atmosphere." From these researches the mind of Pascal was diverted entirely to objects of religious contemplation, and thenceforward he abandoned almost entirely the pursuit of science. While immersed in the most religious observances he published his celebrated "Provincial Letters," in which, under the name of Louis de Montalto, he assailed the morality of the Jesuits with equal wit and argumentative acumen. He was induced to write this work by his adoption of the opinions of the Jansenists, which involved him in the religious disputes of his age and country. Among the fruits of his devotional exercises may also be named his "Pensées." Pascal died in Paris, in 1662, at the age of 39, after a life short in years, but rich in results. Let us now say a word about our engraving. Pascal evinced such early sagacity, that at the age of eleven he was ambitious of teaching as well as of learning, and he then composed a little treatise on the "Refraction of Sounds of Vibrating Bodies when Touched by the Finger." One day he was found alone, in his chamber, tracing with charcoal geometrical figures on the wall, and on another occasion he was surprised by his father just when he had succeeded in obtaining a demonstration of the 32nd proposition of the first Book of Euclid—that the three angles of a triangle are equal to two right angles. Astonished and overjoyed, his father rushed to his friend, M. Railleur, to announce the extraordinary fact, and the young geometer was instantly permitted to study unrestained the Elements of Euclid, of which he soon made himself master without any extrinsic aid. The father was well repaid by the son for his fostering care. From the geometry of planes and solids Pascal passed to the higher branches of the science, and when scarcely nineteen contrived a machine to assist his father in making the numerical calculations which his official duties in Upper Normandy required. However, this precocity and study very probably shortened Pascal's days. It is not well to find boys at eleven or twelve too absorbed in study. At that age the body requires quite as much development and careful training as the mind. In the case of Pascal it may be assumed that neglect of this law of being, robbed him of some portion of his fame. It seems he was on the eve of discovering the doctrine of fluxions, when he was snatched away by death. "Pascal," says Mr. John Timbs, "with more leisure and better health, might have won from Newton and from Leibnitz the glory of that great invention. Pascal, we fear, like many others, by his devotion to science and religion, shortened his days, and thus in some degree robbed himself of some portion of a fair renown."



PASCAL.

MARK MARDYKE AND THE KING OF CLUBS.

A LEGEND.

Mark Mardyke was a citizen of a rare old city, and might have risen, had he been an industrious and prudent man, to high municipal honours. His father had left him a small landed estate, not many acres, but a fairish bit of property as far as it went, which was not very far; better still, he had left him an excellent business and a name unspotted by any commercial blot, a name good for a large amount on 'Change, and which had been exalted by civic dignities.

But Mark Mardyke was not a thrifty man. He was more of a spender than a winner, and what with carelessness in trade, extravagance in his style of living, and prodigal generosity to the worthless parasites who gathered round him, he soon ran through his lauded property, made dashing inroads on his capital, lost his patrons by the sale of indifferent articles, mortgaged everything he possessed, went first-class express on the road to ruin, gradually found himself coming into rapid collision with the up-train misfortune, endeavoured to lower his speed when it was too late, for the descendants of Shylock were piling up the furnace-fire, and at last came—

Well, that is how the story begun.

Mark Mardyke's chief creditor, who held his paper to a large amount, was Shylock Ben Barabas; he was a wealthy man, with a skin as yellow as his guineas, and a manner as plausible as a forged note. He dealt in all sorts of things, and had supplied Mardyke's cellar with wine, the price of which was far better than the flavour; he had invited Mardyke to his little establishment, a splendid building in the aristocratic quarter, where everything was on the most luxurious scale, and gentlemen assembled to enjoy a quiet game of cards, particular caution being taken that no strangers were admitted. Mardyke had formed one of the party several times, and had generally come away lighter of pocket and heavier of heart. But on more than one occasion he had been successful, had swept the board, had found the coquette Fortune smiling upon him with the most enchanting expression, and thus encouraged he had gone on until everything he possessed was lost, and he was involved in so many difficulties, beset by so many creditors, bewildered by so much paper, that if ever ruin stared a man in the face it certainly did so in the face of Mark Mardyke—a cold, bitter, mocking stare—worse than the everlasting smirk of Shylock Ben Barabas.

Mardyke was at his wits' end—that is not allowing him a very long tether; Shylock had hinted that fortune might be propitiated over his board of green cloth. Closeted together, he communicated some secrets of importance to Mardyke, and that night, when Mardyke was alone, he might have been seen to wear a look of deep dejection, to start at every unusual sound, and to appear in every way exceedingly uncomfortable. Just as Ben Barabas left him, a servant had brought Mardyke a letter written in a female hand, and he had read it with a trembling hand, and once or twice had said—"Poor child, poor child, if she but knew the truth!" People of deep insight into human nature—such, for instance, as the reader—would have seen at once that Mardyke was in love. Deeply in love, and deeply in debt—deplorable condition! He had seen Esther, and had learned to love her—one of the easiest lessons possible—and she had loved him; Cupid enchained them, and Hymen was to rivet the fetters. People said it was not a good match, for Esther was poor, and helped to keep a widowed mother by the labour of her hands; and were there not some score of girls with goodly portions, and fathers whose interest was all-powerful, any one of whom would have been glad enough to take young Mardyke for their mate? But Mardyke courted Esther, and was faithful to her. He was thinking of her as he sat by a roaring fire in his private room that night; there lay her letter on the table and by it—a pack of playing cards. He sat there thinking of her quiet home, her happy face, the pleasant days which they had enjoyed together; but presently he started to his feet, threw more fuel on the fire, put away the letter in a secret drawer, and muttered to himself, "It must be done;—roguery—roguery—roguery—rampant everywhere—the rogues win—why should not I?"

With this remark he locked and double-locked the door (it is necessary that this fact should be particularly observed), made sure that not only no one was in the room, but that no prying eye could watch him. Then he took the cards, shuffled and reshuffled, and tried and tried, and failed and failed again to do the trick Ben Barabas had shown him. His fingers were clumsy, his heart was not in his work; again and again he tried the mysterious manipulation, but with no success—the cards were stubborn—the fates were unpropitious; he called himself hard names, and muttered maledictions on his folly.

"I would give ten years of my life to do a trick which would outwit the Jew!"

He said so, and as the last word left his lips another voice made answer:

"Now, by my wits and whiskers, that is the most absurd suggestion I ever heard!"

Mardyke started as if a serpent had bitten him, and hurled the cards into the fire. There was an intruder in his room, an intruder of very singular appearance,—a long face, handsome features spoiled by a malicious expression, full moustache, good whiskers, full, well-proportioned figure, dress of an antique pattern,—one leg, one arm, one side altogether, including the cap with the raven plume, red; the other side black—the style of attire common with the "fast" young fellows of King Edward the Third's time, and especially obnoxious to the clergy, who were forbidden to wear it, and the satirists, who could not afford it.

Mardyke gazed with terror on the stranger, who bowed with immense politeness in reply.

"Who are you," Mardyke contrived to utter—"the foul fiend?"

"You flatter me," the stranger answered; "I am but a poor sprite in comparison; most people, however, are of opinion that there is between us a strong family likeness—there is a good deal in expression."

"There is a good deal in your expression," said Mardyke, "that is unintelligible to me: why are you here?"

"Accident—pure accident, I assure you. Just this moment returned from Baden, where a young friend of mine, the Marquis Squander, has tried to blow his brains out—quite a failure."

"Not dead?" said Mardyke.

"Dead certainly; but brains—my dear sir—his cerebrum and cerebellum would not weigh half an ounce."

Mardyke did not know of what he was speaking, so he answered:

"O, ah, yes, very likely."

"Very likely indeed, my worthy friend, as you so properly observe. You know the Squanders, perhaps? Good family—capital company, 'specially the old Marquis, who broke his neck in the dead man's hollow."

Mardyke felt his hair gradually assuming the manner and habits of the porcupine, and a cold sweat came out on his face. He recovered himself, however, sufficiently to say:

"Did you observe how I was engaged when you appeared?"

"In failing at a stale gambling trick—you will forgive my freedom?"

The cards in the fire were blistering and burning with the heat, tinging the flames with colour, and flying up the chimney in morsels of charred paper.

"You saw these cards?" said Mardyke.

"Employ the present tense, and I agree with you—I see these cards."

"Why, they are burnt," said Mardyke.

"Not at all, my simple friend, I assure you; they have merely assumed another form, and can be made to resume their old one just as easily as a poor penniless bankrupt can be made more prosperous than ever. Did you never read Boreem's book on the Indestructibility of Matter, and the Metempsychosis of Creation? 'tis a capital book, but as heavy as a leaden coffin, and as dry as a skeleton!"

"Perhaps," said Mardyke, "you could bring those cards back—eh?"

"With the utmost pleasure." He held his long thin hand over the fire and gave a low shrill whistle. The burning cards, in a moment, took their old form, and flew into his hand. He shuffled them dexterously, put them down on the table before the affrighted Mardyke, saying:

"Most of my friends accuse me of being a deuced sight too good-natured. We all have our failings, that's mine. I know you are hard up, that old Shylock Ben Barabas has you on his hook, that you will struggle a little, but ineffectually, to escape, his hook sinking deeper into your jaw at every wriggle. By-and-by you will be served up, smoking hot, as dainty a bit of fish as was ever caught in a trout stream. Ben Barabas and I are old acquaintances, but I have an affection for you, and am come to serve you."

"How?"

"A severely plain question—as plainly answered—by meeting you on your own terms."

"What terms?"

"Ten years of life for a trick that shall out-trick Ben Barabas."

"Ten years—did I say ten years?"

"Unquestionably; but in saying so you overlooked the casualties of human life. Have you such a thing as the Prospectus of a Life Assurance Company about? Never mind—you, as a man of the world, must be perfectly well aware that hundreds and thousands are cut off in the prime of life, and that consequently in purchasing ten years of your life I may speculate in a bad bargain. You will, of course, meet an immediate advantage, and in a quiet contented mind you will have your reward."

"Who are you?" said Mardyke; "I should like to know the name of my benevolent and disinterested friend."

"Good—very ironical; I wonder you never went to the bar—you would soon change your stuff to silk, and your colour from black to scarlet; but, as you say, who am I?—well—here 's my card."

He picked out the king of clubs from the pack of cards and handed it to Mardyke. Mardyke gazed at it with surprise, but when he lifted his eyes his surprise was increased tenfold, for his mysterious visitor stood before him the exact counterpart of the card he held in his hand. A flattish crown of gold with a broad red band encircling the head; long flowing hair, grotesque features sharply outlined, a robe of red and blue and black and yellow, the curves and angles most startling and abrupt; the fingers of the right hand holding the regal orb, the left grasping a sword or sceptre; legs of red and yellow, and black-shod feet with the toes painfully turned out: such was the figure that stood before him.

"King of Clubs," it said, "or Demon of Play, at your service;" and in a moment it was gone, and the same old smiling visitor stood shuffling the cards.

"Ten years of my life," said Mardyke moodily, "but perhaps I may not live so long. Yet how will that affect the question? My life is to be——"

"Ten years shorter than its natural extent: crones may measure by years, but men measure life by life's employment: our bargain is of course chronological, and leaves you at liberty to live—in the true sense of life—ten times ten years, within a little span!"

"I'll think about it."

"And when you have resolved, I shall be at the Antipodes; there's a fellow mad drunk at the diggings staking a nugget worth a prince's ransom against a bottle of brandy—I am wanted: is ours a bargain?"

"How is it to be done?"

"Simple enough; place the king of clubs that I shall give you in your pocket when you play—and win you must."

"But the agreement?"

"Simple enough also—you have a whist pack in the drawer yonder with little annotations by old Ben Barabas."

"How did you know that?"

"No matter: hand them out, my time is precious, they are dealing the cards at Ballarat."

Mardyke gave them up, and the King of Clubs selecting his own representative, tore it across the centre, and placing both pieces on the table said:

"Now, Mark Mardyke, I give you a chance—the world would call me a fool, but I despise its opinion. The half card shall be yours the ten years mine if I win, the half card and the ten years shall be yours if I lose. Cut—which shall it be?—make your game!"

"Red," said Mark.

And black it was.

"Ten years are mine," says the demon. "Again, Mark, double or quits!"

"Done," says Mark.

"Make your game."

"Red," says Mark.

And black it was.

"Twenty years are mine, and thine wealth untold and Ben Barabas defeated. Here, take this half card; remember the rule — when I present the other half, the debt is payable at sight. *Au revoir.*"

He was gone, and Mark sat alone with the half of the whist court-card in his hand. He put it in his pocket—cried "red," cut the cards, and red it was!

That very night, maddened by excitement, Mardyke presented himself at the soirée of Shylock Ben Barabas. That oily Israelite received him with much favour; and when the brilliantly-lighted room was filled with its customary visitors, he might have been seen to telegraph mysteriously to his young friend, and to intimate that great caution was necessary.

"You have been too free in your libations," he whispered.

"I have tasted no liquor this day!"

The play was very animated, the company very select; coronets of strawberry leaves found their way to Shylock's table, gartered legs ensconced themselves beneath Shylock's mahogany. That night there was an extraordinary run of luck; Mardyke won everything; he gathered up gold like autumn leaves, and his purse swelled with notes and I O U's and promises-to-pay. He rose from the table richer by fifteen thousand pounds. Shylock followed him from the room, patted him familiarly on the back:—

"Capital," he said; "you are an apt scholar, but I was afraid you were over-doing it."

"Over-doing what?"

"The trick, my dear," he whispered, "the trick I showed you."

"I have not practised it—he that says that I played falsely lies!"

"Hush," said the Jew, "you are excited; you will be cooler to-morrow."

"I am cool now, Ben Barabas—another word, and I return to your company and show them how to do the trick as you showed me this morning."

Night after night still the same strange run of luck, the tide of fortune flowing fast to Mardyke. The players watched him closely, but could detect no foul play; the oldest "legs" amongst them were beaten over and over again. Every cunning device of Shylock's failed; the mirrors dexterously arranged gave false reflections, the sharpers blundered and fell into their own snares, even specific gravity was set at nought and loaded dice fell foul on the board. But Mardyke did not always win—sometimes he lost, and Shylock plucked up courage and chuckled that his day was over; but next night might disappoint—he won again.

Over the spirit of Mardyke there came a change together with his change of fortune. For two nights he was absent from Shylock's table, absent from home, absent to all inquiring friends, for he had many now that he was getting rich again, and offers of assistance from all sides. He went into the country; he sought out the humble dwelling of Esther; he looked through the lozenge-pane casement, and saw her plying her busy needle alone. Now and again she stopped and looked at an old letter that lay before her, and read a few lines from it, which seemed to her as a reviving cordial, for she smiled at her work and went on with renewed diligence. He knew the letter was a love note of his own, and he pressed his hands to his face and wept bitterly. When he recovered himself he lifted the latch and stopped in softly; disturbed by the noise, the girl half rose in alarm; he sprung towards her—"Esther, darling, not a word, I entreat; it is I—Mark Mardyke."

"Oh Mark," she said, "you alarmed me sadly. I was thinking of you, almost afraid, Mark, that you seldom thought of me; but you have so much to think about. Even down in this quiet place we have heard of your great success in trade, and how your Argosies freighted with costly stores have come safely into port.—O Mark, now that you are growing so very, very rich, I sometimes fear—but then I am a weak woman!"

The tears were in her eyes, but she smiled upon him—sunlight through the shower painting an iris of hope on the coming clouds.

"Esther," he said, and taking her hand in his he drew her gently towards him, "the weakness of a woman has strength in it which surpasses that of him who boasts of stronger frame and stouter sinew: what is there a woman's heart cannot endure, what difficulty she cannot combat, what sorrow she cannot suffer without one sigh?"

"What is it you mean, Mark?" she asked, and looked up into his face; "there is something in your voice and manner that alarms me—what is it? tell me, Mark, if you love me tell me!"

"Love you!" he answered, "the only good thing in my heart is love for you; and it is because I love you, more deeply than my tongue can tell, that I am here to-night."

"Thank you, Mark," she said; "I must believe you—how could I doubt you?"

"Oh Esther, I love you so sincerely that I am here to tell you all—all—poor child, though your heart may break at the news."

She looked up again in terror and surprise. "Mark, Mark, what is the dreadful secret?—see, I do not tremble, I am not faint— I am not afraid!"

"Esther, you can never be mine—our plighted troth is broken; the fond dream has vanished, and we stand alone together for the last time in a world of cold reality."

"What does it mean, Mark? am I guilty?"

"Guilty! pure innocence! no—'t is I that am guilty—I that have brought this wrong upon the only being in the world I ever loved."

She withdrew herself from his embrace.

"I am poor," she said, "is that the cause?"

"It is not—guilt, my guilt, is the cause and the only cause. I am—but you can never know what I am! I have done—but how can I name a nameless deed? Oh Esther, I am lost, ruined, destroyed—soul and body; to save you from like ruin I quit you for ever to-night. To-night I feel the tide of violent passion rising in my heart, as the water rose of old to drown the world,

every good thought and feeling perishes as the flood increases, but there are still some traces of old affection—a green palm leaf, lifted above the deluge of passion; it must soon be covered, but while I feel it there, I tell you, Esther, it is because I love you I bid you farewell for ever; think of me at the best—remember me with something of your old regard, whatever stories you may hear of my career—'tis a dark and guilty one—how soon to end——"

Sharp, clear, and piercing, in excellent tune and critical nicety, a whistler was heard outside, whistling some fashionable air from a favourite opera. Esther did not observe it, but Mardyke's cheek blanched at the sound.

"Mark," said Esther, "I conjure you have pity on me! have pity on yourself!"

"Too late," he answered. "There is now no hope for me: but, Esther, take this purse—nay, scorn it not—'tis honest money won by honest toil; take it."

He laid a heavy purse upon the table. Esther cast upon him a glance that made him tremble: the next instant her eyes fell upon the casement, and, with a piercing shriek, she fell upon the ground in a deathlike swoon.

The King of Clubs was looking in at the window, whistling; almost immediately he appeared in the room.

"My dear fellow," he said, "you and your pretty little rustic are charming actors. We have few good players on the stage, to be sure, but I never saw anything behind the footlights to equal your last scene—'Lady faints—Mardyke falls on his knees beside her—slow music—tableaux—down comes the curtain!'"

"I am in no mood for jesting; this girl is broken-hearted, and I have broken her heart."

"And left behind a golden bandage to bind it up again. Come, Ben Barabas is looking for you; everybody wonders where you have hidden yourself away. You must return to town, and repay the civilities of your friends."

"Friends!" said Mardyke, with a bitter emphasis.

"Precisely so, my dear sir; pray do not be so severely moral, nor so eminently sarcastic! The complaint of platter friends is so very stale—quite worn to death by all the ethical grinders that ever made a happy world wretched by their prosings. Come!"

And Mardyke followed him, and was the gayest of the gay that night at Shylock's table. Money, money, money! how it chinked and glittered on the table; how eagerly the bloodless combat was maintained on the broad green cloth; how the dice rattled, and made the heart leap with joy or sink in dread despair. There was an old friend of Mardyke's at the table that night, an old school-fellow; they had been engaged in so many boyish frolics together, had fallen into the same boyish scrapes together, that, meeting at Ben Barabas's, both blushed a little, and said, "What a difference a few years make!"

The old school-fellow had gone to sea in his early life, and was said to be well off as the world goes; he had been brought to Shylock's house for the first time by a mutual friend, and he was under the influence of wine and much excited.

Play! he would play; nothing could prevent! Mardyke besought him to be content with looking on; no, he would engage—he would challenge his old schoolmate. So they played, and the sailor lost, and lost again; and drinking deeper and deeper, lost again and then again, and at last drew from his finger a diamond ring, a gift from his dead mother, and staked it against the pile of gold which rose like a mountain at Mardyke's elbow. Mardyke felt a generous impulse—he would remove the fatal spell—play fairly; nay more, he would favour his opponent; the gains were not essential to him, the loss would be his friend's destruction. He felt in his pocket; as he did so he lifted his eyes for a moment, and in the empty chair opposite saw his demon, the King of Clubs, grinning maliciously. There was something in the look which stifled every good purpose in Mardyke's heart. He played and won, and saw his friend leave the room a beggar.

Haunted by the haggard face of his ruined friend, Mardyke returned home. It was early morning; the grey light crept into his chamber as he lay down to sleep. He did not wake for many hours, and when he did so he was delirious. Brain fever had attacked him, and he lay for weeks unconscious of everything that passed around him. But he was sensible of the presence of the King of Clubs, and saw distinctly, as with his eyes, the revels of the cards. A palace of cards, built up as children build them, storey upon storey, until the pasteboard pyramid seemed to touch a thunder cloud and brought a flood of fire down upon it. A grand entertainment of cards in halls so vast that they bewildered him, with roofs so high that he grew dizzy as he looked upon them,—lights that dazzled him by their brilliancy, odours that made the air oppressive with perfume, colours that wearied the retina with their startling varieties and intensity. Up in a little gallery were musicians, and down below were the company rapidly assembling. The large majority of the guests were dressed in robes or doublets covered with hearts, clubs, spades, and diamonds, but some others were easily recognisable as court-cards. The ace of every pack was treated with immense respect, and if there was a group gathered round a sofa, a group of kings and queens and knaves, the ace of one or other pack was sure to be the centre of attraction. What flirting there was, what scandal about absent company, what a vainglorious display, what an affectation of candour. The Jack of Hearts was very tender on the Queen of Diamonds, and the King of Spades was doing all he could to make the King of Diamonds jealous of his rival; but that monarch was so occupied in his devotion to the Lady Koh-i-noor, that is, the Ace, he had neither time nor inclination to interfere. The Knave of Clubs was acting as Master of the Ceremonies, and signalled to the band when they were to begin and when they were to leave off, besides introducing partners and making things as pleasant as he could. He was a busy active fellow, and when the dance began might have been seen to go through the steps all by himself for his own private satisfaction. Of course they danced quadrilles, and of course they began with the first set, because most of the cards knew it. Aces, Kings, Queens, and Jacks—Jack of Clubs being represented by number ten of the pack—made a goodly show. Then all the guests went through the Spanish dance, and after that a galopade, which, to the poor delirious man who saw them,

they appeared to maintain for ever and ever! But the waltzes were even worse—round and round and round, quicker and quicker and quicker—so fast that they seemed to fly; and in the Cellarius the two ingenious hops on the right and left leg were entirely out of the question. Who 's who in that fearful galop? What wild unearthly music is that which the band gives forth! here are Kings and Queens, hustled by Deux and Troix, and swept along as wildly as dead leaves in a whirlwind. All the cards sway round as from a centre, all the sofas, chairs, rout seats, and tables join the dance; a bass viol comes down the middle with a grand piano—there's an awful crash, and the poor sick man lifts up his head and asks "what time is it?"

So Mardyke recovered. He grew richer every day. Everything prospered with him, but he knew that his gains were others' losses, that many a family traced their ruin to him, that there were children in Orphan Asylums whom he had robbed of parents; that there were wives in deep distress, and husbands rushing on to ruin, and fortunes lost and noble names disgraced, and happiness banished from many a household, by him. He knew that he was a plague and scourge, but his heart was growing hard, and he felt it less and less each day. He had not heard from Esther though his gold had been returned, and he had made no enquiry. Absorbed in business and pleasure he had no time, he said, for sentiment; he must live while he had life. And wherever he went his friend, the King of Clubs, was there before him. Unseen by other eyes, he was always present at unexpected moments to Mardyke, but at length it came to pass that he was absent several times when Mardyke looked for him, and this was the occasion of relief to the wretched debtor.

Ten years had passed. Mardyke had ruined Shylock Ben Barabas, and that wily Israelite had taken up with a less distinguished and more dangerous trade—he kept a fence, was betrayed, and punished as the law directed. Mardyke was surrounded by a large circle of admiring friends. Everybody spoke of him in terms of respect, for he was as rich as the Lydian King. Business he had given over. A splendid villa, surrounded by a well-wooded park, formed his country seat. He still, however, continued to reside some months in the capital, and usually took up his abode at his old residence.

It was autumn; and Mark Mardyke, having given instructions that all arrangements should be made for his departure to the country next morning, sat at a luxuriously spread table, served by a liveried lacquey with calves and a powdered head.

Mardyke ate and drank in silence, his servant instinctively knowing what he required. While thus occupied, another attendant entered with a lowly bow, and begging pardon for the intrusion stated that a fellow—begging pardon for the expression—had forced his way into the hall, and vowed he would not budge until he had seen Mark Mardyke face to face. Mardyke ordered the servant instantly to leave the room and turn out the intruder. But this was not easy. There was a great uproar; Mark heard a voice he seemed to recognise; he rose hastily, went out, descended the broad stairs, and saw a wild angry sailor, who had felled two of the lacqueys, and was intimidating half a dozen others. He was ragged, worn, weather-beaten; but Mark knew him, ran towards him, called him by his name, for it was his old schoolmate. The sailor motioned Mardyke to stand back, and then said:

"Mark, I am starving! but I came not here to ask any alms. I came to show you what your work had done in my case, and in a score of others. Not to revile you—not to curse you, but to warn. Mark, what will be the end of this?"

Mark gazed on him with some tenderness, but that expression soon faded, and the dull harsh apathetic look came on. "If you want help I will give it; I would not turn a hungry dog out of the house—unless he flew at me! Here's money!"

The sailor dashed the money on the ground (some of the flunkies picked it up, and forgot to account for it). "No, Mark! No money from you; better I should die on your threshold."

Mark turned to the lacqueys, and directed them to turn out the intruder, which, falling upon him suddenly, they did, and celebrated their triumph with a jubilant laugh.

Mardyke returned to his dinner, but he had scarcely seated himself when another servant came in much excited, saying, "A madman down below, sir, insists upon my bringing up this;" he held on a silver waiter a playing card, bearing the image of the King of Clubs.

Mardyke turned deadly pale, but before he could utter a word the door was flung open, and the King of Clubs announced himself.

"Ah! old friend! 'tis an age since I have seen you"—he politely held the door open, and motioned the servants to retire. "The fact is, I have been so busy with so much multi-gaming work on hand, from skittle-sharping up to bubble companies, that I have not had a moment's time to spare. I will take a glass of wine; thank you. How have you been going on, eh? Well, of course: and I hope you have thoroughly enjoyed yourself. Showers of wealth on an auriferous soil must yield an abundant crop of happiness."

"It never yields peace of mind."

"Eh! peace of mind! pardon my obtuse intellect, but I don't follow."

"I am wretched!" said Mark. "I have been wretched ever since the dreadful night I saw you first, but not so wretched as I feel to-day."

"Change in the weather, perhaps; this always affects a delicate constitution. Suffering, I suppose, from nervous headache. Did you ever try a little sulphuric ether? 'Tis an excellent stimulant and narcotic. Ah, well, perhaps it is scarcely worth while tampering with it; it will not last long."

"I feel cold," said Mardyke, "and my limbs shake; I cannot hear distinctly what you say, nor see clearly. Who are you?"

"King of Clubs, at your service."

"Ah, I know you now. Why have you come?"

"Can you ask? Simply because the bill falls due to-day. Do you forget?"

"Forget—yes; it is long, long ago since I saw you; let me see—let me see," and Mardyke, in a puzzled way, began to count upon his fingers. He looked so changed within the last few minutes that it seemed as if he was scarcely the same man.

"Yes, yes," he said, "I know all about it now; well, let it be so—I am right weary of the world. How soon will the time come?"

"Five and twenty minutes, my dear sir, precisely."

"Five and twenty," he repeated, in a silly childish way. "Short notice—very short notice." He rose from table, and wandered round the room. The King of Clubs reclined, *à la* Yankee, with his feet on the back of a chair. Mardyke opened two or three drawers and looked into them with a vacant glance, but suddenly he started, the red blood mounted to his forehead, he seized a paper—an old letter, yellow with age, the ink all fading—looked at it, kissed it, and turned sharply on his demon friend.

"I would rather die than live," he said; "but if I lived, this day I would resign my wealth, and earn bread in the sweat of my face!"

"Upon my life," said the King of Clubs, "you are a most extraordinary person—*de gustibus non est disputandum*. Pass the bottle."

Mardyke, with a sudden haste, had opened his desk and was writing; fast, very fast the pen flew over the paper. Sometimes he ceased for a moment and passed his hand across his brow, then wrote on again with renewed activity.

"My amiable friend," said the King of Clubs, "will you allow me to remind you that we have but ten minutes left? It is now five and twenty to nine, and we are due at eight forty-five. Do you purpose wasting your last moments with ink, while sparkling wine is on the table?"

Mardyke wrote more rapidly.

"Is it a poem—a posthumous Idyll? to be buttered and cut up by the critics? Do you propose dying like the fabled swan, singing your own dirge?"

Mardyke, in a state of quiet excitement, paced the room. "There is no name to the letter," he said. "What was her name? O memory, memory, play me not false in mine extremity! What was her name? You know, tempter, you know—tell me."

"Whose name?"

"The woman I loved."

"My dear sir, I am ignorant of your amours. How can I possibly imagine the names of half the women you have favoured by your love?"

"Her name!" he cried. "You saw her—you was with me; she lay on the ground long, long years ago!"

"What, the little pastoral, pretty Phillis? Charming creature! Sorry I can't assist your memory."

"I have it!" Mardyke cried with a loud voice, and clasped his hands as though he grasped a treasure. "Esther—that was her name." He wrote hastily, folded the paper, and, turning to the King of Clubs, said—"Now I am ready. This is my will: I give back all my ill-gotten gains, all the result of my charmed play, to those whom I have robbed, or those who are left behind them. Yes, I have not forgotten them, and my last act is an act of restitution—a confession of my crime. I give all—all I have to those whom I have wronged: reserving one purse—a purse of honest money, for the girl I loved. Let the world know me for the wretch I am; let those who eat my bread execrate my name! it is just. I am ready!"

An expression of deep disgust was on the demon's face. He rose:

"You cannot be serious in this foolish fancy! The money you have won is yours: endow a public charity, build churches, hospitals, almshouses; no trustees will complain of your money, and posterity will own you as a benefactor."

"I am resolved."

The King of Clubs lost patience; he stamped upon the ground. "Fool! you imagine to escape me by this deceit! but you are mine—my weak tool, my poor blind instrument; mine for twenty years, and then—give me that paper."

"I never will resign it to your hands."

"Never?"

"Never!"

"Then, fool that you are, listen. I give you back your twenty years on one condition: let your will remain as it is, and go forth to the drudgery and scorn that awaits you."

"I am ready to die!"

"Ay, but you shall not die! You shall live in penury and misery, and wish yourself an earthworm that the foot might crush. Live, live on; I give you back your twenty years, and when you reap the harvest which this day you sow remember him who would have been your friend."

He vanished as he spoke, and Mardyke stood alone.

° ° °

Mark Mardyke disappeared. No one knew what had become of him. Executors, appointed years before, made search, and found a will bearing the date of his disappearance. It told the story of the King of Clubs, and bequeathed heavy legacies to those families who had suffered. Esther's name was the last, and the purse of money was found and sent to her. Some people said Mardyke was a rascal, others said he was a dupe; everybody was of opinion that they would have acted differently in his circumstances, and so it came to pass that it was all forgotten.

° ° °

Twenty years had passed. It was an autumn evening. An old man sat on the felled trunk of an old tree and watched the crimson sun go down. The breath of wind around scarce stirred the leaves; the shadow in the forest deepened, the birds were in their nests, and there was over everything a holy calm, as if all nature slept. The old man turned his eyes towards the setting sun, and murmured to himself, "It is ending, and my heart is peaceful at the thought; my spirit praises the Father of all Spirits for the long years of penitence, for the blessed fruits of my long waiting." He bowed his face upon his hands and sat there, resting against an old oak tree. And the sun went down, and the purple twilight changed to night, and the stars came out, and still the old man moved not. Through the forest came a light country cart; there were three persons in it—a farm labourer, a comely elderly woman, and a sea-faring rough-looking man.

"There be somebody asleep yonder," said the farm labourer; "Jenny be a bit shy of him." Jenny was the mare.

"Asleep! where?" said the comely woman.

"Yonder, against the Druid's oak."

The sailor fellow and the woman alighted, came up to the old man, touched him. He neither moved nor spoke.

"Esther," said the sailor, "this man, I take it, will never wake again in this world." He laid him gently on the grass, removed the hands from the face; the moon shone out bright and clear: both man and woman stooped over the body, and exclaimed together,

"MARK MARDYKE!"

MATRIMONY.

SIR CRESSWELL CRESSWELL must have but a poor opinion of matrimony. At the very moment of my writing I am told there are 600 divorce cases in arrear; that is, after the hundreds whose chains he has loosened, there are, it appears, already twelve hundred more of injured wives and husbands eager to be free. The evil, such as it is, will extend itself. Under the old system there was, practically speaking, no redress, and a man and woman tied together would endeavour to make the best of it; now, if they feel the more they quarrel and disagree with each other, the better chance they have of being at liberty, it is to be feared, in some cases, husband and wife will not try so heartily to forget and forgive, as husbands and wives ought to do. I do not say there ought not to be liberty, where all love has long since died out, and been followed by bad faith and cruelty and neglect. I believe there should be, and that the Divorce Act was an experiment imperatively required. Where mutual love has been exchanged for mutual hate, it is hard that human law should bind together, in what must be life-long misery—misery perhaps not the less intense that it has uttered no word of complaint, made no sign, been unsuspected by the world, yet all the while dragging its victim to an early or premature grave. But human nature is a poor weak thing, and many a silly man or silly woman may think that Sir Cresswell Cresswell may prove a healing physician, when their malady was more in themselves than they cared to believe. I hear of one case where a lady having £15,000 a-year in her own right has run off with her footman. Would she have done that if there had been no Sir Cresswell? I fancy not. Again, another married lady, with £100,000 settled on her, runs off with the curate. Had it not occurred to her that Sir Cresswell Cresswell would, in due time, dissolve her union with her legitimate lord, and enable her to follow the bent of her passions, would she not have fought with them, and in the conquest of them won more true peace for herself than she can ever hope for now? I believe so. In the long commerce of a life there must be times when we may think of others we have known, when we may idly fancy we should have been happier with others; but true wisdom will teach us that it is childish to lament after the event, that it were wiser to take what comfort we can find, and that, after all, it is duty rather than happiness that should be the pole-star of life. Southey told Shelley a man might be happy with any woman, and certainly a wise man, once married, will try to make the best of it. But to return to Sir Cresswell Cresswell, I wish that he could give relief without stirring up such a pool of stinking mud. Who is benefited by the disgusting details? It is a fine thing for the penny papers. They get a large sale, and so reap their reward. The *Times*, also, is generally not very backward when anything peculiarly revolting and indecent is to be told; but are the people, high or low, rich or poor, the better? I find it hard to believe they are. How husbands can be false, how wives can intrigue, how servants can connive, we know, and we do not want to hear it reported. If Prior's Chloe was an ale-house drab, if the Clara of Lord Bolingbroke sold oranges in the Court of Requests, if Fielding kept indifferent company, we are amused or grieved, but still learn something of genius, even from its errors; but of the tribe Smith and Brown I care not to hear—ever since the Deluge the Smiths and Browns have been much the same. What am I the better for learning all the rottenness of domestic life? Is that fit reading for the family circle? I suppose the newspapers think it is, but I cannot come to that opinion. Can it have a wholesome effect on the national feeling? Can it heighten the reverence for Nature's primary ordinance of matrimony?

In the Book of Common Prayer I read that matrimony is "holy," that it was instituted of God in the time of man's innocency, signifying unto us the mystical union that is between Christ and his Church, which holy estate Christ adorned and beautified with his presence and first miracle that he wrought in Cana of Galilee; and is commended of St. Paul to be honourable among all men, and, therefore, is not by any to be enterprised, "nor taken in hand unadvisedly, lightly, or wantonly, to satisfy men's carnal lusts or appetites, like brute beasts that have no understanding; but reverently, discreetly, advisedly, soberly, and in the fear of God, duly considering the causes for which matrimony was ordained."

Alas! our age is not a marrying age; and, therefore, I fear it is an unholy one: neither our young men nor our young maidens honestly fall in love and marry now-a-days. I don't know that the Registrar General's report says such. I know that many of his marriages are affairs of convenience; unions of businesses, or thousands, or broad lands; not marriages "holy," in the sense of the prayer-book and of God. A man who marries simply for love, exposes himself to ridicule; the modern ingenuous youth is not so green as all that; if he marries at all it must be an heiress, or, at any rate, one well dowered. The last thing your modern well-bred beauty does, is to unite her fate with that of a man in the good old-fashioned way. She has learnt to set her heart upon the accidents of life,—the fine house; the establishment; and if these she cannot have, she will even die an old maid. The real is sacrificed to the imaginary; the substance, to the shadow; the present, to the morrow that never comes. A man says he will become rich; he will sacrifice everything to that; and the chances are he becomes poor in heart and purse. The maiden—

> With the meek brown eyes,
> In whose orb a shadow lies,
> Like the dusk in evening skies—

loses all her divinity and pines away, and becomes what I care not to name; and the world—whose wisdom is

folly—sanctions all this. It calls it prudence, foresight. A man has no business to marry till he can keep a wife, is the cuckoo cry; which would have some meaning if a wife was a horse or a dog, and not an answer to a human need, and an essential to success in life. The world forgets that man is not an automaton, but a being fearfully and wonderfully framed. No machine, but a lyre responsive to the breath of every passing passion: now fevered with pleasure; now toiling for gold; anon seeking to build up a lofty fame; and that the more eager and passionate and daring he is—the more eagle is his eye, and the loftier his aim, the more he needs woman—the comforter and the help-meet—by his side. Our fathers did not ignore this, and they succeeded. Because the wife preserved them from the temptations of life; because she, with her words and looks of love, assisted them to bear the burdens and fight the battles of life; because she stood by her husband's side as his help-meet; bone of his bone, flesh of his flesh; soothing each sorrow; aiding each upward aim: it was thus they became great; and it is because we do not thus, we pale before them. It is not good for man to be alone. Man has tried to disobey the divine law, and lived alone; and what has been the result?—even when tried by men of superior sanctity, as in the case of the Romish Church, has the world gained in happiness or morality? I trow not. Take the limited experience of our own age, and fathers and mothers know, to their bitter cost, I am right. The manhood, brave and generous, much of it wrecked in our great cities, will bear me out. But matrimony is more than this. In spite of the hard matter-of-fact, sceptical, and therefore sensual character of the passing day, will it not be confessed that the union of man and woman, as husband and wife, is the greatest earthly need, and is followed by the greatest earthly good? Unhappy marriages there may be; imprudent ones there may be; but such are not the rule; and very properly our legislators have agreed to give relief in such cases. "Nature never did betray the soul that loved her;" and nature tells men and women to marry. Just as the young man is entering upon life—just as he comes to independence and man's estate—just as the crisis of his being is to be solved, and it is to be seen whether he decide with the good, and the great, and the true, or whether he sink and be lost for ever, Matrimony gives him ballast and a right impulse. Of course it can't make of a fool a philosopher; but it can save a fool from being foolish. War with nature and she takes a sure revenge. Tell a young man not to have an attachment that is virtuous, and he will have one that is vicious. Virtuous love—the honest love of a man for the woman he is about to marry, gives him an anchor for his heart; something pure and beautiful for which to labour and live; and the woman, what a purple light it sheds upon her path: it makes life for her no day-dream; no idle hour; no painted shadow; no passing show; but something real, earnest, worthy of her heart and head. But most of us are cowards and dare not think so; we lack grace; we are of little faith; our inward eye is dim and dark. The modern young lady must marry in style; the modern young gentleman marries a fortune. But in the meanwhile the girl grows into an old maid, and the youth takes chambers—ogles at nursery-maids and becomes a man about town—a man whom it is dangerous to ask into your house, for his business is intrigue. The world might have had a happy couple; instead, it gets a woman fretful, nervous, fanciful, a plague to all around her. He becomes a sceptic in all virtue; a corrupter of the youth of both sexes; a curse in whatever domestic circle he penetrates. Even worse may result. She may be deceived and may die of a broken heart. He may rush from one folly to another; associate only with the vicious and depraved; bring disgrace and sorrow on himself and all around; and sink into an early grave. Our great cities show what becomes of men and women who do not marry. Worldly fathers and mothers advise not to marry till they can afford to keep a wife, and the boys spend on a harlot more in six months than would keep a wife six years. Hence it is, all wise men (like old Franklin) advocate early marriages; and that all our great men, with rare exceptions, have been men who married young. Wordsworth had only £100 a year when he first married. Lord Eldon was so poor that he had to go to Clare-market to buy sprats for supper. Coleridge and Southey I can't find had any income at all when they got married. I question at any time whether Luther had more than fifty pounds a year. Our successful men in trade and commerce marry young, like George Stephenson, and the wife helps him up in the world in more ways than one. Dr. Smiles, in his little book on Self-Help, gives us the following anecdote respecting J. Flaxman and his wife.—"Ann Denham was the name of his wife—and a cheery, bright-souled, noble woman she was. He believed that in marrying her he should be able to work with an intenser spirit; for, like him, she had a taste for poetry and art; and, besides, was an enthusiastic admirer of her husband's genius. Yet when Sir Joshua Reynolds—himself a bachelor—met Flaxman shortly after his marriage, he said to him, 'So, Flaxman, I am told you are married; if so, sir, I tell you, you are ruined for an artist.' Flaxman went straight home, sat down beside his wife, took her hand in his, and said, 'Ann, I am ruined for an artist.' 'How so, John? How has it happened? And who has done it?' 'It happened,' he replied, 'in the church; and Ann Denham has done it.' He then told her of Sir Joshua's remark—whose opinion was well known, and had been often expressed, that if students would excel they must bring the whole powers of their mind to bear upon their art from the moment they rise until they go to bed; and also, that no man could be a great artist unless he studied the grand works of Raffaelle, Michael Angelo, and others, at Rome and Florence. 'And I,' said Flaxman, drawing up his little figure to its full height, 'I would be a great artist.' 'And a great artist you shall be,' said his wife, 'and visit Rome, too, if that be really necessary to make you great.' 'But how?' asked Flaxman. 'Work and economise,' rejoined his brave wife; 'I will never have it said that Ann Denham ruined John Flaxman for an artist.' And so it was determined by the pair that the journey to Rome was to be made when their means would admit. 'I will go to Rome,' said Flaxman, 'and show the President that wedlock is for man's good rather than for his harm, and you, Ann, shall accompany me.' He kept his word."

ST LOUIS

By forbidding our young men and maidens matrimony, we blast humanity in its very dawn. Fathers, you say you teach your sons prudence—you do nothing of the kind ; your worldly-wise and clever son is already ruined for life. You will find him at Cremorne and at the Argyle Rooms. Your wretched worldly-wisdom taught him to avoid the snare of marrying young ; and soon, if he is not involved in embarrassments which will last him a life, he is a *blasé* fellow ; heartless, false ; without a single generous sentiment or manly aim ; he has—

No God, no heaven, in the wide world.

ST. LOUIS AT VINCENNES.

THE subject of the accompanying engraving is "A Court of Justice" in the reign of Louis the Ninth of that name, King of France. He was surnamed the Saint, and deserved the title better than many who stand higher in the Calendar. His virtue and wisdom were celebrated throughout Christendom, his zeal for the public good distinguished him above the sluggard kings who had preceded him, his courage and heroism sprung from a sense of duty, and, unfurling the banner of the Cross against the Infidels, he was sincere in his desire of winning back the land hallowed by so many sacred associations. The times in which he lived were lawless. The barons usurped authority, defied the crown, and trampled on the Commons. The virtues of the age of chivalry were subordinated to its vices. Louis was not the man patiently to tolerate this state of things. As yet the age of lawyers had not begun, ordeal and trial by combat stood in the place of pleas and precedents. Louis was resolved that justice should be done, that every one of his subjects should be allowed to bring his case under the royal notice, and that prince and peasant should be dealt with by the same law.

The barons vented their unchecked oppression on the people. They were their slaves, and they indulged their passions with malicious cruelty. What appeal had the peasants from the strong will of their lord? Looking out from his moated castle he saw his stables and his pastures, where the horses were sheltered and the cattle grazed, and saw the group of wretched hovels where the people dwelt, but the former had for him much more interest than the latter. He saw a brawny Hercules of a ploughman, and snapped him up to make a man-at-arms, or vulture, of him, whether he would or not. He saw that sharp-witted fool, who cared for nothing in the wide world but his mother, and of him he made a jester, to tickle lordly tympanums at the feast. He saw a rustic beauty gathering nuts in the wood, when he was out a riding with a falcon on his fist—and she was seen no more. There was none to say yea or nay to the old feudal lord : his foresters maimed the favourite dog of a poor peasant, levelled the widow's hut, rifled the field of the farmer, and meted out to those who dared complain a long cord and a short shrift.

King Louis the Saint was resolved to put an end to these abuses. Without other escort than a page and two clerks learned in law, he went about the country personally administering justice, his most popular Court of Justice being held in the Forest of Vincennes, his tribunal-seat a flowery bank that was overshaded by an old oak tree.

Thither came plaintiff and defendant to plead in the royal presence, and many a proud knight was proved guilty on the word of a poor peasant. The artist in the picture represents such an incident. The hardy baron cannot withstand the charge of the mother and her children, the victims of some shameful deed. Be sure the King will do justice. In a case in which a private person has been unjustly imprisoned by the King's own brother, the Prince is condemned and the subject acquitted. Louis was no respecter of persons, and never lost sight of that solemn work of kingship, the execution of justice—the maintenance of truth.

King Louis before his death had materially changed the condition of the people. He had given a final blow to feudal barbarism, established trial by jury, and consecrated it by the noble principle that justice should lean to the side of mercy. He founded his laws upon the Roman code, and selected learned jurists for their application.

Louis was canonized by Pope Boniface III., thirty years after his death.

RETROSPECTS.

BEING A TALE TOLD BACKWARDS.

I EVER will say that there is little happiness except by the way of trouble. If people tell you so and so has never had a day's trouble in his life, be assured so and so's whole life is a trouble to him. And indeed, how can he who has never felt pain tell the whole value of health? And how can he who has never known real sorrow tell the value of real joy? May I tell you of those people whom I believe to be the happiest in this world? they are those who are always full of subdued good temper, people who have dried themselves from the wet of their struggle in the sea of troubles, and who know the value of solid land. Truly, I do not say that the greater the past trouble the greater the ensuing happiness, because you may struggle in that symbolical sea above-named till the water strikes home to the heart, and you wear it coldened and almost pulseless throughout your life.

And it is also true that I would rather avoid trouble if I could, yet still the fact of my observation remains, that those who have known sorrow live more joyfully than those who have never grieved.

The mother who has never lost a little one cannot possibly care for her family so dearly as the woman who has lost her first-born. And the son who has but his mother remaining, loves her better than he would if his father (under the condition of this latter being an honest man) were alive.—

But—to my retrospects, which must begin with an existence.

Imagine then a grave elderly lady sitting in the shadow of a charming drawing-room, humming "Joe Anderson" to herself, and quickly stitching at some soft work.

'Tis as charming a drawing-room, as the elderly lady is charming: a soft pale yellow ground has the walls, with a faint pattern in gold on them. The furniture is japanned black and gold, quaint lovely old furniture; full of quaint and beautiful lines, and telling out like gold-encrusted ebony from the pale yellow walls. While as for the carpet, the hangings, the sofa-coverings, and the cushions—they are a rich claret, which defies the yellow to be gaudy, or the black to be sombre. Meanwhile the sun is dashing into the room through twittering red and green vine-leaves, which form the carpeting of the glass-roofed verandah, and giving all the colour there its own enchantment. Altogether this room is superb, and yet utterly above anything like showiness. It is rich, and quiet, and comfortable. There is a butterfly too flitting about, and a couple of bumble bees banging themselves with dead thuds against the looking-glass, which is opposite the windows, and is continually reporting a real English garden, luxuriant and shady, the masses of foliage and grass heightening the effect of the blossom, and especially heightening the splendour of the waxen syringas, so you see it is early spring-time, when the aged lady is sitting under the shadow of the vine-leaves, stitching away at the soft work, and humming "John Anderson my jo, John."

It was early morning, and soon came in the room a second aging person, in all probability "John Anderson" himself, for the lady was patted on the back by him. Whether he stooped down and kissed her face after he had pinched her right ear, which was very small and delicate, and called her Georgy—I leave the reader to decide, for I know some would respect a kiss from age to age, others would not believe the act natural, and a third number might even smile at the picture, and I will not have this elderly lady and gentleman even smiled at.

"This is poor little Bertha's birthday," said the lady with a sigh, folding up her work, and opening the tea-pot, for the breakfast things were on the table.

And I, *moi qui vous parle*, have no doubt that you think Bertha is a daughter, for you know as well as I do that a mother never forgets the day on which her child dies.

But this was not a daughter. Little Bertha was a grown-up woman.

Then there was cheerful talk between these two who had one son away in India, and poor little Bertha was named no more that day. But I—who know the history of these two happy people, and they had been happy forty years—know all about poor Bertha—who better than I should know of Bertha, whose birthday had been the anniversary of that pleasant spring morning, when the birds were caroling, and in the quiet breakfast room the butterfly went flitting, and the bumble bees went banging against the light-reflecting looking-glass?

Roll back the thick web of time, breathe life into the shadows, and what have we?

A quiet room with windows down to the ground, and beyond them the sea, gently lapping the stones below; a soft breeze, and the sun setting peacefully.

Within the room is a lying woman, a small faded little woman, with deep-set black eyes and a withered face.

Near her, stitching away at some soft work, is a bonny young lady, her cheeks healthy and coloured, her lips moist, and her eyes only naturally bright, the rays of the sun lighting up her features.

The lady on the couch is looking earnestly at the other, who is deeply engaged in her stitching.

"Georgy."

It was quite enough. The work was dropped and the head raised in a moment.

"Why I thought you were asleep, Bertha."

"Ah me, I soon shall be now."

"Very well then,—to-morrow will come all the sooner, and we will have that funny chaise again."

"Oh, Georgy, you know what I mean."

"And what *do* you mean, darling?"

"I am dying, Georgy—I am dying."

The healthy creature here suddenly drooped her head, and blushed. It was a blush which seemed half a guilty one.

"Georgy—I know a secret, which I must tell you."

Here the other looked quickly into the withered face; indeed it was almost a guilty look.

"Ah! I am sure of it now."

"Oh Bertha, dear Bertha."

Down now near the couch, her arm round the other lady's neck.

"Georgy, you love him."

Here the healthy lady pressed her face upon the other's bosom, so that the sick woman breathed hard, for, see you, she was dying of consumption, and it was weary work to breathe with a weight upon the chest.

"Oh, look up, Georgy. Many a woman would be jealous of you for loving her husband, but, withering, I am fonder of you than ever, for you will take care of him—and—and if he does not care for you now—he shall—I will tell him to love you, and he loves me so dearly, Georgy, that I know he will strive to do as I tell him, and then—when I am gone—he will love you, sister, for you are a sister to me, dear."

"When you are gone, Bertha—do not talk to *me* like that—if you only knew—if you only knew!"

"Knew what—that you reproach yourself for sometimes thinking of the time when I shall be dead? See you, Georgy, all that is beyond *our* poor control—love comes upon us, and sometimes we are lowered by it, as we are sometimes ennobled. You see, Georgy, I am giving you a last lesson. Ah me—how many years is it since I gave you the first?"

"They have all been happy years, Bertha—you made me so good a girl. I, whom you found so vain and weak and ignorant—and oh, Bertha, I am so grateful—have ever been so grateful, that I would do more than I have done to make you happy."

"And yet you have done much—well, I am not to be out-done in gratitude, old pupil. I tell you, Warren shall love you—perhaps not so dearly as he has loved me—for I am woman enough to hope he may not love you quite so much as he loves and has loved me, but he will love you gently and gravely, and you will be supremely happy. You know, Georgy, I have often wondered how it was he grew to love me instead of

you. He saw you first, he came to your house to see you—he paid court to you even—and he did not notice me for long and long after I knew how dear he was to me."

"Oh, but he loved you all along."

"Yes, I know *that*, but *I* thought he loved *you*. And when he came up to the couch on which I was lying, just as I am here, and only ten months ago, only ten short months ago—for I remember I had been poorly for three or four weeks—when he came up to the couch I really thought he was only going to speak of—of you. It was such a quiet declaration, Georgy, and your governess could hardly believe her good fortune. I think I see you leaning over the sofa now, you and he both, I think I feel the perfume of the roses still as it floated in at the window, to which you had wheeled me. And when he said to you, 'Georgy, by God's grace, Bertha will be my wife,' I thought all the earth so good, so gracious, and I felt so happy, that for a moment I began to fear I was wicked to be so joyful while there was so much misery in the world. It seems but yesterday that we were married, and I think I see you now, dear girl, rather pale and trembling, standing near me in that ugly little church. Oh, I know you have grown to love him for his goodness to me—but—but I *cannot* tell how it was he fell in love with me when you were so much handsomer and younger,—as for your riches, I know he would not take them into account, or he would not have married me. (After a pause) Yes, it was *very* strange he fell in love with me."

"Ah, dear Bertha—dear, loved, kind governess—think not in your very heart of hearts the least ill of me."

"Why, Georgy, Georgy, how pale and earnest you look!"

"Dear, good heart; always believe that from the moment when you made me gentle, from the moment when you put the new bracelet against the poor beggar boy's thin hand, from that moment I grew so to love you that I could have laid down my life for you, for you made my life a womanly one. But for you I might this moment be a mere heartless woman of the world. Do you not feel, Bertha," here the girl looked very searchingly into the other's face, "do you not feel I would have sacrificed any hope or blessing for you?"

"Yes, yes; I *do* feel so. Oh! look, look; search my eyes deeply, for if they speak not whole belief in you they speak falsely. I know that you would have sacrificed yourself for me; and, oh! lying here, Bertha, weak and helpless, I am glad to feel that in known selfishness I have done you no wrong." Then, as she played with the girl's hair, she added, and only half aloud, "It is, indeed, very strange that he grew to love me while she was by."

She was still playing with the fallen hair, when a light step sounded near the door, and the next moment a young man stood in the room—a not very handsome man, but fairly looking, with very grave gentle black eyes.

"Ah! Warren, is that you? There, sit down near our Bertha. I have been wondering to her how you grew to love me while she was near me. Nay, do not blush, husband. And, do you know, I have such a quaint idea in my head. As you are down here by my side I seem to be your mother; yes, you really *do* seem my children, though really I am not so very much older than either of you; but then, you see, you are healthy, and I am ailing, and illness ages so very, very fast. How grave you look to-night, Warren; your eyes tell of more patient trouble to-night than they ever did before. Poor boy! and now they are full of tears! ah, me!"

"Come, Bertha, you will never grow well if you grow sad; and if Georgy is not cheerful I shall turn her away and get you another nurse."

"Then turn her away now, Warren, for a little while; I want to have you all to myself. Georgy, remain outside the door."

The girl got up from the side of the sufferer, or rather patient, and softly left the room, closed the door, and then stood with her hand on the handle, and listening. Was there any sign of guilt in her face as she listened? Not one atom; it was a pure, pitying face; the tears, those silent, pitying tears—slowly rolling down her face, and plashing upon the ground.

Suddenly he cried out quickly, "Georgy! quick, Georgy!" and she ran in, to see him holding his wife in his arms, within which she lay as placid as a sleeping child. Child she was not; but sleeping—yes, sleeping a happy and a final sleep. The agitation of telling him he must love her old pupil, Georgy, had brought that last scene which had been very near at hand for weeks.

Gently he laid her upon the sofa-bed, as the girl stood silently weeping near him, and then—then he turned to Georgy, and (oh! judge not quickly nor harshly)—he took her to his heart and kissed her passionately.

And she—she remained within his arms—made no faint resistance even, and only wept, and let him kiss her, and then she wept yet more heavily.

While he, too, was full of grief.

Would you learn the true meaning of that cruel scene—of the widower of a few moments passionately kissing his dear wife's dearest friend?

Back yet a little, I prithee, to another retrospect.

Imagine a cheerful house, full of that taste which the first scene of this tale proffered you; imagine standing together a young girl, a not very handsome gentleman, and an important man, partly bald.

What says this latter? "Beyond a doubt this patient has the seeds of hereditary consumption in her; this tendency has been aggravated by some cause unknown to me, but certainly a mental cause—perhaps one of the affections; that the removal of this cause might prolong her life is certain, but that she cannot live many years is equally certain. Should the cause of which I have spoken still continue to exist, in all probability her life will not extend over several weeks."

This gentleman had barely passed the threshold of the house, when the young gentleman, who had led his companion to a seat, said:

"Georgy, you do not think I am vain?"

"Vain! no; but why talk of such a thing when poor Bertha"—

"I was going to speak of Bertha, my dear. I say,

you do not think I am vain: and yet I have learnt a secret."

"Of Bertha's?"

"Of Bertha's. I know the world will condemn a woman for loving a man who has shown no inclination to win her; but this does happen now and then, has happened here, in this house. Georgy, Bertha loves me."

"Loves you, Warren!"

"As dearly as I love you, Georgy; as dearly as you love me. Think how I should feel if you did not care for me; think what a blank the world would be, and then remember Bertha."

"Bertha love you!"

"You have heard me called odd, Georgy; but you know I only seek after the noblest truth, unshadowed by what the world thinks; and you heard what the doctor said: under no circumstances can she live many years."

"Yes, yes."

"And she may only live months; and what wretched months, Georgy!"

"Oh! terrible, unspeakably wretched months! to be alone, quite alone in one's love!"

"And but for her, Georgy, I could never have loved you, for, without Bertha, you would have been another woman than you are."

"Yes, God bless Bertha; for she saved me."

"Well, if she gave you a good life, will you not try to pay part of the debt?"

"Pay part of the debt!"

"Yes, if she has given you a whole life, can you not spare her a few years of it?"

"A few years of my life! I do not comprehend you, Warren."

"You know how I love you—as only men who have greatly suffered can love—with my whole heart, with my whole soul. Well, if we sacrifice this love, only for a little, Georgy, only for a little; do not tremble; if we sacrifice ourselves for a little while, we should be all the more blessed and happy in the future, Georgy."

"Oh! I know now; I know what you mean. But oh! Warren, if she should live, if she should live for many, many years?"

"Well, Georgy, my old sweetheart, she has still given you all your life."

"Oh! marry her, Warren, marry her; only, only do not drive me away from you. I will be both your servants, and never think of all our promises; never speak to you but before her; try never to think of you; and—and—no—do not touch me; you have no right to touch me now."

o o o

Still another retrospect. Yet the same house. Some years before that last scene, imagine a girl of fourteen, beautiful and yet repulsive; perfect in appearance and yet a great mental wilderness; a beautiful, vain, ignorant girl. A creature to look after in the streets, but no ornament at home.

The lady who was sitting with her called her Georgy, and spoke gently enough, but the girl was all airs and defiance.

"My dear," said this lady, "I must return in a few days to my home. I would I might take you to my home, and amongst your cousins; but as your father has done as you, it seems, wished him, well and good. If he thought it well that you should remain here in his house after his death, be its mistress, and remain under the guidance of a paid teacher, I cannot alter his determination. Well, why are you looking angrily from the window?"

The girl made no answer, and the next moment a servant announced Miss Winstan.

Came in a young lady about nineteen, with a pale complexion and deep-set black eyes.

"Good morning, Miss Winstan," said the girl, as the visitor turned to the elder lady.

The visitor then slowly came to the young lady, smiling as she did so, stooped down, kissed her on the cheek, and said quietly:

"You had better call me Bertha at once, and I will call you Georgy, as I hear your aunt desires."

"Certainly, Bertha," said the aunt.

A day or so, and the governess and Georgy were without the presence of the aunt.

This, then, was the governess's work: to make a gentle, loving woman of a poor vain, ignorant, violent, spoilt child. Her task was weary, but the heart of the child was good. Well, three weeks after the governess's arrival, the couple were out walking. The partly overthrown vanity of the girl was once more all regnant, for in her father's desk she had found a handsome emerald bracelet, and though her clothing was black, though it was still quite new in memory of her father, she could not resist the desire to wear it in the streets. The governess said nought, but walked on quietly by her pupil's side. Soon they came upon a sleeping beggar boy, a poor battered, dirty, ragged young Irish lad, getting all the comfort he could out of the sun; a repulsive, odious, unwholesome sight, and yet he was to help in a life lesson.

The girl, fully under the influence of the bracelet, struck her dress against her side with the jewelled arm as they passed the unconscious young Hibernian, as though her dress should not be contaminated by floating near him.

The governess stopped, looked quietly yet firmly at her young charge, stopped her progress, took the offending hand, and drew it against the beggar boy's hand as it lay clasped in its fellow above the poor boy's head.

And there, against his thin attenuated hand, sparkled the bright green jewels.

I have said the girl had a good heart, and this was the best lesson the governess had yet taught her. In some instances the lesson would have been forgotten; in this instance it brought forth the fruit of a gentle, kindly, charitable, and loving woman.

o o o

Ah, well, my retrospects are ended. Do you love this way of telling a tale backwards? And yet, see you, there are these tales to be read every day. Why not read them? I tell you, *moi qui vous parle*, that as surely as you find a gentle, loving, forbearing aged man and wife, so surely may you learn some such tale as the above, a tale of simple sacrifice, or of kindliness.

THE THREE FISHERMEN.

Three fishers went sailing out into the West,
Out into the West as the sun went down,
Each thought of the woman who loved him best,
And the children stood watching them out of the town.
For men must work and women must weep,
And there's little to earn, and many to keep,
Though the harbour bar be moaning.

Three wives sat up in the light-house tower,
And trimm'd the lamps as the sun went down,
And they look'd at the squall, and they look'd at the shower,
As the rack it came rolling up rugged and brown.
But men must work, and women must weep,
Though storms be sudden, and waters deep,
And the harbour bar be moaning.

Three corpses lay out on the shiny sands
In the morning gleam as the tide went down,
And the women are watching and wringing their hands
For those who will never come back to the town.
But men must work, and women must weep,
And the sooner it's over the sooner to sleep,
And good-bye to the bar and its moaning.

The above ballad, as our readers may be aware, is one by the Rev. Charles Kingsley. The engraving, drawn by Solomon, is from the Book of Favourite Ballads, kindly lent us by the publishers.

LITERATURE.

LICHTENSTEIN, OR THE OUTLAW OF WURTEMBERG,

(JAMES Blackwood, Paternoster Row,) is a tale of the sixteenth century, from the German of Hauff, translated by ELINOR SWANN. Our readers, fond of mediæval history, will do well to get Lichtenstein. There was a time when Würtemberg was in a fair way of becoming little better than an Austrian province. In 1519 everything conspired to bring about the ruin of its Duke, Ulric, who, in spite of the bitter invective of his bitterest enemy, Ulric Von Hütten, came forth from the purifying fire of his exile a better and a wiser man. Here we read how he was in extremes, how his castles were inhabited by strangers, and how troops of mercenaries trampled on his unfortunate subjects. The story here developed is one of the most interesting in the history of Würtemberg, and is told in such a way as to win a favourable perusal from the reading public. The sketch is lifelike, and has, on the whole, the unquestionable advantage of historic truth.

MANY persons often anxiously ask how they are to know a good picture. In his *Art, and How to Enjoy It* (London : Low, Son and Co.), Mr. Edward Hopley answers the question. According to him,—and Mr. Hopley is a well-known artist himself, and may, therefore, write on art,—there are seven great qualifications of a good picture—invention or creation, expression or language, composition or grouping, drawing or proportion, colouring or surface-painting, handling or style, and grace. Armed with these criteria we cannot err. They are infallible, and every really meritorious work should be tested by them. They comprise the whole anatomy of painting. Mr. Hopley's little treatise—originally a paper read at a private conversazione—is well calculated to be useful, containing, as it does, the opinions of all great authorities, ancient and modern, on the canons of Art criticism. Mr. Hopley writes not the worse for being an enthusiast in his profession, and we are glad to see admires, and cautions his readers against, Mr. Ruskin's attractive and dangerous writing.

THEODORE PARKER'S EXPERIENCE AS A MINISTER,

Is the title of a little volume published by Whitfield· Strand, which will, for many reasons, be eagerly read in religious circles. It is true Theodore Parker is no orthodox minister, but he is a man of lofty genius, and indomitable regard for what he holds to be truth. In this little volume, consisting of a letter addressed to his Boston congregation on the occasion of his retiring a while from the pulpit on account of ill health, he gives some account of his early life and education for the ministry—gives an outline of his religious creed, and traces its rise and progress, and, besides, bears a valuable testimony as to the moral and religious and intellectual condition of American Society. Those who differ *toto cælo* from Mr. Parker as a divine, must admit his active philanthropy and rare disinterestedness, and will take an interest in the glimpse he here gives us of his inner life.

PEDEN THE PROPHET,

A TALE of the Covenanters, Founded on Fact, by the REV. A. MORTON BROWN, L.L.D. (London : John Snow), is an attempt, and a successful one, to reproduce the story of the life of one of Scotland's worthies in the grand, yet dark and dolorous, times of the Covenant. Foremost among the godly who suffered persecution in those days was the preacher whom Dr. Brown has made the central figure in the tale. The facts of his life, his birth and breeding, his labours, his sufferings, his stern testimony against "Black Prelacy," and his death, are historical ; Dr. Brown has found the materials ready to his hand. He has but worked them up into one harmonious whole, and he has done so with the skill of a practised writer. In writing of the Covenanters he has caught no little of their spirit. The picture he draws is as attractive as it is genial in its sympathies, true in its colouring, and excellent in its aim.

THE MARQUIS D'HAUTEVILLE,

OR, The Romance of a Poor Young Man, by OCTAVE FEUILLET, is the title of a one-volume Novel just issued by Messrs. Cassell, Petter, and Galpin. The name of the firm is an indication that the tale, though French, is well fitted for family reading. Messrs. Cassell and Co., we may be sure, only publish what is good as well as attractive ; not merely is their literature popular, but it instructs and refines and elevates. In the tale before us we have the story of a young Frenchman, born to a noble title, and, as he fancied, a large estate. On the death of his father he finds he and his orphan sister are left almost penniless. An aged notary offers him various means of improving his fortune, which he rejects as dishonourable. In his adversity, and just as he is driven to thoughts of suicide, he accepts the situation of bailiff to a family in Brittany. Here he meets a beautiful Marguerite, an heiress engaged to a provincial gentleman. The Marquis, under an assumed name, loves her, and, in a romantic way, she loves him. And the dénouement, which is admirably contrived, ends happily for himself and Marguerite. A more fascinating tale we have not read for a long while. The style is charming—the sentiments are elevating. It combines French liveliness with English sense of duty and honour.

ROUTLEDGE'S SHAKESPEARE,

EDITED by H. STAUNTON, and illustrated by John Gilbert, proceeds vigorously and satisfactorily. We have received the January Part, Othello. The notes of the edition are very good, and the illustrations excellent.

PROGRESS OF SCIENCE.

The *Daily News* of Jan. 13 announced an application of electro-magnetism to the art of weaving—which renders it mere child's play. The revolution introduced in the art of weaving by Jacquard not only has given a most remarkable impulse to our manufactures, but rendered the most complicated patterns almost independent of the skill of the weaver. M. Bonelli, by the aid of electro-magnetism, has made another stride in the art as great as that accomplished by Jacquard. He gets rid of the cards, and all the process of reading the pattern and transferring it to the perforated cards. When we take into consideration the fact that as many as 25,000 cards are frequently employed to form a pattern for furniture damask in silk or wool, we get a glimpse of the revolution effected in the art of weaving. These thousands of cards are not only expensive in their manufacture, but their arrangement in the loom is a matter of considerable inconvenience. For these 25,000 cards M. Bonelli merely substitutes the pattern itself—not divided into squares, but drawn by the designer himself a little larger than it is intended to appear in the woven fabric. It is painted on paper, covered with tin foil in black varnish. It can be drawn with all the freedom of stroke, and in as elaborate a manner as the taste of the artist may dictate, without any consideration of expense. Once a loom is fitted with the electro-magnetic apparatus, the complication or elaboration of a design makes no difference beyond the sum paid to the designer. The loom is at present working at one of the rooms of the Magnetic Telegraph Company's offices in Threadneedle-street. M. Bonelli, who is an Italian, is most courteous in explaining his invention to any one interested in mechanical or electrical science. One of the most important features in this invention is the saving of expense. The cost of electricity is merely nominal, about a penny per day, and only two cells of a Bunsen's battery are required. From an interesting paper in the *Journal of the Society of Arts* we learn, that the cost of the old and new system may be thus compared:—The cards for a furniture damask pattern, with a simple ground and two sets of wires of 600 each, will be 20,160. Reckoning the cost of these at 15*s.* per hundred, we have £151 4*s.* As regards time, the preparation of these cards will employ a designer and five persons for the *mise en carte* for one month. After this six readers must be employed for another month. For the same design M. Bonelli estimates the cost of the design itself, and the putting it on the tinfoil paper, at £26. Allowing his designer a month for his work, we have a saving in money of 81 per cent., and of time 90 per cent.

We must record the decease of the eminent Eastern geographer, Colonel William Martin Leake, F.R.S., &c., which happened at Brighton a few days ago, on the eve of the completion of the 83rd year of his age. Colonel Leake was a member of an ancient and respectable Essex family, being a younger brother of Mr. John Martin Leake, of Thorp Hall, near Colchester, a bencher of the Middle Temple, and one of the chairmen of the Essex Quarter Sessions. Colonel Leake served for some years in the Royal Artillery, but retired with the rank of Lieutenant-Colonel in 1823. Having been employed during the early part of his career on special service in the East, he travelled over the whole of Greece and Asia Minor, and gave to the public the results of his researches in four or five works published by Murray at intervals between the years 1813 and 1830. Of these the best known are his "Travels in Asia Minor," "Travels in the Morea," "Athenian Topography," and "Travels in Northern Greece." He had only just completed the supplement to his last and most elaborate work, "Numismata Hellenica," when the hand of death put an end to his useful career of literary labour. Colonel Leake, however, was not merely an antiquarian and a member of several learned societies, nor did he prosecute his researches into the past for their own sake; he was also an earnest modern politician and a zealous and enthusiastic advocate of the freedom and independence of Greece, and he will long be remembered for his warm-hearted and patriotic advocacy of the cause of the Christian population of Greece against the tyranny and oppression of their Turkish masters.

Hypnotism, or the art of producing insensibility by the action of a glittering object on the visual organs, is becoming all the rage in the French hospitals. A patient has undergone amputation of the hip-joint at Poitiers, under the influence of this new anæsthetic agent. Another strange innovation has also been applied to dental surgery by our countryman, Mr. George. The *Gazette Médicale* contains a communication made to the Academy of Medicine, in one of its last sittings, from him, relative to a new cure for the tooth-ache by the galvano-caustique. After stating that about two years since he had made a communication to the Academy on the advantages of electricity in the extraction of teeth, from which he had obtained some important results, he declares that after the experiments of Dr. Meddeldorpff, of Breslau, and Dr. Broca, of Paris, he felt convinced that only an instrument adapted to the dental art was required to prove it of the greatest utility. Mr. George presented to the Academy the model of an instrument which he had made, and for some time used in his private practice; it consists of a small box containing the *Pile Geenit* and the *appareil anesthétique*, that can be placed under the operating chair, and by means of conductors attached to a handle, at the end of which is placed a small platinum wire, which is inserted in the tooth whilst cold; by pressing the foot on a pedal, the platina becomes instantly red hot, and destroys the nerve permanently, so that the dentist may fill the tooth in full security. The application is quite painless, and has the advantage of stopping the decay.

The *Gazette des Hôpitaux* relates the following curious experiments on fowls, which proves beyond a doubt that hypnotism, or nervous slumber, may be produced on animals as well as on man. Dr. Michéa, the author of these experiments, having placed a hen on a bench painted green, and about a yard and a half in length, and made an attendant hold it still, drew a line of chalk from the root of the beak, the point of which rested on the bench, all along the latter to its opposite extremity. The hen, which before the operation had been struggling violently, and turning its eyes in all directions, in the course of about two minutes kept looking fixedly at the line of white chalk. Soon after it winked rapidly, then opened its beak, and fell over on one side. Immediately its head, legs, and body were repeatedly pricked with needles, without its betraying the slightest symptom of pain. The operator turned its head right and left, and ultimately forced it under its wing, and in all these different positions it remained passive and immoveable. This state continued for about three minutes, when the hen came spontaneously to itself again. It first shook its head, then suddenly getting up, shook it again several times, moved its eyes about, and then began to run. It was caught again and the chalk rubbed off its beak, as also from the bench; after which they endeavoured to make it remain still, as before, but in vain; moreover the slightest pricking caused it to cry with pain. These experiments were variously repeated, and always with the same success. We may here remark that the act of making a hen lie still by drawing lines with chalk on its head along and across its back is very old, and is mentioned in various books on legerdemain, with the explanation that by that process the hen thinks itself tied down; nevertheless Dr. Michéa's experiments are highly interesting, he being the first who has connected this well-known trick with the phenomenon of hypnotism, and shown that under such circumstances the hen is insensible, a fact which had quite escaped the notice of the vulgar.

The council of the Art Union of London has just issued its report for 1859, from which it appears that the subscription amounted to £15,210 6*s.*, and that 105 prizes were

drawn for at the annual meeting in April last. The council propose that in future a member, by payment of an additional half-guinea, may have an additional chance in the distribution of prizes, but shall not be entitled to a second copy of the print or other work of art. The print to which subscribers for the current year will be entitled is by Mr. J. J. Jenkins, "Come Along," which has been engraved by Mr. J. Holl.

M. Bome, a Dutch astronomer, has published a pamphlet to announce that the famous comet of Charles V., which was seen in 1558, will re-appear in the month of August next.

It is understood that the arrangements for the execution of the new coinage of mixed metal have made some progress, and Mr. Leonard Wyon, medallist to the Mint, has been recently favoured with several audiences of the Queen, for the purpose of obtaining a correct profile of her Majesty for the formation of the obverse of the three denominations of coin. It may be trusted that little time will be expended in completing the plans for the contemplated improvement, and that early in the new year the new money will be issued, to the great convenience of her Majesty's lieges, whose pockets are now "bowed down with weight"—of copper.

We *(Glasgow Herald)* have been shown a specimen of a new fibrous substance, somewhat resembling silk, and possessing remarkable strength. We understand that it is the product of a tree growing in South America, and that specimens, with what information can be at present obtained, are to be laid before the first meeting of the Chamber of Commerce.

The "Winans," or cigar-shaped, steamer, we learn from America, has made another experimental trip at Norfolk, U. S. The *Norfolk Herald* reports the result as follows:—"Unfortunately for the full attainment of the object in view, there was little or no sea running to enable her to show her points in the way most desired, so the prognostications which have been uttered in some quarters that, from her peculiar model, she would unquestionably bury herself in the first heavy sea that should strike her, are still unrefuted by any practical test, though all who witnessed her performance in the rolling ground-swell that prevailed must have been perfectly satisfied of her eminent superiority as a sea boat. Her progress through the water was altogether unlike that of other vessels, whether propelled by wind or steam. She literally glided along, leaving scarcely a ripple in her wake—neither rolling nor pitching, but pursuing the even tenor of her way with a steadiness that was truly remarkable to behold. No attempt was made to test her speed. The run was made from the wharf to Cape Henry in about two hours and a half, allowing for some necessary detentions, which, considering the tow she had behind her, was an evidence of extraordinary power of propulsion. Upon reaching the Cape, a sweep was taken round to N. E., so as to catch the swell sideways; but still the buoyant craft stood up to her work just as handsomely as in the channel of the Elizabeth River."

An exhibition took place at the end of the year in the house and grounds of Conway-lodge, London, of certain inventions connected with the manufacture and application of gas, which are about to be introduced to the public under the auspices of "The Fitzmaurice Light and portable Gas Company." The first is an apparatus for the manufacture of gas from vegetable oil, common grease, or other cheap material—and which is equally suitable to the private dwelling, the house of business, public institutions, or to the public lights. The whole of the machinery for generating the gas at Conway-lodge, and which is sufficient to supply thirty or forty lights, stands in a space about the size of an ordinary closet. It consists of a retort and furnace, two coolers—and, detached, at some distance, but not necessarily so, a small gasometer. The mode of manufacture is simply this: the oil is poured into the receiver, and falls in a thin stream through a pipe, regulated by a tap, into the retort—or if any coarser or harder material is used, as paper, rags, or any refuse that will give flame, by placing it at once into the mouth of the retort in the way that coals are used in the ordinary gas-making process. The action of the furnace, of course, immediately generates the gas, which passes out through other pipes into two coolers successively, and from thence into the gasometer—or it may be used, if necessary, without the intervention of the gasometer, and passed at once on to the burners, which, as the gas is much finer and more volatile than that which is produced from common coal, are of the description usually employed for Cannel coal gas. Of the illuminating power and purity of the gas exhibited in the experiments under notice there can be no question, and the cost is, according to the calculations of the maker, wonderfully small. According to the statement presented to us, the staple he employs is vegetable oil of the commonest description, which he estimates to cost sixpence a gallon, in combination with which he uses something less than an ounce of camphor, which at the same time purifies and adds to the illuminating power;—and from these materials he obtains 150 feet of gas of a quality which, from a burner consuming four feet per hour, gives a light equal to forty sperm candles. But slight as is the outlay in material, we are told that it is more than repaid by the refuse carbon left in the retorts, which is a very superior kind of lamp black, eagerly bought up by the manufacturers of printers' ink, dyers, and colourists, who find it peculiarly adapted to their purposes.

An interesting paper has just been communicated to the French Academy of Medicine by Dr. Beraud, on the subject of Dr. Faure's method of administering chloroform. This method consists in causing that agent to be inhaled by one nostril only, the other remaining meanwhile in free communication with atmospheric air. The apparatus is extremely simple, consisting of a bottle with two necks or tubulatures, and capable of containing 100 grammes of water. An India-rubber tube with a tapering end is adapted to one of the necks, and is intended for insertion into the nostril; the other neck remains open, the operator stopping it with his thumb when necessary. The tube is 17 centimetres in length, and has a diameter of at least 13 millimetres. To use this apparatus, pour about 10 or 12 grammes of chloroform into the bottle, and having stopped the open tubulature with your thumb let the patient receive the tube into his nostril, recommending him to breathe naturally. There being no communication between the bottle and the atmosphere, the chloroform does not evaporate, and the patient is not aware of any unpleasant sensation. The subject having now acquired the habit of breathing in that way, the operator gradually slackens the pressure of his thumb, and allows a little air to enter, by which means the patient inhales atmospheric air charged with a little chloroform. From that moment, according as the painful sensation increases or diminishes, the outer air is alternately admitted or excluded, until, the thumb being entirely withdrawn, the patient receives the full quantity required. The operation may also be conducted thus:—Let the patient breathe through the empty bottle, and then introduce a drop of chloroform, then another, and so on gradually. The great point is not to allow the effluvia of chloroform suddenly to exercise too irritating an influence upon the respiratory organs. After the second or third minute the operator should shake the bottle, so as to protect the liquor on its sides, by which the evaporating surface is considerably increased. Should the patient happen to open his mouth the operator must close it with his hand. By this process the patient feels no pain, no sensation of suffocation or dyspnœa, nor is there any congestion to the brain. The state of anæsthesia may be continued with the greatest ease, and without danger, by keeping the tube ready to be again introduced into the nostril, if necessary; nor is there any possibility of sudden asphyxia, as the effects of the agent develop themselves very gradually.

THE ALCHEMIST.

THE NATIONAL MAGAZINE.

THE ALCHEMIST.

Our forefathers, not so clever as their sons, fancied they could find a way of turning ordinary metal into silver and gold. They believed that by means of the philosopher's stone the transformation could be effected. For ages there were believers in Alchemy. A treatise on the art is ascribed to Hermes Trismegistus; but Geber, to whom Dr. Johnson traces the origin of the word gibberish, is generally named as the first authentic writer concerning it. He was an Arabian physician of the seventeenth century, and was an Alchemist in the most comprehensive sense of the word. Next in importance as a writer on Alchemy is Albertus Magnus, born in Swabia in 1205. Thomas Aquinas is said to have been his disciple. Raymond Lully, born at Majorca in 1235, was another Alchemist, who mixed up a good deal of chemical knowledge with the absurdities of his favourite art. About the same time lived Roger Bacon, who, notwithstanding his great learning and scientific acquirements, was deeply imbued with the mystery of Alchemy. Arnoldus de Villa Nova, another adept of the thirteenth century, wrote many works professedly on Alchemy. In the fifteenth century appeared John Isaac Hollandus, and his brother and son, and in England, one George Ripley; but the most distinguished writer on Alchemy was Basil Valentine, a German Benedictine monk. Besides his reputation as an Alchemist, he possessed very considerable merit as a chemical experimenter, and was much occupied in the preparation of chemical medicines. Even so late as the last century there were chemists who believed in the possible transmutation of metals, among whom were Peter Woulfe and Dr. Price. A more eminent name was that of Bergmann, who, after summing up the evidence for and against the probability of transmutation, observes respecting the numerous relations that have been given by writers of apparent veracity, "that although most of them are deceptive, and many uncertain, some bear such character and testimony that unless we reject all historical evidence we must allow them entitled to confidence." Geoffery, a writer in 1772, published an account of the modes in which the Alchemists deceived their too credulous dupes, by concealing small fragments, filings, dust, oxides, amalgams, or salts of silver in the vessel where the operations were carried on, so that gold and silver really appeared in the metallic form, though none but the experimenters knew the trick by which it was produced. Bergmann also explained many of the processes, but with much more faith in their genuineness than Geoffery. It is thought by some that the Alchemists did harm to chemistry by bringing it into disrepute. To this we may remark that the fact is not so, and as Dr. Thompson remarks, a compensation was given in another way: "as the Alchemists were assiduous workmen, as they mixed all the metals, salts, &c. with which they were acquainted, in various ways with each other, and subjected such mixtures to the action of heat in close vessels, their labours were occasionally repaid by the discovery of new substances possessed of much greater activity than any with which they were previously acquainted. Thus the Alchemists by their absurd pursuits gradually formed a collection of facts which led ultimately to the establishment of scientific chemistry." They were unconsciously working for the benefit of humanity. Society derived much from their selfishness. They laboured day and night in silence, in darkness, in obscurity, to heap up for themselves the wealth men ever have reverenced and ever will; they were disappointed it is true, they gained not the wealth they sought, but they laid the foundation of a fairer knowledge, of a more wondrous science, of a more beneficent wealth. Let us not laugh at them as poor empty charlatans; had we lived in their days our pursuits might have been as senseless as their own. We are not less mercenary, less absorbed in money-getting, less ready to give up everything for gold, but we are more practical, more worldly-wise, more keen and wide-awake. The old Alchemist in our picture, with his implements of art, with his ingenious modes of deception, and of creating awe and mystery in the minds of the vulgar, represents one mode of money-making, the tradesman and merchant of to-day represent the modern way. If we believe what we see and hear every day, it is not clear that the advantage is all on the side of the moderns. The Alchemist poisoned no men, or women, or children; but we have with us men ready to poison any amount of her Majesty's subjects if they can get a little extra profit by the sale of beer, bread, drugs, or wine. You may buy your child a sweetmeat or a bun, and death may be the result.

JOHN ARTHUR ROEBUCK.

A PARLIAMENTARY SKETCH.

BY J. EWING RITCHIE.

ARE there honest men in the world of politics? and if so, are they the better or the worse for their honesty? These are questions to be asked, and if you will, answered; or, to come to particulars, would John Arthur Roebuck have been more successful, as men reckon success, had he been less honest? The honourable gentleman would reply in the affirmative. The public must form its own opinion. When the great Chatham entered the House of Commons, Walpole exclaimed, "We must muzzle that terrible cornet of horse." The muzzling process is believed to exist at this day. We have seen wonders effected, and we naturally suspect a cause. When Mr. Bernal Osborne, after years of silence and peace, utters his wild shriek of liberty, we naturally come to the conclusion that his seat on the Treasury Bench is insecure. On Irish members the muzzling process is very apparent. Under its soothing influence the roaring patriot aggravates his voice and sings very small indeed. But the man gets his place, and we clap our hands. In success there is manifestly a saving grace. If a man has that we honour him. We stop not to inquire how he has succeeded. If he has betrayed his party, if he has sworn oaths and broken them, if he has said one thing one day and another the next, if he has worn one face on the hustings and another in St. Stephen's, he is honoured nevertheless; just as people flatter the lucky speculator, the successful tradesman, the great mill-owner, and never stop to inquire by what sharp practice, by what ingenious dishonesty, or gross fraud, the wealth thus venerated has been acquired. In these days it is not the rogues that walk in mud. Ah me! but yesterday, in the slush and rain and cold, I met one born in humble life, but dowered with a beauty for which many a Belgravian lady would sell her soul. Vainly I looked for the beauty of an earlier day. Care and want had furrowed her brow, and had thinned the luxuriant locks, and had dimmed the lustre of eyes once bright as pearls, and paled the red lips and rosy cheek. In this great city, where sin exists without the sense of shame, she had retained her honesty, but at what a price! *Quid rides?* as Mr. Thackeray, with his immense erudition, comprising at least a part of the Latin Grammar, would say. I felt in that poor creature's presence as if at the shrine of a saint. Thus I do not indicate that Cato is an idiot because he is alone, poor, neglected, because his struggles have been great and his successes small. A man who will find fault with all parties, will expose officials, will oppose himself to the prejudices and passions of the hour, will blame the narrowness of the Church, and yet at the same time express his abhorrence of the intolerance of dissent, cannot look for popularity. Nay more, if we suspect Cato of occasional injustice, if he himself evinces temper and passion, if he shows a sternness in some quarters where we should expect forbearance, and a forbearance where we should look for sternness, if he is occasionally conveniently dumb or inconveniently fussy,—if our Cato considers himself master of every subject, if he be always obtruding himself before better men, like Talkative in the Pilgrim's Progress, exclaiming, "I will talk of things heavenly or things earthly—things moral or things evangelical—things sacred or things profane—things past or things to come—things foreign or things at home—things more essential or things circumstantial,"—perhaps we shall understand how it is Cato is not held in more honour, and shall see that the public are not so much to blame as at first sight may appear.

It is half-past four, and we are standing in the lobby of the House of Commons. A very little man, leaning on a stick, comes tottering towards us. He is shabbily dressed, and seems very, very feeble. Poor man, you piteously exclaim, why are you here in this unhealthy atmosphere—in this fierce arena? Why seek you to wrestle with these athletes when you were better at Malvern, or Scarborough, or some other locality sacred to Hygeia? Such are your natural reflections. They are not, however, those of the subject of them. His feeling evidently is quite otherwise. You can imagine him saying, "I am plain John Arthur Roebuck, friend of the people, advocate of progress, and champion of the rights of man. Out of the way, O ye blind leaders of the blind; are ye not, every mother's son of you, nincompoops, pudding-headed and asinine windbags—shams? Have ye not blundered and placed England on the brink of perdition? I say, go home, and I, John Arthur Roebuck, must save her, or she is lost for ever." It is true that when Mr. Roebuck has had the field to himself he has not been eminently successful. He was Chairman of the Administrative Reform Association: where is it now? He was Chairman of the Western Bank—a bubble that has long been burst. He was Chairman of the Sebastopol Committee: yet how impotent were its conclusions. Surely a gentler style of criticism, a little less arrogancy of manner, a little less virulence of invective, is becoming to a man whose failures have been so numerous!

Let me describe Mr. Roebuck as I saw him on the night when he made his motion for the appointment of the Sebastopol Committee. Imagine yourself, intelligent reader, in the Speaker's Gallery. Glancing down the gangway, on the Ministerial side, there stands a little man with a hooked nose and a face indicative of weakness and premature decay. The tones of his voice are faint and sickly: his action is feeble. He forgets what he is going to say in a manner painful to witness. He rubs his hand across his forehead, and tries to catch the missing train of thought—but in vain; it is gone from him for ever. The House listens kindly, and cheers, but all in vain. There he stands—he whose winged words were sharper than arrows, whose sting was that of an adder, whose imperious tone, his hand pointing all the while, as if to say, "Thou art the man," drove conscience home to the most careless, and made the most phlegmatic writhe, who seemed to scalp his victim, as it were, and the fear of whom was a principle in many a heart—there he stands with opportunity, the grand thing he had been panting for all his ambitious life, at length his own. The time at length came for which he had prayed since earliest youth—a grand drama, and a grand part to act in it for himself. And oh! the mockery of life, the power gone, and the golden moments lost for ever. The sight was a sad and an affecting one, and when poor

Roebuck sat down, for a wonder for once the House was subdued, and hushed and still. Pity for the speaker allayed all hostility. It seemed as if no one cared to create a debate—as if the spectacle of a popular statesman struck down in the moment of what was to have been his triumph was of its kind as sad as that of a gallant army mouldering away beneath administrative imbecility and neglect.

At a public meeting held not very long since at Sheffield, Mr. Roebuck endeavoured to answer the question how it was that he, unconnected with the great parties in the State, not of the great families, undistinguished by wealth, unknown to fame, should have won the approbation and confidence of his countrymen. Warming with his theme he exclaimed, "It is not talent, it is not name, it is not rank, it is not wealth, it is stedfastness in that path which I had marked out for myself in the beginning. I am proud to say that in the year 1832 I published a programme of the opinions I then held. I had prepared myself for a public life, I had then formed my opinions, and I consigned them to paper. I printed them, and to them I now adhere. That which I said in 1832 I say now, and it is my firm and my stedfast adherence to the opinions I then expressed which has now won for me the confidence of my countrymen. Going into Parliament unknown, unsupported, and only recommended by that true friend of the people, Joseph Hume, I determined not to ally myself to either of the great parties then dividing the House of Commons and the kingdom. To that rule I have adhered through life, and no man can now say I am either Whig or Tory." Roebuck, then, may be described as a Radical politician, but of a Radicalism of so singular a character as to induce him to side and seat himself with the Opposition rather than with the supporters of Government. He sits now on the gangway on the Opposition side. Gentlemen whose opinions are supposed most to resemble his own he cannot abide. It seems strange now that he has even acquired the reputation he has; yet there was a time when many competent judges of all the orators of the House delighted chiefly in John Arthur Roebuck, and deemed the skill with which he unmasked a job—the delight with which he brought it before the House—the invective which he directed against all parties connected with it inimitable. On the whole now, Mr. Roebuck may be pronounced a failure—that is, other men less gifted, less honest, less popular, have been more successful. The cause is chiefly in an unhappy temperament. Sydney Smith used to say of certain individuals, Mr. S. is a clubable man. Now the House of Commons after all is a club, and Mr. Roebuck is not a clubable man. This is the primary cause.

Again, Mr. Roebuck has exhibited another great fault, he has not trusted in himself. He has shown the vanity, and, I may add, the weakness of a woman. His duel with Mr. Black of the *Morning Chronicle*, his endeavour to get the *Times* censured in the House for a description of the honourable gentleman which every one who heard it confessed to be singularly truthful and exact, his impotent attempt to put Mr. Disraeli down when the latter had but just made his parliamentary debut, his vindictive attack, only this very last session, on Dr. Mitchell, the ex-Bodmin M. P., who plainly confessed to the House, and in a way which gained for him lasting honour, that it was true that he had agreed to retire from the representation of his borough rather than stay to fight the petition which had been presented with regard to his seat, for the simple reason that he was a poor man comparatively speaking, and had not the money requisite for a parliamentary defence; such things as these deservedly lower Mr. Roebuck's position in the House, and with all right-thinking men all over the country. Were Mr. Roebuck less impulsive, less irritable, less jealous of himself, he would spare his friends and supporters the repetition of such painful scenes. After enjoying the courtesies of the French at Cherbourg, could anything be more execrable than his insulting references to the women renowned all the world over for fascinations, which might even for a moment have soothed Mr. Roebuck into civility and good temper? It is not thus that public men should act, and sure are we that the public man who thus acts must have great talents, great industry, great honesty, to hold up his head in the face of such things. Granting Mr. Roebuck to have done the state some service as a politician and a man of letters, though in this latter capacity he has not greatly shone in his day, it is obvious that his worst foe has been himself, and that if he had, like all truly great men, been above the suggestions of a childish vanity, he would by this time have taken a higher stand. His success must be in himself, in the verdict of his own heart, in the consciousness that he has been true to his mission, that he has not swerved aside for man's smile or frown. Political independence is rare, and is chiefly effected by eccentricities such as the late Colonel Sibthorp, or Mr. Drummond. In the case of Mr. Roebuck it is often an obstacle in the path of political progress. In spite of Mr. Roebuck's pertinacious egotism, that makes him represent himself as the utterance of the public, he must feel that he is not that.

Mr. Roebuck's references to himself at all times are amusing. We infer, as we glance at his speeches, public education has prospered because it has had Mr. Roebuck's support. On a very recent occasion the severest censure he could pass upon Lord John Russell was, that he had failed to consult Mr. Roebuck. I am the good dog Tearem, says Mr. Roebuck, who guard the lambs who would otherwise be torn to pieces by the ravenous wolf. I am the man, he told the Sheffield people the other day, who says hard things, as if hard-hitting was the *sine qua non* of statesmanship. A man in public life should have no mock modesty; in Mr. Roebuck's case bashfulness has not certainly been carried to excess. An oracle, it was said, warned the Athenians against a man who alone was opposed to the whole city. Phocion claimed the honour of such singularity for himself. When one of his proposals was received with unusual approbation, he turned round to his friends and asked whether he had let anything escape him that was wrong. Bishop Thirlwall tells us, "In his speeches he carefully avoided all rhetorical embellishments, which he had learnt from Plato to consider as a kind of flattery unworthy an honest man, and studied a sententious brevity, which, however, was so enlivened with wit and humour, as often to make a deeper impression than the most elaborate periods. It was even observed by one of his

adversaries that Demosthenes was the best orator, but Phocion the most powerful speaker. And Demosthenes himself, it is said, trembled for the effect of his eloquence when Phocion rose after him, and would whisper to his friends, "Here comes the hatchet to my speech." Mr. Roebuck is, and he seems to pride himself on it, the Phocion of the House of Commons. He must stand alone. He can bear no rival near his throne. He can be as severe on John Bright as Mr. Disraeli, on friends as foes. The right of private judgment, carried to excess, is the vice of modern society, according to Mr. Gladstone's teaching in his "Church in its Relation to the State," and by no one living statesman is this right more rigidly guarded, or occasionally more inconveniently displayed, than by Mr. Roebuck.

His non-success, considered in a worldly point of view, may be in some degree the result of the fact that he has stedfastly set his face against complying with the conditions which insure success. No one ever asked him to play the part of the tribune of the people. The parties in the House are Whig and Tory, and the electors out-of-doors are either the one or the other. It is true the names are rarely heard, but the essential division remains the same. There were Radicals when Mr. Roebuck took his seat for Bath. As he tells us, he has not changed in his opinions since 1832. Well, when he first entered Parliament there had been the greatest political convulsion known in England since 1688. Democracy, flushed with triumph, like a giant refreshed with wine, trod the land. The privileged classes were in despair, and peers and bishops trembled for their very heads. The reäction had not set in which in so short a time nearly undid all the good that the Bill had effected. The mistake of John Arthur Roebuck was in supposing that it never would—that the Reform Bill had ushered in a new era—that the days of corruption and ignorance and darkness were past—that Parliament was to be a grand reality, and that henceforth the people, enlightened, passionless, high-toned, indignant at all petty meannesses, impatient of all party frauds, were to rule the land. In this estimate, in sorrow and shame be it known, Mr. Roebuck made an egregious mistake. To struggle up from the people, not by pandering to the ruling classes, nor to the prejudice of the mob, nor to the caprices of the peers, is a herculean task. The great Sir Robert Peel is an admirable illustration of a successful tactician. He sought power, we grant, for public not personal ends: yet how did he acquire that power? By the most unscrupulous pandering to the passions and prejudices of party. What Protestant prejudices—what Tory prejudices—what Protectionist prejudices—received the sanction of his support, and yet what ruin he wrought to the very prejudices he had not feebly advocated, but solemnly and at times sanctimoniously upheld. Still he succeeded, and became England's model statesman. Roebuck has been the reverse of all this. Not only has he not supported national prejudices, but he has declaimed against them as illogical and absurd. This is a bad plan. If you wish to become a popular statesman, as a democrat, attack the aristocracy; as a dissenter, expose the failures of the State Church; as a churchman, exhibit the weakness and bitterness of dissent; or, as philanthropy is in vogue, become the furious partisan of some of the movements by which a remedy is vainly sought for evils that have resulted from the complications of ages, and you are sure of a party to blow your trumpet and to follow in your wake—to swear that you are a heaven-born statesman, and that you will be immortal. Roebuck has been a standing protest against all this. He has carried this protest to an absurd extent; he has become the victim of this feeling. A life spent in unsuccessful invective has soured him. He reminds us of the hero of Tennyson's "Vision of Sin," as he exclaims

> "Unto me my maudlin gall,
> And my mockeries of the world."

TO ITALY AND THE ITALIANS.

> "Libertas, quæ sera tamen respexit inertem,
> Respexit tamen, et longo post tempore venit."
> VIRGIL.

ITALIA, awake! Let the sun of thy glory
Shine bright o'er the nations, as ever of yore,
With the triumphs of centuries splendid and hoary,
Thy battle-fields fill every league of thy shore.
Here Carthaginian nigh broke the dominion
Of her whom the world as its Mistress revered;
There Gallia pour'd fast her myriads broadcast—
But myriads few for Rome's legions appear'd!

Ere *this* old Ticino hath crimson'd his billow
With the blood of Italians for Italy dead!
Can there be in the world a more glorious pillow
Than the soil of his country for patriot's head?
There unto him lying upon the earth dying,
Death's darkness dispelling, the holy thought comes—
How free hearts' emotion shall bless his devotion,
For ages hereafter, in thousands of homes!

Italia, awake! So long thou hast slumber'd,
Oppressors have deem'd it a sleep of the grave:
Arouse thee, arouse thee—the centuries number'd—
Thine honours to gather, thy children to save!
In accents of thunder, while potentates wonder,
Proclaim thy arising—all fetters to sever;
That the sleep seeming endless to Might and the friendless,
Was yet but of *time*—the awaking *for ever!*

On the brow of the Capitol Liberty standeth,
Her crimson flag lashing the wing of the blast;
And thus like the peal of a trumpet commandeth—
"Forget, O Italians, the ignoble past!
The past with its slavery—treachery—knavery,
Discord of brethren and union with foes,
No more to dismay us, let it vanish, as chaos,
When the morn of creation in splendour arose!

"What matter who rules—so he be but *Italian?*
The foremost in fight shall be fullest in fame!
Slum only, shun only the yoke of an alien,
Endure not the thought of it, hear not the name!
'Tis this that hath stain'd us, 'tis this that hath chain'd us,
Hath robb'd us of that which was justly our own:
'Tis this off us broken shall be the best token
For whoso hereafter would covet our crown!"

Thus Liberty calleth, and, sons of the Romans,
Refuse not the summons to strictly obey!
What heart but a traitor's, for not e'en a woman's,
Would linger to march on that glorious way?
Your fathers before you have trod it, and o'er you,
Italians, are hov'ring the souls of the brave;
Each step they attend you, their mem'ry shall lend you
Strength mighty to hurl despots into their grave!

Be nothing to *you* the dark schemes of intriguers,
Let Emperors, Pontiffs, and Kings plot it out:
But only themselves shall be bound by their leaguers,
Your contract hath nothing of fraud or of doubt:
'Tis writ in the pure air that freely roves ev'rywhere,
In the rush of the billow to Genoa's shore,
In the glad light of heaven to every man given;
These, *these* are your warrants—who dare ask for more!

The world waxes older, the season is nearing,
When Rome's ancient children must rise from their rest:
How choose you, Italians, to front their appearing,
With stripes on the shoulder, or scars on the breast?
O how will you meet them? O how will you greet them?
Say, will you not blush, if in anger they cry,
"Base dastards, where have you the freedom we gave you.
For which we, your ancestors, shunn'd not to die?"

Then rouse you, Italians, away with inaction!
In life and in death as your forefathers be!
True hearts know no death, but the one of subjection,
For the sleep of the tomb makes them wondrously free.
Raise liberty's banner, the storm-blast shall fan her!
For Italy—freedom, unite all as one!
And the dying in glory shall flourish in story,
And the living shall *live indeed*, crouching to none!

There are countries where winter hath reign of the longest,
With darkness and dreariness veiling her head;
Where nature, bound captive in fetters the strongest,
On earth's icy desert seems hopelessly dead:
But soon as the summer sheen glows o'er the frozen scene,
Away, as by magic, is barrenness roll'd!
And scarcely hath winter night taken her sullen flight,
When autumn is shining in purple and gold!

So Italy, bursting the yoke of a master,
Shall arise in her majesty wondrous and strong;
And the blossoms of liberty ripen the faster,
Because that the night of oppression was long!
Thus rise, with the glory of centuries hoary
New chaplets entwining, yet all of the same!
But, Italy, never let any one sever,
From that of thy freedom the path of thy fame!

MISCONCEPTION.

AN INCIDENT IN A FRENCH DILIGENCE.

You have visited France of course. If you have, and have travelled over the road between Calais and Paris, especially if your visit was made before the introduction of railroads, when the old-fashioned, lumbering *diligence* was the only mode of conveyance, you will acknowledge that the road is one of the dullest that you ever passed over, and that the scenery is commonplace and uninviting. Most travellers over that route have a very excusable desire to get on to Paris as quickly as possible, for, in addition to the ordinary fatigue of travelling, in the olden time, the passengers—the male passengers, at any rate, and oftentimes the females—were compelled to alight from the vehicle at the foot of the numerous steep hills, and walk to the summits, whether it were day or night, and, not seldom, when the roads were unusually heavy, which, I believe, was at all seasons, the male passengers were obliged, for their own sakes, to help the passage of the diligence up the steep, by pushing behind. The consequence was that most old stagers took care to supply themselves with books to while away the time during the day, since the landscape offered no attraction to scenery hunters, and endeavoured to secure a seat wherein they could sleep at night, as comfortably, or rather with as little discomfort, as possible.

In the spring of the year 184–, it was my fortune to visit Paris for the —th time in my life. I had travelled by stage from London to Dover during the night, crossed the twenty-one miles of "channel water," on board one of the ill-conditioned steamboats then employed on the route, and immediately on arriving at Calais, had started, *par diligence*, *en route* for Paris, consequently when night again approached, I felt very much fatigued, and was desirous, if possible, of securing a few hours' sleep in the corner of the *interieure*, where with a wise forethought I had snugly ensconsced myself.

All day long the *diligence* had been crowded to excess in all its various compartments, and I was very glad to find, when we stopped to change horses at Amiens, that all the occupants of the *interieure*, save myself, had reached their destination, and that there was a probability of my having that compartment of the conveyance entirely to myself for, at least, the next stage. However, before the *conducteur* again gave his noisy orders to start anew, some fresh passengers demanded admission.

"How many?" thought I. Two only. Heaven be praised for that! I looked to see what manner of men my new companions were. As well as I could perceive by the dim light of the lantern held by the ostler at the door of the *cabaret*, one was a stout-built, florid-complexioned, short man, clad in a blouse, fastened at the waist with a black leather belt, and wearing on his head a convenient felt travelling cap; the other wore a travelling costume of greyish cloth, cut somewhat jauntily, and a close-fitting skull-cap with lappels covering his ears. They were evidently strangers to each other, and both were young men, and, apparently, gentlemen.

"Thank Heaven there are no more," I muttered

internally, and as the horses started with the vehicle, I re-composed myself to sleep. I was, however, soon disturbed by the voice of the first-mentioned passenger, whom I had taken to be a German, and I was confirmed in my opinion by the words he uttered.

He asked, in execrable French, with—I fancied—a strong German accent, whether, since there were no ladies in that compartment of the *diligence*, it would be too disagreeable if he solaced himself with a whiff from his pipe, producing at the same time a highly and beautifully coloured meerschaum.

"By no means, so far as I am concerned," said the second traveller, speaking, in compliment to his German *companion de voyage*, in the German language, but speaking the language abominably, and as I thought, naturally enough—for I had judged him to be a Frenchman as soon as I saw him enter the vehicle—in a French accent. At the same time this gentleman produced a cigar-case. He was evidently glad that his fellow-traveller had introduced the question of smoking, since it afforded him an opportunity of indulging in the luxury of a "weed."

Both looked inquiringly toward me. The weather was warm, the windows might be raised without inconvenience from cold; true, I didn't much fancy being smoke-dried during my anticipated slumbers, but I consented.

"*En avant, messieurs.*"

My French *companion de voyage* politely offered me a cigar from his case.

"*Je vous remercie bien, monsieur,*" said I, with a gentle shake of the head, "*mais je ne fume pas.*"

Tobacco smoke was, in those days, an abomination to me. Both my fellow-travellers lighted their tobacco and commenced to puff away with an appearance of intense satisfaction. The ice now being broken—the pipe is a great leveller, and not only a great leveller, but a great provocative of boon companionship—both gentlemen began to converse freely on various topics, the German speaking always bad French, the Frenchman execrable German; the consequence was they were generally perfectly incomprehensible one to the other, and both answered to the questions put to them ludicrously at random.

At length, by some means or other, for both kept on chattering and misunderstanding each other, it came out that both had been in England. There was a chance that by speaking that language both could get on a little better—could guess better at each other's meaning.

"You can speak Engleesh?" said the Frenchman.

"Yes, I speak Engleesh, me," answered the German.

"Then suppose we speak Engleesh together, you and me? We shall understand, perhaps, more bettare in Engleesh—I no very well speak German."

"Nor I no very well speak French," answered the German.

It was a mutual compact.

"You go on wid the *diligence* to Paris?" inquired the Frenchman.

"No. I stay at Saint Pol, the next stage—you comprehend? I have one friend I shall expect to meet there."

"Me—I go on to Paris," replied the Frenchman.

From this moment until the diligence stopped at the *cabaret* at Saint Pol, a running fire in exquisitely, oftentimes ludicrously, broken English, was kept up by the two smokers, who puffed away together, shook out ashes, threw away cigar-stumps, re-filled, re-lighted, and puffed again, and became such strong friends that I am satisfied that if the thing had been possible, they would have struck a bargain to continue their continental travels in each other's company. The diligence came to a standstill.

"Saint Pol, messieurs," exclaimed the *conducteur*, flinging wide open the door of the *interieure*.

It was nearly broad daylight. Several persons were standing on the balcony of the hotel, some waiting to proceed by the diligence to Paris, others looking out for friends whom they expected to arrive by the same conveyance.

My fellow-traveller in the blouse alighted and looked eagerly around him, as if in search of some well-known face among the crowd of strangers. At length he saw the object of his search.

"Hilloa, Tom!" cried he. "So you are there, eh? Tell the fellows to carry my luggage to your room."

The next moment the two friends were shaking hands, and asking and replying to—in good English—innumerable questions. The little gentleman in the jaunty travelling costume stood aghast with wonder. For some moments his tongue seemed to refuse its office. At length he burst forth in unmistakable Yorkshire:

"Why—what! why, you speak English as well as I do!"

"I am an Englishman," replied the gentleman in the blouse, his countenance scarcely less expressive of annoyance and astonishment. "But you; why have you been talking to me ever since we left Amiens as if I was a foreigner, and couldn't speak my own language?"

"Why—why," stammered the other traveller, "I thought you were a German."

Now, perfectly understanding the case, the gentleman in the blouse burst into a fit of uncontrollable laughter.

"By George! old fellow," he cried, "I took you for a Frenchman. Upon my soul, I did. What a pair of stupid asses we have been making of each other! But, come; there's time enough before the diligence starts—let's drink a glass of wine together. It was a good joke, after all, wasn't it?"

The people around, who were French, looked on at at the laughter, but did not join in the merriment, not comprehending the joke; but I, who had not spoken a word during the journey, and who had been equally deceived in both my fellow-travellers, could not help enjoying the unexpected *denouement*. They observed this.

"Are you an Englishman, sir?" said the gentleman in the travelling dress.

"I am," I replied.

"Then how you must have laughed in your sleeve at us two donkeys—"

"Not I," I returned; "for I was mistaken in you both. I naturally took one of you to be French, the other German."

"Was it so?" they both exclaimed, laughing. "Then come along with us and help us to empty a bottle of wine before the diligence starts."

I willingly accepted the invitation; then, bidding good-bye to the blouse-clad traveller and his friend, the other gentleman and myself re-entered the diligence, and were pleasant companions during the remainder of the journey to Paris, frequently reverting, in the course of our conversation, in English, to the absurd misconception of the last stage from Amiens to St. Pol.

This is a true story. I give it to show how apt people are to entertain the ridiculous idea that a foreigner can understand a language imperfectly spoken, better than he can if it be spoken with propriety. Dickens ridicules this in "Little Dorritt," by making Mrs. Plornish speak broken English to the Italian until she at length persuades herself that her bad English is pure Tuscan. But we see and hear instances of the like absurd misconception every day, in the fashion in which mothers address their infants, and grown people speak habitually to very little children—almost universally talking to them in broken English. The wonder is how, under such tuition, the infant generation ever learn to speak correctly at all, and that the jargon of the nursery does not cling to them in after-life.

HIGHGATE.

If I were inclined to be dull, which I rarely am, save when I open my mouth, I would say Highgate is a village to the north of London, with an ancient history, a great deal of which the reader, if he be not a fool, can imagine, and with a very fine geological formation, indicative of salt-water where it is now very difficult to find fresh. In order also that I may not weary my reader and establish a cheap reputation for a great deal of learning, I will frankly confess that Highgate means High Gate, and nothing more. In old times, right away from Islington Turnpike Gate to Enfield Chace, there was a magnificent forest, and part of this forest extended as far as Highgate. Down in the very heart of it, in Hornsey, the Bishop of London had a castle, and of the Park attached to it Highgate formed a part. When the old road to the north was found impassable, a new one was formed over the hill, and through the Bishop's Park. In those days pious bishops levied toll; to collect this toll a gate was erected, and here was Highgate, and truly does it deserve the name. It is said the hill is four hundred feet above the top of St. Paul's. Be this as it may, near London a lovelier spot is rarely to be met with. Artists, poets, parties in search of the picturesque, cannot do better than visit Highgate. At every turn you come to the most beautiful prospects. When London will consume its own smoke, if that time ever does arrive, the view from Highgate across the great city will be the grandest in the world. On a clear day, standing in the Archway Road—that road esteemed such a wonder of engineering in its day, and forming such a disastrous property for its shareholders (the £50 shares may be bought at about £18 a share)—you may see across the valley of the Thames as far as the Kent and Surrey hills looming obscurely in the distance. Close to the Archway Tavern, but on the other side of the road, is a lofty old-fashioned brick mansion, said to have been inhabited by Marshal Wade, the military hero who did so much for the wars of Scotland, and whose memory is still preserved in the following very remarkable couplet:

"Had you seen these roads before they were made,
You would lift up your hands and bless General Wade."

Well, from the top of this mansion you can see no less than seven English counties. The number seems almost fabulous, and if in accordance with a well-established rule in such cases, we only believe half we hear, enough is left to convince us that the view is one of no common kind; all that is wanted to make the scene perfect is a little bit of water. From every part of the hill, in spite of builders and building, views of exquisite beauty may be obtained. Going down towards Kentish Town, the hill where her Majesty was nearly dashed to pieces by the running away of the horses of her carriage, past where Mr. Bodkin the Barrister lives, past where William and Mary Howitt live, past where the rich Miss Burdett Coutts has a stately mansion, which, however, to the great grief of the neighbourhood, she rarely adorns with her presence, what pleasant views we have before us. It is the same going down past St. Joseph's Retreat to Holloway; and in Swain's Lane, another lane leading back to Kentish Town, you might fancy you were in Arcady itself. Again, stand on the brow of the hill with your back to London, looking far away to distant Harrow, or ancient Barnet, what a fair plain lies at your feet, clothed with cheerful villas, and looking bright and warm. "Upon this hill," says Norden, "is most pleasant dwelling, yet not so pleasant as healthful, for the expert inhabitants there report that divers who have been long visited with sicknesse not curable by physicke, have in a short time repaired their health by that sweet salutary air." In 1661 the Spanish Ambassador, Count Gondomar, excuses his absence from the English court on the plea that he had gone to his retreat in Highgate "to take the fresh aire." The associations connected with Highgate are of the most interesting character. It was coming up Highgate Hill that Dick Whittington heard the bells prophesying that if he would return he would be Lord Mayor of London; a public-house still marks the spot. It was at the bottom of Highgate Hill that the great Bacon—the wisest and not the meanest of mankind, that lie is at length exploded, and must disappear from history—caught the cold of which he died. "The cause of his Lordship's death," writes Aubrey, who professed to have received the information from Thomas Hobbes of Malmesbury, "was trying an experiment as he was taking the air in the coach with Dr. Winterbourne, a Scotchman, physician to the king. Towards Highgate snow lay on the ground, and it came into my Lord's thoughts why flesh might not be preserved in snow as in salt. They were resolved they would try the experiment presently. They alighted out of the coach, and went into a poor woman's house at the bottom of Highgate Hill, and bought a hen and stuffed the body with snow, and my Lord did help to do it himself. The snow so chilled him that he immediately fell so ill that he could not return to his lodgings, but went to the

Earl of Arundel's house at Highgate, where they put him into a good bed warmed with a pan, but it was a damp bed, that had not been laid in for about a year before, which gave him such a cold that in two or three days, as I remember, he (Hobbes) told me he died of suffocation." The Arundel House here referred to does not seem to be the Arundel House still existing in Highgate on the left-hand side as you come up the main road from Islington. The house now bearing that name is said to have been a residence of Nell Gwynne, and during that period was visited by the merry monarch himself. The creation of the title of Duke of St. Albans, which is related to have been obtained by Nell Gwynne in so extraordinary a manner from King Charles, is said to have taken place at this house. A marble bath, surrounded by curious and antique oak-work, is there associated with her name. As the house is now in the possession of a celebrated antiquarian, the Rev. James Yates, M.A., it is to be hoped that it will be as little modernised as possible. More hallowed memories appertain to the next house we come to.

MARVEL'S HOUSE.

Andrew Marvel, patriot, was born 1620, at Kingston-upon-Hull. After taking his degree of B. A. at Trinity College, Cambridge, he went abroad, and at Rome he wrote the first of those satirical poems which obtained him such celebrity. In 1635 Marvel returned to England, rich in the friendship of Milton, who a couple of years after thus introduced him to Bradshaw: "I present to you Mr. Marvel, laying aside those jealousies and that emulation which mine own condition might suggest to me by bringing in such a coadjutor." "It was most likely," writes Mrs. S. C. Hall, "during this period that he inhabited the cottage at Highgate, opposite to the house in which lived part of the family of Cromwell." How Marvel became M. P. for his native town—how he was probably the last representative paid by his constituents, (a much better practice that than ours of representatives paying their constituents)—how his "Rehearsal Transposed," a witty and sarcastic poem, not only humbled Parker, but, in the language of Bishop Burnet, "the whole party, for from the king down to the tradesman the book was read with pleasure,"—how he spurned the smiles of the venal court, and sleeps the sleep of the just in St. Giles-in-the-Fields, are facts known to all. Mason has made Marvel the hero of his "Ode to Independence," and thus alludes to his incorruptible integrity:

"In awful poverty his honest Muse
Walks forth vindictive through a venal land;
In vain corruption sheds her golden dews,
In vain oppression lifts her iron hand,—
He scorns them both, and arm'd with truth alone,
Bids lust and folly tremble on the throne."

On the other side of the way is an old stately red-brick building, now a school, and well known as Cromwell House. I don't find that Cromwell lived there, but assuredly his son-in-law, Ireton, did. His arms are elaborately carved on the ceiling of the state-rooms, the antique stair-case and apartments retain their originality of character, and the mansion is altogether one of very great interest. Mr. Prickett, in his History of Highgate, tells us Cromwell House is supposed to have been built by the Protector, whose name it bears, about the year 1630, as a residence for General Ireton, who married his daughter, and was one of the commanders of his army; it is, however, said to have been the residence of Oliver Cromwell himself, but no mention is made, either in history or his biography, of his ever having lived at Highgate. Tradition states there was a subterraneous passage from this house to the Mansion House, which stood where the new church now stands, but of its reality no proof has hitherto been adduced. Cromwell House was evidently built and internally ornamented in accordance with the taste of its military occupant. The stair-case, which is of handsome proportions, is richly decorated with oaken carved figures, supposed to have been of persons in the General's army,

in their costumes, and the balustrades filled in with devices emblematical of warfare. From the platform on the top of the mansion may be seen a perfect panorama of the surrounding country.

On the hill was the house of Mr. Coniers, Beneher and Treasurer of the Middle Temple, from which, on the 3rd of June, 1611, the Lady Arabella escaped. Her sin was that she had married Mr. Seymour, afterwards

CROMWELL HOUSE.

Marquis of Hertford. Her fate was sad; she was recaptured and died in the Tower. Sir Richard Baker, author of "The Chronicles of the Kings of England," resided at Highgate. Dr. Sacheverel, that foolish priest, died at Highgate. But a greater man than any we have yet named lived here. I speak of Samuel Taylor Coleridge, who lived in a red-brick house twenty years, with his biographer, Mr. Gillman, which house is now inhabited by Mr. Brenton, a surgeon It is much to be regretted that Gillman's Life was never completed, but a monument in the new church, and a grave in the old churchyard, mark the philosopher's connection with Highgate. Carlyle has given us a description of what he calls Coleridge's philosophical moonshine. I met a lady who remembers the philosopher well, as a snuffy old gentleman, very fond of stroking her hair, and seeing her and another little girl practise their dancing lessons. On one occasion Irving came with the philosopher. As the great man's clothes were very shabby, and as he took so much snuff as to make her sneeze whenever she went near him, my lady informant had rather a poor opinion of the author of "Christobel" and the "Ancient Mariner." A contemporary writer, more akin in philosophy to Coleridge than Thomas Carlyle, and more able to appreciate the wondrous intellect of the man than the little lady to whom I have already referred, says, "I was in his company about three hours, and of that time he spoke during two and three quarters. It would have been delightful to listen as attentively, and certainly as easy for him to speak just as well, for the next forty-eight hours. On the whole, his conversation, or rather monologue, is by far the most interesting I ever heard or heard of. Dr. Johnson's talk, with which it is obvious to compare it, seems to me immeasurably inferior. It is better balanced and squared, and more ponderous with epithets, but the spirit and flavour and fragrance, the knowledge and the genius, are all wanting. The one is a house of brick, the other a quarry of jasper. It is painful to observe in Coleridge, that with all the kindness and glorious far-seeing intelligence of his eye, there is a glare in it, a light half unearthly and morbid. It is the glittering eye of the Ancient Mariner. His cheek too shows a flush of over-excitement, the ridge of a storm-cloud at sunset. When he dies, another, and the greatest of their race, will rejoin the few immortals, the ill-understood and ill-requited, who have walked this earth." The poets have always been partial to Highgate. William and Mary Howitt live there at this day. Nicholas Rowe was educated there. It was in one of the lanes leading to Highgate that Coleridge met Keats and Hunt. "There is death in the hand," said he to Hunt, as he shook hands with the author of Endymion. Painters and artists have also been partial to Highgate. George Morland would stay at the Bull, an inn still existing, weeks at a time, and, we may be sure, ran up very handsome scores. An incident that occurred to Hogarth while at Highgate made an artist of him. The tale is thus told by Walpole: "During his apprenticeship he set out one Sunday with two or three companions on an excursion to Highgate. The weather being very hot, they went into a public-house, where they had not been long before a quarrel arose between some persons in the same room; one of the disputants struck the other on the head with a quart pot and cut him very much; the blood running down the man's face, together with the agony of the wound, which had distorted the fea-

tures into a most hideous grin, presented Hogarth, who showed himself thus early apprised of the mode nature had intended he should pursue, with a subject too laughable to be overlooked. He drew out his pencil, and produced on the spot one of the most ludicrous figures that was ever seen. What rendered the piece the more valuable was, that it exhibited an exact likeness of the man, with the portrait of his antagonist, and the figures in caricature of the principal persons gathered around him." One of the names associated with Highgate I find to be that of Hogarth's enemy Wilkes, patriot or demagogue. In his Life I read, "Mr. Wilkes was of the Established Church, but after he was married he often went to Meeting. He lived in a splendid style, and kept a very elegant and sumptuous table for his friends. Among the numerous persons who visited this family were Mr. Mead, an eminent drysalter on London Bridge, with his wife and daughter, who, being also Dissenters, frequently went to the Meeting-house in Southwood Lane, Highgate, in Mr. Wilkes' coach, which was always drawn by six horses, such was his love of external appearance." Going still further back, more renowned characters appear on Highgate Hill. After the memorable battle of Bosworth Field, in which the usurper, Richard, had been slain, it was at Highgate that the victorious Richmond was met by the citizens of London on his triumphal approach to the metropolis. "He was met," writes Lambert, "by the Lord Mayor and Aldermen in scarlet robes, with a great number of citizens on horseback." The Gunpowder Plot is also connected with this interesting locality. It is said, while that old villain, Guy Fawkes, was preparing "to blow up king and parliament, with John and Powdire," the rest of the conspirators had assembled on Highgate Hill to witness the catastrophe; indeed, a driver of the Barnet mail—I fear not the best authority in the world on antiquarian matters—went so far on one occasion as to point out to the writer a bit of an old wall, a little beyond Marvel's house on the same side of the way, as a part of the identical house in which those very evil-disposed gentlemen met. A subterraneous way is also said to have existed from the site of the present church to Cromwell House, and thence to Islington. To me the story seems somewhat doubtful, but the reader is at full liberty to believe it or not as he likes. Let us now speak of the institutions of Highgate: the most modern is the cemetery, which was consecrated by the Lord Bishop of London in May, 1839, and has therefore the merit of being one of the first, as it is undoubtedly one of the most beautiful in situation, of any near London. It contains about twenty acres of ground on the side of the hill facing the metropolis. The approach to it through Swain's Lane conducts the visitor by a green lane rising gradually to the Gothic building which forms the entrance. Entering the grounds, the eye is struck by the taste everywhere displayed. Broad gravel paths on either side wind up the steep slope to the handsome new church of St. Michael's, which is seen to great advantage from almost every part of the grounds. An hour may be very well spent here musing on the dead. Good and bad, rogue and honest man, saint and sinner, here sleep side by side. John Sadleir, but too well known as M. P., and chairman of the London and County Bank, is buried here. Indeed all sects, and callings, and professions, have here their representative men. General Otway has one of the handsomest monuments in the grounds. One of the most tasteful is that of Lillywhite the cricketer, erected by public subscription. Wombwell, known and admired in our childish days for his wonderful menagerie, reposes under a massive lion. One grave has a marble pillar bearing a horse all saddled and bridled. The inscription under commemorates the death of a lady, and commences thus,

"She 's gone whose nerve could guide the swiftest steed."

On inquiry we found the lady was the wife of a celebrated knacker, well skilled in the mysteries of horseflesh and the whip. Holman, the blind traveller, is buried in Highgate Cemetery, and very near him are the mortal remains of that prince of newspaper editors and proprietors, Stephen Rintoul. On the other side the cemetery is buried Bogue, the well-known publisher of Fleet Street. In the Catacombs are interred Liston, the greatest operator of his day, and Pierce Egan, a man as famous in his way. It was only a few days since Sir W. Charles Ross, the celebrated miniature painter, was buried here. Frank Stone sleeps in the same cemetery Haydon, well known for his Dictionary of Dates, and Gilbert a Beckett, still remembered for his comic powers, are amongst the literary men that here await the resurrection morn. A fairer place in which to sleep it would be difficult to choose, in spite of the monstrous trophies of affectation, or ostentation, or affection all round,—in spite of the reminiscences of Cornhill and Cheapside suggested by every other grave. As a rule you had better pass by monuments unlooked at, they do but enumerate the virtues of the illustrious obscure, and the wealth of their survivors.

Of the past we now recall another relic. Lord Byron, in Childe Harold, writes,

"Some o'er thy Thamis row the ribbon'd fair,
Others along the safer turnpike fly;
Some Richmond-hill ascend, some scud to Ware,
And many to the steep of Highgate hie.
Ask ye, Boeotian shades! the reason why?
'Tis to the worship of the solemn Horn,
Grasp'd in the holy hand of Mystery,
In whose dread name both men and maids are sworn,
And consecrate the oath with draught, and dance till morn."

In the notes from whence the above extract is taken, Lord Byron says he alludes to a ridiculous custom which formerly prevailed in Highgate of administering a burlesque oath to all travellers of the middling rank who stopped there. The party was sworn on a pair of horns fastened, never to kiss the maid when he could the mistress; never to eat brown bread when he could get white; never to drink small beer when he could get strong; with many other injunctions of the kind, to all which was added the saving clause, "unless you like it best." Lambert tells us "the oath formerly was tendered to every person stopping at any of the public-houses in the village, which are very numerous, and mostly distinguished by a large pair of horns placed over the signs." I need not add, no horns are seen now. When a person consented to be sworn, he laid his hand on a pair of horns fixed to a long staff, and the

oath was administered. This ridiculous ceremony being over, the juror was to kiss the horns and pay a shilling for the oath to be spent among the company to which he or she belonged. To complete the incongruous character of the ceremony, the father, for such was the style of the person administering the oath, officiated in a wig and gown, with the addition of a mask. The origin of this custom is completely lost, but it was so common at one time, that one man is said to have sworn one hundred and fifty in a day. It appears to have been the fashion to make up parties to Highgate for the purpose of taking the oath, and as a prerequisite for admission to certain convivial societies now no more, the freedom of Highgate was indispensable. The father facetiously said if the son, as the individual sworn was termed, was too poor to pay for wine himself, he was recommended to call for it at the first inn, and to place it to his father's score; "and now, my good son," the formula continued, "I wish you a safe journey through Highgate and this life." If the father's good wishes were realized, one is almost inclined to regret that the ceremony exists no longer. Another ancient institution is the grammar school, founded in 1562 by Sir Roger Cholmeley, Lord Chief Baron of the Exchequer, and after that Chief Justice of the King's Bench.

But we must leave Highgate, now the retreat of the wealthy citizen, and the great North Road, along which coaches galloped almost every minute, and along which lords and ladies posted ere that frightful leveller, the railroad, had been formed. By the favourite omnibuses it is but a sixpenny ride to Highgate from the Bank, but in the good old times, the fare by the stage was half-a-crown. It would do aldermen good to go up its hill, and the city clerk or shopman cannot frequent it too much. Highgate has much the air of a provincial town. It has its Literary Institution, and its police office, and water-works, and gas, its seminaries for ingenious youth of either sex, and its shops filled with miscellaneous wares. The great city is creeping up the hill, and seeking to encircle it with its chains of brick, but it resists lustily, and with its quaint old houses, and fine old trees, will not assume a cockney appearance. I honour it for its obstinacy, and trust that it will be long before it shall have the wicked, busy, towny appearance of the Modern Babylon.

THE OBELISK OF LUXOR.

The Obelisk of Luxor, you know, was presented to the French by the Pasha of Egypt. This huge block of granite had to be transported to Paris from the spot where it originally stood—the temple of Luxor—the ruins of "hundred-gated Thebes"—in Upper Egypt, perhaps five hundred miles from Alexandria.

A canal was first dug from the obelisk to the Nile, by means of which it was floated into that river, where a boat was provided to convey it to the Mediterranean. At Alexandria it was reshipped for Havre, when it was placed upon a sort of raft, made for the purpose, and thus taken, up the Seine, to Paris.

Tedious and troublesome as the journey from Luxor to Paris had been, what still remained to be done was almost all arduous, though it consisted merely in moving it over the few yards of space which intervened between the quay and the centre of the new Place de la Concorde, and fixing it securely there in a perpendicular position. This did not look to be a very difficult thing at first sight; but many an unsuccessful trial was made before the huge, unwieldy mass was propelled. During that time, the Place de Louis XVI. was of course a point of general attraction. Crowds of idlers—*flaneurs*—were on the spot from morning till night.

One day I happened to be there among the rest of the *gobe mouches*, at a pretty late hour of the afternoon. While I stood looking at the workmen, I noticed a sudden scattering of the crowd behind me, caused by the approach of a carriage drawn by a pair of young horses, which had become restive and to some extent unmanageable. The people fled in every direction; so that when I turned about, there was but one person in the road—and he, I very soon saw, was utterly incapable of getting out of the way.

It was a very old gentleman, who was so infirm, apparently, that he could not make any use of his lower extremities. He was sitting in a little wicker coach—something like those in which young children are drawn about by their nurses. There appeared to be no one, however, to draw him. He was directly in the way of the horses, and utterly helpless; but he seemed, nevertheless, as cool and unconcerned as if he had been sitting quietly in his own house, and in the midst of his family.

As no one appeared to be paying any attention to him, I seized his wicker vehicle and pulled it out of the way of the horses, which immediately dashed past, barely missing us. The old gentleman thanked me gracefully and courteously, and while he was speaking, a servant in livery, with a pale troubled countenance, came running up rapidly. He had left his master for a moment to pick up a pair of gloves which he had dropped, and in the mean time what I have mentioned took place.

This little incident led to some conversation between us, and I very soon ascertained that it was no common man whom I had thus stumbled upon. Though he was very infirm in body, it required but a very little attention and observation to discover that his intellect was one of the very first order, and his information almost unbounded.

He recognised me at once as an Englishman, and immediately commenced speaking English with all the ease and fluency of a native. He asked me a number of questions about my own country, and in his remarks showed, evidently though not obtrusively, that he knew more of the subjects under discussion than I did myself. His wit was as keen as a razor, and his knowledge seemed absolutely universal.

Our conversation soon turned upon the incidents in French history, which were connected with the objects around us, and when it seemed likely to be prolonged for some time, he directed his servant to wheel him out of the crowd, and under one of the trees of the Champs Elysees, where there was a seat, which he motioned me to take. I did so, and he commenced the most

interesting conversation, perhaps, to which I have ever listened.

Among other things, I inquired about the king and queen who had been beheaded on the esplanade before us, and he spoke of them as of persons whom he had known intimately for many years ; and I may remark that he spoke in the same way of every ruler of France and every one connected with its government, from the days of Louis XV. down to that month of November, 1836. It was perfectly plain, from the whole tenor of his conversation, that he had been on terms of intimate association with Louis XVI., and his court and ministers ; with all the revolutionary governments, and all their distinguished leaders ; with Napoleon, both as consul and emperor, and all the great men of his time ; with Louis XVIII., and all the magnates of the Restoration ; with Charles X., and all his officers and courtiers ; and finally with Louis Philippe, his family and friends, with all of whom he was intimately acquainted.

It needed but little knowledge of human nature to assure me that all this was the simple truth—the matter-of-fact talk of one who had been so long familiar with kings and emperors, that he looked upon them just in the same light that I would look upon John Smith or Tom Brown.

I asked him if he had been present at the terrible massacre of the 10th of August, 1792. He replied that he had not. He had been in England, and, having been ordered to leave Great Britain within twenty-four hours, had reached Paris the next day after the massacre, and had had a hair's-breadth escape from assassination himself, through a timely warning received from Danton. He then fled to America, and remained in the United States several years, becoming intimately acquainted with all our great men. He was recalled to France by a decree of the Convention, in 1796.

I asked him if he knew Talleyrand. He said he knew very little good of him. I inquired what sort of a looking man Robespierre was. He replied that he was about the middle size, very ugly, marked with small pox, and with eyes that made him look as if he had a perpetual jaundice, the white being of a dirty yellow colour. His features were small and sharp. He always wore green spectacles to hide his ugly eyes. He was very fond of dress, while Marat was a perfect sloven.

Looking along the river, towards the Ecole Militaire, I spoke of the memorable national federation of 1790, when the whole population, king and all, assembled in the Champs de Mars, and took the oath to support the new constitution. He remembered all about it, and remarked that he had a seat from which he could see all that was going on. He told me that a female relative of his, a *religieuse*, had actually foretold all the principal events of the French Revolution, while Louis XV. was yet upon the throne.

At last I thought I would stump him. I inquired about some minute particulars in relation to the Congress of Vienna. No republican and imperialist, I thought, could possibly know much of the minutiæ of that Bourbonistic gathering. But I was never more egregiously mistaken in all my life. If he had borne upon his own shoulders the heads of all the allied sovereigns and their commissions, he could hardly have exhibited a more intimate acquaintance with the history of the Congress, both public and private. In short, the longer I conversed with this remarkable man the more was I astonished at his encyclopediacal information, and the more intensely did I wonder who it could possibly be. In vain I puzzled, and pondered, and turned my brain into a biographical dictionary—the right man was not there.

While I was still guessing and wondering I saw another remarkable-looking person approaching. I had seen him before about the obelisk, and a more perfect original, in looks, dress, and demeanour, I certainly never did see anywhere. There are few places in the world where one sees so many "queer fish" as in Paris ; but even there, this extraordinary figure attracted attention. He was very dark, and had features precisely like those in the Egyptian sculptures. His dress I can compare to nothing, for I certainly never saw anything like it elsewhere. He wore a sort of a turban on his head, and a very short, blue mantle, over the rest of his apparel. I had often heard of an eccentric philanthropist, who will be recollected by all who visited Paris in Louis Philippe's day, and who was universally known as "*L' homme au petit manteau bleu.*" Thinking it possible that this might be the man, I said to my companion :

"Is that '*the man with the little blue cloak?*'"

This man in a little blue cloak, who was not "*the* man with *the* little blue cloak," came directly to the bench where I was sitting, took off his hat, bowed, and seated himself beside me.

"Well, monsieur," said my companion, "they have given up the obelisk for to-day, have they not ?"

"Yes, your highness."

Hillo ! thought I ; a highness, is he ? Is it possible that I have been sitting "cheek by jowl" with a "highness" all this time ?

"A very tedious business, that," remarked the old gentleman. He wanted to draw the antediluvian out.

"Yes," replied the other, speaking a sort of mongrel French, as outlandish as himself ; "it is slow enough, if a thing can be called slow when it don't move at all. But that is because they don't know anything about it. The thing could be set up in half a day, just as well as in half a year ; and better too."

"Very possibly. But who knows how to do it ?"

"I do."

"*You ?*"

"Yes, your highness. I will guarantee that it shall be done, thoroughly and substantially, in four hours ; or failing to do it, I will forfeit fifty thousand francs—ample security being given beforehand for the performance of every promise I may make in relation to it."

"Are you really in earnest ?"

"Never more so in my life, your highness. I have been watching their operations all the week, and they have been a succession of stupid blunders from the first. I can explain my plan to you in ten minutes, and then you can judge for yourself."

"Pray do."

The man proceeded with his explanation. It was brief, but lucid, and made a favourable impression upon "his highness."

"What is your name ?" he asked.

"Thoth, the son of Phthathes."

The old gentleman, I think, was almost as much puzzled with Thoth, the son of Phthathes, as I was with him. He took down his name, however, after eyeing him very keenly, told him he should hear from him, and then, bowing as gracefully as a man without legs could, he was wheeled slowly away.

"For Heaven's sake, tell me who that is," said I, as soon as he was out of ear-shot.

The man seemed astonished at my ignorance. He wheeled about, stared me in the face a minute or two, and then said slowly and deliberately:

"That is Charles Maurice de Talleyrand Perigord, Lord of Quercy, Bishop of Autun, and Prince of Benevento."

How stupid I had been never to think of the only man who could by any possibility be the right man! Several things had tended to deceive me, however. I thought Talleyrand was still in London, as French ambassador to the Court of St. James. I knew nothing of the illness which had caused him to return, quite recently, to Paris. The apparent frankness of the man, too, served to lead me astray.

But I must get on with my story. I have devoted too much time to my confab with the Prince of Benevento, which (I may as well confess it) is rather a hobby of mine; not because he was a prince, but because he was one of the most remarkable men of the age.

The stranger, who both was and was not "the man with the little blue cloak," still sat beside me, gazing at the obelisk.

"And so you really think you could re-erect that Egyptian monument?" said I.

"I am sure of it," replied he.

"May I ask how it is that you are so confident upon the subject, since you never could have raised one, or have seen one raised?"

"And how do you know that, pray?"

I stared at the man, and replied that I knew it just as I knew that two and two make four—it was self-evident.

"Then self-evident propositions are sometimes false," retorted he, "for I *have* raised such obelisks before."

I didn't stare any the less after that, you may be sure.

"Perhaps, then, it was you who raised yonder pillar, when it was first put up, at Luxor?"

"I *was* the person who managed the raising of that obelisk—not at El Uksur, which did not then exist, but on the plain of Thebes."

The fellow was in dead earnest—as serious as a parson.

"And who ruled in Egypt, pray, when that monument was first erected?"

"Thothmes the Second, whom you call Pharaoh."

"And can you tell me who is the author of the hieroglyphic inscriptions upon it?"

"The inscriptions on three of its sides were composed by Moses, the son of Amram, the Hebrew. He would have furnished them all, but he happened to get into a quarrel with a cousin of mine, killed him, and fled to the desert."

To hear the man say this in such perfectly sober, serious earnest, was more than my gravity could stand, and an explosion of laughter, long and loud, was the consequence. I apologised, as soon as I could find breath; but Thoth, the son of Phthathes, paid no attention, apparently, either to the offence or the apology.

I could not speak without laughing, but I hazarded one more question.

"Pray tell me," said I, "how it is that you have managed to preserve yourself from the days of Moses down to the present time?"

"By having myself carefully embalmed," answered he, with solemn earnestness.

That finished me, and I did nothing but giggle for the next half hour; while the Egyptian looked expressively his wonder at what I could possibly see to laugh at.

This singular being may have been insane—probably was, to some extent; but there was a method in his madness. He was a man of great learning; but it was mostly of so recondite a character, that few were found to appreciate it. I think he must have been a native of Egypt; but of his real history I know nothing. He appeared to have some curiosity about the English, and for that reason, I suppose, he kept—or rather tolerated—my company.

That this man knew more of Egyptian hieroglyphics and antiquities than any man living is beyond a doubt. Our conversation was very often on this subject, and I was eager to learn all I could from him. He always appeared to have plenty of money, and I heard him say, repeatedly, that he who could read the mystic lore of Egypt need never want for gold. He seemed to value it no more than dross.

These remarks were not without their influence upon my mind. The study of hieroglyphics became almost my sole pursuit, if I except numerous but unavailing efforts to "pump" Thoth the son of Phthathes, on the subject of Egyptian gold and hidden treasures.

One morning, in early spring, I called at the residence of the obelisk-raiser and found that he had left Paris, and gone—no one knew whither. The porter handed me a roll of paper (or rather papyrus), which was directed to me, and sealed. It contained a fac-simile of certain hieroglyphics inscribed upon the Obelisk of Luxor, with a key for reading them, and also directions for finding the original position of the obelisk in Egypt. I have the scroll still, and will show it to you. I had already a good deal of knowledge on the subject of hieroglyphics, but as the obelisk was now in an upright position, I had never attempted to decipher any of its characters except those near the base. Those of which I had now a transcript were situated more than half-way up the pillar, and were altogether new to me.

Having sought the privacy of my own chamber, I applied the key to the hieroglyphics, and read the following sentence:

"Dig under my pillar, half way between noon and sunset, on the afternoon of the longest day in the year, and there will be revealed to thee more gold than would overlay my whole surface, from top to bottom."

My curiosity and cupidity were both aroused to the utmost, and there was besides a spice of romance about this thing which was very attractive to me. I could not doubt the correctness of the reading of the hieroglyphics; but, even if I had been sure of obtaining no

pecuniary benefit, I would probably have followed up the affair, out of mere curiosity. I could never rest contented now till I had gotten to the bottom of it—supposing it to have a bottom.

The interpretation which I put upon the oracle of the obelisk was this: "Dig under the point which the shadow of the head of the column [in its original position, of course] reaches, in the middle of the afternoon, at the period of the summer solstice, and you will find gold in abundance."

I would have gone to Egypt immediately, but I was obliged to wait for the arrival of additional funds. Having secured the lodgement of a pretty large sum at an English banking-house in Cairo, I left Paris in the month of May. I had sent for two stout, faithful fellows—whom I knew I could depend upon in any emergency. I chartered a boat at Cairo, started up the Nile, with oars and sail, and after an exceedingly interesting voyage of near five hundred miles, I reached the ruins of Thebes only two days before the summer solstice—that is, on the 19th of June.

I soon found the chief difficulties I would have to contend with would arise from the inhabitants of the country, and the government officials, both of whom were jealous of strangers and exceedingly apprehensive of their carrying off treasures.

There was an old fellow, half Italian and half Turk, who lived at El Uksur, and held some sort of local office under the government. To escape his lynx-eye was impossible. I was therefore obliged to bribe him. I told him what I was about to do, and promised him if he would secure me from interruption, and do what he could to assist me, I would give him £50: and if I found the treasure, I would make it £500.

With the aid of the dark nights, my men and old Abdallah Meschi, I accomplished my purpose. Having ascertained the original position of the obelisk, and marked the spot which its head reached, on the 21st of June we dug down, at night, to the distance of four or five feet, in the desert sand; and you can judge of my exultation when we came to a wooden box, covered with a thick coat of bitumen, such as is used in the preparation of the mummies. But there is many a slip, alas, between the cup and the lip! When I seized the box with trembling eagerness, I found that it was *not* heavy. I broke it open, and found nothing in the inside but a bit of sheet copper, covered with hieroglyphics, similar to those on the obelisk.

Having carefully attended to the filling up of the hole, I betook myself to my chamber, and examined the inscription. Having been hermetically sealed up all these thousands of years, the copper was hardly tarnished, and the figures were perfectly distinct.

I spent the rest of the night in examining them, and by morning I had made out this:

"Go to Ophir, and you will find gold enough to overlay the pillar from top to bottom."

Had I then been enticed hither, and induced to be at all this expense and trouble, merely to learn that there is gold in Ophir?—merely to know what everybody has known since the days of King Hiram and the Queen of Sheba? It might be a matter of some interest to an antiquarian to discover that the ancient Egyptians were acquainted with Ophir; but it was gold I was looking for—not antiquities. "Imagine my pheelinx!" as the susceptible Yellowplush hath it.

As I sat gnawing my nether lip with vexation, it suddenly occurred to me that Ophir here might have another meaning. I knew that there was a compartment of the Obelisk of Luxor which was called Ophir. Might not that be the Ophir alluded to? In ten minutes' reflection I had convinced myself that it was so, and had come to the determination to return to Paris for the purpose of examining that Ophir.

One month later I was in Paris. The great question was how to get at the hieroglyphic Ophir, which was so near the top of the obelisk, that I could hardly discern the figures in it with a telescope. It was no easy task to get a satisfactory view of the thing, certainly; but I should have been desperately mortified if I had allowed those old "slow coaches" of Pharaoh's to get the better of me; so, in Yankee phrase, I was "bound to go ahead." The first thing I did was to bribe the gendarmes. I told them I wished to study the hieroglyphics near the top of the pillar, and that I could not do it by daylight without making my operations very inconveniently conspicuous. They promised not to see me. So one moonlight night, or rather morning, about half after one o'clock, I flew a small kite near the top of the obelisk, and let it down on the opposite side, in such a way that the kite-string lodged on the summit. To the end of the string, which I held in my hand, I then attached one end of a strong rope, about the length of the obelisk, to the other end of which was fastened a light and convenient, but very strong, rope-ladder made of silk. Then going round to my kite, which lay on the ground, I hauled away at that end of the string, till I had, with much difficulty, succeeded in pulling the whole of the thick rope over the top, thus raising one end of the rope-ladder to the summit, and leaving the other on the ground.

I now had on one side the silken rope-ladder, and on the other the strong rope to which it was attached, reaching down to the ground. Now by fastening the lower end of that rope to a stout post, I had the ladder on the other side fixed securely in its place at the top.

This tedious and troublesome job having been accomplished, I provided myself with a dark lantern, a small portfolio, paper, pencil, etc., and thus equipped, I stationed my men at the bottom to hold the ladder, and then mounted it. I was an active fellow in those days, and I found no difficulty in making the ascension; and having arrived at the level of the compartment called Ophir, I hastily copied the hieroglyphics included within it.

Names of some kind are attached to all the various compartments of this obelisk. Ophir was one of the smallest, and the highest but one. The job was soon accomplished. I then descended, unshipped my apparatus, and went home. Before going to bed I had deciphered the hieroglyphics, which were few in number. The meaning was in substance as follows:

"Dig still one cubit deeper under my pillow, and thy perseverance shall infallibly be rewarded."

So, then, the treasure was probably lying at the bottom of the hole in which I had already been digging, and where I should have found it if I had only gone deep enough. This thing of being bandied about

"from post to *pillar*"—from Europe to Africa—was not agreeable, certainly; but no thought of "giving it up so" ever occurred to me. I was determined to see the end of it. With all possible expedition, I returned to Egypt, re-opened the hole, dug it deeper and drew out in triumph another box, more than twice as large as the other one, and more than fifty times as heavy. It was as much as four of us could do to lift it out.

This box, like the first, was made of wood, and covered with many alternate layers of bitumen and linen, being swathed up very much like a mummy, and made perfectly air-tight. We made a hole in the top of it, and one of the men holding the lantern, I looked in. I must confess that I have seen few sights, in all my eye's experience, which appeared to me more dazzlingly magnificent than that of the bright yellow ingots with which the box was filled almost to the brim. It was not coin, nor bars exactly, but pieces of various sizes and shapes, with stamps upon them, in Enchorial characters, marking no doubt their weight and value.

Before daybreak, the box was safely and secretly stowed away on board my boat; and having joyfully counted out to Abdallah Meschi five hundred golden sovereigns, and promised to send him five hundred more, I left Thebes for ever.

I did not return to Paris with my treasure, but took it to Liverpool. Previous to passing it through the Custom House, I opened the box, and took out half-a-dozen of the smaller pieces, intending to ascertain their exact value, and thus make a general estimate of what the whole was worth. I had already had the box and its contents weighed.

I stepped into a bullion dealer's shop, threw one of the pieces on the counter, with the air of a millionnaire, and asked what it was worth. The man stared at the thing, then stared at me, then looked down at the ingot again, and finally said—"It is worth about *two pence*."

"About *what?*" faltered I, hardly able to speak.

"About two pence—for old brass."

WHY DON'T THE MEN PROPOSE?

In the immediate neighbourhood of Manchester the above question appears to have excited considerable interest. In that busy region men fall in love and get married, and have families and are gathered to their fathers, just as do the rest of her Majesty's subjects in other parts of the United Kingdom. But it seems the Lancashire witches are many of them still in their parent's hands. Paterfamilias gets anxious. Deeply revolving the question under the signature of "a Family man," he sends the following letter to the Editor of the *Manchester Examiner and Times*. "Sir, Your cosmopolitan journal," he writes to the Editor, "must have many readers interested in the question 'Why don't the men propose?' It would be dangerous to say I have found the entire solution to this enigma, for fear of disclosing a mare's nest; but I will warrant that one of the most powerful causes of the shyness of men in matters matrimonial, is the frequency of breach of promise prosecutions.

"A lady may be quite justified in prosecuting the man who has deceived her, but is she wise in doing so? Or if acting wisely for herself, does she not lower the character of her sex? Men think so, depend upon it. Your wavering, undecided, fastidious bachelor is a great newspaper reader, and devours breach of promise cases, and after reading that Miss Tepkins has obtained so many hundred pounds' damages against Mr. Topkins, soliloquises:—'Hmmph! It seems, then, that the best salve for a wounded heart is gold. Bah! women only marry for a home. It is clear the woman is the only gainer, else why estimate her disappointment at so many hundred pounds? She gives a man nothing for his promise to marry but her heart (if that), and how much is *it* worth? what recompense can he get from her should she steal back the heart she professes to have given him! I'll take jolly good care I never make a promise of marriage to a woman (which means a bond for so many hundred or thousand pounds). No; if I marry, I marry; but catch me promising.' And thus, for fear of being trapped into committing himself, he avoids the society of women (where he might learn not only to really love, but to see the sophistry of his reasoning), and eventually settles down into old bachelorhood.

"What do the ladies say to this? Don't let them think I am a crusty old bachelor. Heaven forfend! I protest my supreme admiration of the fair sex, and had better say I am,

A Family Man."

"An unmarried young girl" replies: "Sir, In looking over your valuable paper of to-day, I saw a letter headed, 'Why do not the men propose?' which I read with great interest, as I found that the writer, although of the opposite sex, was of the same opinion as myself, in regard to ladies prosecuting their late lovers for breach of promise of marriage. I do think it shows in them a mean spirit of revenge, of which a lady should not be guilty. It certainly does look as if they thought more of a shelter, a name, and a ring, than they do of a comfortable home and a loving and affectionate husband. I do not think it wise of them, as it must lower themselves and all their sex in the estimation of the other sex. Besides, it does not speak much of their love for their lovers, for you know love hides many faults. I have never been deceived by any man, and I hope I never may, but the best advice I can give to my poor deceived sisters is to try and forget their faithless swains, and leave them to the stings and reflections of their own consciences, which will be a far greater punishment to them than parting with thousands of gold and silver. Let them be thankful that they have shown themselves in their true colours before they had entered on a life of unhappiness and misery, feeling assured that the man who could deceive a fond, loving woman is a man of no principle at all. For my own part, I would scorn the man who had ever proved false to a woman,—I would not trust him even in business."

"A Family Woman" next appears on the stage. She makes mincemeat of the Family Man, and concludes with doubting the very fact which form the foundation of the interesting correspondence.

"Sir!" she exclaims indignantly, "A few months ago we had a revelation from a 'Father of Young Girls,' that the way to his heart was through his stomach, and

his belief was, that scrubbing and cookery were the 'whole duty of woman.'

"To-day a 'Family Man' verifies the old adage that 'the way to a man's heart is through his pocket.' A 'wavering, undecided, fastidious bachelor' would be quite willing to engage so trifling a thing as the affections of a woman, but would be most unwilling to pay through his pocket, should caprice or 'fastidiousness' lead him to a transfer of his valuable (shall I say?) heart.

"I think this shows at least that the views of Topkins bachelor (possessing all the attractive adjectives above mentioned) are at least as interested as those of Tepkins spinster, who would be quite justified, on reading the supposed soliloquy of Topkins, in rejoining, 'And I'll take jolly good care I never marry a man whose suspicion and wariness could anticipate such a result.'

"Surely the breach of promise cases are not so numerous as to warrant the 'Family Man' in supposing that he has discovered 'one of the most powerful causes of the shyness of men in matters matrimonial.' But, granting their frequency, it should be allowed that in the majority of cases the suit is instituted by mercenary 'parents,' and the really injured person may be suffering as much from publicity as the author of her trouble. Then, again, excited feelings in some natures take the unamiable form of revenge, and would sometimes cause a woman to hurt herself to give pain to a man who has grossly injured and wounded her; therefore it is by no means fair to attribute the 'breach of promise' cases entirely to the desire of obtaining money compensation.

"No word need be said as to the 'wisdom' of the proceeding. Of course a woman 'lowers herself' who has recourse to law in such a matter; who would dispute it? 'Bah! women only marry for a home'—not *all* women, any more than *all* men marry for the sake of having a comfortable housekeeper. Much more could be said in answer, but I fear to trespass on your space. One question, however, I will ask in conclusion. There has been much raving about the disinclination of the men to marry, but I do not recognise it as a fact. Has it ever yet been proved beyond a doubt that the men really 'don't propose?'"

"Claudia Stewart" administers another blow to the Family Man. She says, "Sir,—I cannot but fancy that your Hull correspondent, 'A Family Man,' must have been rather at a loss for something to dilate upon, judging from the subject which he has selected. The gentleman in question should not by any means have omitted to have stated how long he has shared connubial bliss, or whether his protest against breach of promise actions was influenced by 'a scene.' An action for breach of promise of marriage appears to me as just as any other breach of contract. I am sure no sensible gentleman would so far forget himself as to persist in a suit which he had not an idea of honourably terminating. I do not ever recollect reading a report of a 'breach of promise case' in which there was not abundant cause by reason of the gentleman's (?) heartless proceedings, for the action at law and subsequent pecuniary punishment. A sort of intuitive feeling would intimate to the 'would-be proposer' that he could never fully appreciate the lady to whom he at present was paying court, and hence a mutual declaration would avert all unpleasantness. It is only a wanton trifling with a girl's feelings which would (and even then unwillingly) induce law proceedings. By a generally conceded opinion, ladies are not expected (leap-year excepted) to declare the state of their feelings, but must willingly wait for some kind admirer to spare them the trouble of so doing. There is thus an inequality of chances in respect of being suited, which is scarcely counterbalanced by their most potent prerogative, of which 'A Family Man' (has he any elderly unmarried daughters?) would deprive them."

Here for the present the controversy has ended. Amongst the answers to correspondents in the *Manchester Examiner*, Feb. 2, we see an intimation to Paterfamilias to the effect that there has been a great deal of correspondence on the subject, and conclude that Paterfamilias had intended having his say had not the Editor so despotically interfered. We regret this for the sake of our lady readers. They have a direct interest in the question, and we trust that it will not be long—for we are sure the lady readers of the "National" are all as good as they are pretty and witty—before they will cease to ask, Why don't the men propose?

A PLEASANT WAY HOME.

Thomas Cresswick, R.A., whose picture of "A Pleasant Way Home" we have engraved on the opposite side, was born at Sheffield in 1811, and exhibited at the Academy in 1828 Views in North Wales at first, then in Derbyshire and by the Wye. Mr. Cresswick (says the writer of the notice in the "Men of the Times") has united the perfection of aërial perspective in his distance, with precision in the foregrounds. He seems to take a secret pleasure in unravelling the mysteries of intricate groves as they over-arch the front stream, of which he renders the evanescent form and colour with the hand of one who has spent many long summers of careful thought and observation amid such scenes. The beholder has a perfect confidence in the painter, whose happy gift it is to receive and translate nature with an admirable fidelity and truthfulness. Surely the landscape painters ought to be amongst the happiest people in the world. As one looks at these charming works of Mr. Cresswick, one fancies the painter happy in his serene occupation amidst such beautiful scenery, tracing the course of the river, the forms of rocks, and the play of sunshine amid the leaves. What a sweet picture is that we have given; from the turmoil and trouble of life to go such a way home is a privilege accorded to but few. Let us hope just such a way leads to the artist's home, and that at the end there greet him kindly welcomes and happy thoughts. Mr. Cresswick was elected Associate of the Royal Academy in 1842, and Royal Academician in 1851. One of his latest commissions has been an extensive one from the Messrs. Grundy, of Manchester, to paint a series of pictures from the scenery of North Wales for publication in lithograph—a companion series to the Lake Scenery executed by Pyne for the same enterprising house. Mr. Cresswick was one of the artists intrusted with the task of arranging the Gallery of Modern Paintings at the Manchester Exhibition in 1857. On all sides it it confessed he has deserved all the honours he has achieved.

A PLEASANT WAY HOME.

THE SHADOW IN THE HOUSE.

BY JOHN SAUNDERS.

Author of "Love's Martyrdom," &c.

CHAPTER I.

THE HOUSE.

If you have ever travelled from Leatham to Norworth, in the County of ——shire, by the last remaining coach of the district (for the railway has not yet touched this part), you must have noticed as you crossed the little heath about seven miles from Leatham (where the furze seems to be never tired of blossoming) a double row of black, aged yews, on the right of the road, and which guide the eye through a kind of avenue between them to a pair of iron gates on the border of the heath. Over those gates spreads in every direction, while ascending to a great height, one of the finest and most striking of our forest trees, the purple beech; and through its very centre stream forth, and droop gracefully over the gates, touching the very heads of the passers-by, the green tresses of a laburnum; beautiful even now, when its flowers have passed, through its contrast in colour and form with its gigantic neighbour and patron.

The gates are open as usual; and we need not wonder at that when we perceive the place they are supposed to guard. It is a wide and winding lane, a scene of tangled beauty and luxuriance. Self-sown trees, apparently,—for what hand would have so oddly, or could have so felicitously, dispersed them?—grow all along the way; crab-apple, silver-coated birches, and mountain ashes, with their fruit just reddening; leaving, it is true, a tolerably clear and unbroken road between them for carriages, and the ground is there firm and even. But at the sides, which assume occasionally almost the aspect of little bits from a dark cathedral aisle, the ground swells and sinks, narrows and widens, in the most pleasantly careless fashion, with little knolls studding it at intervals; and you cannot walk without the fear of crushing at each step some wild flower, so thickly is the soil enamelled with bloom. But it is the banks that are the glory of this lane, rising so high, and exhibiting such a continual change. In some parts there are tall slender trees, the roots of which come out over your head, knotted picturesquely against the red soil. The banks are, indeed, a perfect wilderness of tree and branch, and leaf and flower, and wild fruit. Here you see a path abruptly mounting, which will take you into the thickest parts, and run along through the green covert, quite out of sight of the lane—or, indeed, for that matter, of everything else; and there you will find it as suddenly and capriciously descend, as though the only object had been to aid the hunters for birds' nests, or the sloe or blackberry-loving children, or, perhaps, simply to hint to the thoughtless wayfarer —"Come and see what a little world there is up here, quite away from your own great world below!"

But we soon come to a cross-barred gate, just where the lane narrows, and the high banks draw near to each other; and through that gate, and an avenue of chestnuts beyond, we get our first glimpse of Bletchworth Hall, the residence of Mr. Bletchworth Dell. It is only the corner of this side of the building that is visible, just a strip from the ground to the roof, for the trees prevent one seeing more of all that portion of it which stretches away to the right. The strip reveals a grassy slope, ascending as from a moat, surmounted, next the building, by a low terrace wall, a handsome bay window above, and, still higher, a gable roof. As we draw nearer we perceive that a broad gravel walk interposes between the house and the low wall of the moat; and that the latter has been filled up on the right, but extends with its low terrace wall in front of the bay window, to the corner, where a vase with scarlet geraniums breaks its level line; then, turning at right angles, it goes along the whole front of the building, and disappears round the corner at the further extremity. The sides of the parts of the moat that have been thus preserved have been turfed over; and the effect of the long-continued slope, rising from the depths of the earth, and its wall-edging, has been to give to the entire mansion a kind of airy dignity of position—to show it as seated majestically on a noble terrace, and to suggest an idea of actual elevation of the soil, which is by no means correct.

The road here divides. The branch to the right goes round to the back of the house, and through trees which come quite up to the Hall, and allow its very irregular side to be visible only by glimpses. Take care! you are now within the range of a pair of fierce eyes, that are peering at you through long shaggy black hair: Nero, the watch-dog, has a kennel close by, and if you pause or appear undecided as to which way you will go, he will set up a ferocious howl, and an interminable barking. He lies in the way to the kitchen, and is particularly suspicious of visitors to that quarter. But if you move on the beaten and carefully-defined way to the left (that leads round the outside of the lawn through a perfect arcade of laburnum trees), as all honest visitors should; and make no dubious or suspicious movements, such as men of sense always avoid, Nero will content himself with a low growl that says plainly enough, "Umph! all right, I suppose; but mind, if it isn't, I'm here."

And, pausing opposite the Hall at the first break in the enclosure of evergreens, we look in upon one of the most charming lawns that even this lawn-loving country can exhibit; unrivalled for its delicious, springy, tender-hued, velvety sward (I suspect the dry moat has something to do with that, it carries away so much water after heavy rains); unrivalled for its collection of standard roses, with stems that here seem always graceful and natural—with blooms that appear to be unassailable by canker or insect; unrivalled for the few flowering or choice trees that it admits in proximity to the flower beds (Mr. Dell ransacked the country to find the largest and most perfect specimens, and spent no little money and time in getting them safely transplanted, and you see how they flourish—these pines, and araucarias, double red hawthorns, and double red peaches, and double white cherries—these tulip-trees, and magnolias, and imperial pawlonias, and, above all, these most graceful and varied weeping trees scattered about); unrivalled in the exquisite colours and forms of the flower-beds, and the symmetrical, and harmonious, and reciprocating curves of the gravel paths, which are covered with white powdered sea-shells—

colours and forms which only a painter's eye could have foreseen and arranged; unrivalled, lastly, in that magnificent sloping high belt of rhododendrons, with lower-growing azaleas in front, the whole in gorgeous bloom, and which make the eye almost quiver with a sense of oppressive delight, so wondrous, so enchanting, is their splendour. But, in fact, Mr. Dell, the owner and author of this lawn, for he planned it, *is* an artist in taste and feeling, if not in actual display on the canvas, and even there he is supposed to show some power. And Mr. Dell has for his gardener a man who is the admiration and terror of every hortienltural society within a hundred miles, for no prize is safe from his skilful and rapacious fingers. You may understand, therefore, how it is that, with such limited space, and with Mr. Dell's moderate means, this lawn has become famous through the whole neighbourhood.

Continuing along the road, which presently sinks as it rounds the next corner to draw nearer to the Hall, and sinks so deeply that those who walk on the lawn look right over it, and over its laburnum fringe and the coppice beyond to the open country, and the picturesque range of low hills in the distance; we soon reach another turn, which, cutting off an angle of the lawn, takes us to the old bridge of the old moat, still existing—and a marvellous piece of solid masonry it is—and, crossing that, we stand on the broad gravel terrace, in the centre of the Hall front, and directly opposite the square, four-pillared, projecting porch and entrance.

And now your eye falls inquisitively on a small but remarkable piece of building, looking like a bit of domestic architecture fetched bodily out of the fifteenth century, and set down here for the wonder of the people of the nineteenth. Yes, that building, projecting itself so oddly forward, so rich in timber-work and carvings, and so full of glass windows in quaint patterns, is the sole remaining relic of an extensive manorial residence, erected towards the close of the fifteenth century. It is formed of stone and timber, faces three ways, and each face presents the same peculiarities—a ground storey, nearly all window; sumptuous carvings above, forming a kind of cornice to the next storey, which projects greatly forward, having a similar expanse of window; and above this yet a third storey, also projecting in advance of the one beneath, but having a smaller lattice window, and high-pitched gable roof; the edges of the latter enriched all the way up by the varying outlines of the carved woodwork until they meet and terminate in a quaint peak and gilded vane.

Mark the deeply-cut inscription, in old English, on the woodwork—

Finis. Prase ye Lorde. Anno Domini MCCCCXCIII.
Ryehardc Gale, Carpeder.

Within, there is but one room on each storey, so that the three exterior windows on the three faces are, in truth, but one; and picturesque rooms they are, with such bay windows to illuminate them. It is a great mistake to imagine the older forms of Tudor domestic architecture were necessarily subject to the disadvantage of gloomy interiors. On the contrary, one wonders, as one looks at this fine old remain, how our forefathers managed to bear such an excess of light. Who built this, the beginning of the present Hall, cannot now be discovered; but the family know very well who it was that destroyed the old pile, all but this piece. They have not forgotten, nor are they likely to forget, Sir Richard Bleytchworthe, knight and alderman of London, merchant, of the time of James the First; who purchased the property towards the close of a successful commercial career from a Catholic family, which had been broken down by the persecutions to which they had been subjected during the latter part of Elizabeth's and the early part of James' reign, and by the ill-advised plots into which those persecutions tempted them. It is said (though merely as a tradition) that some Jesuit priests were concealed here for a long time, in some secret room or place that no art of the seekers could discover. Sir Richard, on making the purchase, finally closed his ledger and counting-house, and came down to Bletchworth to spend the rest of his days as a country magnate. He found the old pile (as he tells us in the careful records he left behind) for the most part rotten and worthless; so, with excellent good sense, he determined merely to preserve as a memento of ancient splendour and style the soundest part that remained, restore that thoroughly but accurately, and then get rid of the rest, and erect a more suitable habitation for the long line of descendants that he hoped were to follow in due succession. So he added, in the latest Tudor style (that of his day), which harmonized sufficiently with the ancient relic without impairing its individual effect, a piece to the right; and a piece to the left, including the gateway and porch, thus giving due breadth to the front; then, turning at right angles, and continuing the building, he inclosed on three sides a small inner square, or court; and then—before the workmen had removed their tools—he died. The fourth side was then formed by a part of the moat. This was only built on during the beginning of the present century, when Mr. Daniel Bletchworth, the last of the family in the direct line, thought he should want more stable-room to accommodate the guests he intended to invite, while sitting as member for the borough of Leatham—which he intended to represent—erected this, the latest portion of Bletchworth Hall; and as he did not trouble himself about style, or even care to have an architect, he left the whole to a country builder, whose work, in its hideous plainness, would have ruined the whole exterior, but that Mr. Daniel's wife, who seemed to live but to repair or to gloss over his errors or absurdities, caused the inner face to be covered with ivy and Virginian creeper; which has grown so luxuriantly that now even the shape of the windows and doors is hardly discoverable. And so, oddly enough, the result is that that rich wall of living green, with its deep bold archway beneath in the centre, and with its line of battlements on the top, now lends new grace and meaning to the architecture of the other three sides of the court, by reminding one of the old manorial days when defence was necessary; by its contrast in form and colour to the architecture of the other three sides; by the sense of relief it affords to the eye; and by its half-suggestions of the open country beyond, which is thus pleasantly veiled. As to the autumnal effect of that wall you may guess what it must be then, when the Virginian creeper appears in all its colour-glory.

There is one more feature of the Hall—and one only, to which I must draw your attention before I begin my

story; and that is the muniment room of Sir Richard Bleytchworthe, on the west or further side of the Hall, which, like the east or avenue side, is closely—far too closely—pressed in upon by fine old trees, that no owner has had the heart to cut away. As we go thither, repassing the gravel walk in front of the Hall, we are tempted to pause for an instant, and listen with shut eyes to the sounds that fill the air. Vainly you try to disentangle them. Many—and the sweetest—are faint, distant, and inexplicable. But there are doves cooing from a little summer-house; there is a peacock sending out now and then his unearthly cry, which puzzles me now, as it has puzzled me before, to decide whether it is most like a trumpet clang, or some wild scream of terror. Bees are humming and buzzing cheerily. Then there are sudden rushings and clappings of wings from a cloud of pigeons overhead, before they settle on the gable roof of the relic of the old moated mansion. But above all, listen to the songs of the birds from the neighbouring orchard, which is as famous for them as for its patriarchal apple-trees and mystic mistletoes, with those cold, grey, bloodless, but lustrous berries for eyes. It is the belief of the neighbourhood that there are more thrushes, and blackbirds, and songsters of all kinds in and around the Hall, than in half the county beside. Really to-day it should seem so.

But we have turned the far corner; and there, in a deep and dark recess of the architecture, we perceive a winding flight of steps on the face of the wall; green with little tufts of grass which force themselves up through the cracks, and which lead to a little stone balcony, and thence to the room where Sir Richard Bleytchworthe used to sit during the rebuilding of the Hall, and jot down the wages of the labourers, and a host of other details of expenditure, very uninteresting to all but himself just then, but which would gladden the heart of many an antiquary now, if Mr. Dell would but let them be published in illustration of the condition and habits of the people of the fifteenth century. There the papers are, at all events, in that great iron-banded, black, oaken chest, in Sir Richard's favourite room, if any zealous Dryasdust cares to look after them.

As to Sir Richard, I suspect the meaning of the external staircase that he had put to this room was, that he found it so convenient for slipping down unexpectedly upon the workmen, to see if they were idling, or putting bad work into the fast-rising Hall. The room is now equally a favourite with Miss Grace Addersley, Mr. Dell's cousin, from Virginia, who came here at his invitation after her father's death, bringing her mother with her, just ten months ago, and who is now the virtual mistress of the Hall, pending the time when Mr. Dell shall marry.

Yes, Miss Grace Addersley has this room; and she and her mother occupy the apartments extending from here to the front overlooking the lawn, in this wing of the Hall. Perhaps she is there at present. She is fond of looking through the heavy square window, surmounted by the three fantastically shaped peaks of stone, the middle one rising higher than the others, and the whole so strongly relieved against the sky by that soft billow of white cloud that crosses it. The ivy has collected in a thick mass between the window and the peaks, and falls heavily in gloomy festoons half over the window. Generally, no touch of colour kindles the dead grey stone of this window and its dividing mullion, or of the little stone balcony, or of the greenish grey of the steps, or of the murky watery blackness of the glass; but at this moment, perhaps through some door in the room being opened, and letting in a ray of sunshine from the inner court (the only way it ever gets it), there is a little play of light on the window from within, which makes the stained pane of glass at each of the corners glow forth like four blood-red lights. Were it not for this unusual radiance you could not see the heavy fringe of burnished gold hanging below the upper panes. Stay—what is that bit of doubtful light in one of the middle panes? Ah! yes, it is a face! *her* face, no doubt; turned sideways from the neck—a still face, slightly drooped, with strong white brows bent forwards, and eyes that are quite invisible to us, gazing on, on, right under the two black cedars, into the impenetrable gloom of Grey Ghost Walk.

How could I have forgotten that? Well, with that, at all events, I will end my description of Bletchworth Hall. The further you go down the avenue (why is it called Grey Ghost Walk?—I am sure I cannot tell, nor, apparently, can any one else that I have asked), the heavier and gloomier grows the air. In places the darkness is made to seem more dense by the little sunbeams that steal in timidly across the thin-bladed lank grass, that starts up like hair. And in yet other places you come upon bold, large, open-eyed violets, that live long after their scent is gone, peering forth with long stalks from the leaves that no longer shelter them. The ground is very soft and pulpy towards the end; and in that little patch of thick grass, where the green is almost unnaturally bright, a snake has been seen in the early summer mornings. And here too, when a flickering sunbeam plays upon a bit of the bare moist soil, large clammy worms are writhing about, and wreathing themselves together in ghastly plays; while myriads of creeping unclean-looking insects hurry off into shelter from the unwonted beam.

At the end is a door, greenly black, with a lock and hinges red with rust. Thin-leaved worn-out ivy stems chain it across and across; and a spider has carried his web from the lock to the uplifted latch. It is a door of which no one can tell when it was last opened, and looks as though it had grown to the walls; a door which often sets the schoolboys from Yelverton, the nearest village, conjecturing, as they go past and dig their knives into it, what elysium of currant trees or red bursting gooseberries it opens upon.

But let us get out of the avenue and back into the sunshine. Somehow it chills one's very soul. I wonder what pleasure Miss Grace Addersley can find in looking into such an unlovely, unhealthy vista! True, it points westwards, towards the sunny land she left. Perhaps that may have something to do with her sympathies for Grey Ghost Walk.

CHAPTER II.

THE SHADOW.

"Don't tell me! anxious to please, indeed! If that 's all, can you tell me why she's bin a fidgitin and a

looking out a winder all the blessed day, like a cat in a strange house? What do it matter to her if master bides away a week later nor what he put in his letter, if that 's all—he 's his own master, aint he! No, no, it mayn't a entered your poor brain, girl, it ain't like it should; but I know that when folks is so mighty nice about things they never thought on afore, a turning out o' their beds slave's time, to get particular sort o' flowers for somebody's study, and a dressing up different three or four times in a day, I know they 've got notions o' their own—pretty deep notions, too; not that I a' got anything to say agen 'em; she can't be much more mistress over things as Mrs. Dell than she is as Miss Addersley, for what I see." And Cook, for she was the speaker, pursed her mouth and shook her head, as she loosed the strings of the little black work-bag before her.

That old kitchen, with its just washed and yet wet stones, and heavy window-blind swinging gently to and fro, and soft subdued light, was very cool and pleasant for a kitchen just then: and the little searching wandering sunbeam which peered in at the half-open door grew tired of looking vainly for dirty corners; and amused itself by making mimic suns of every bright thing it came upon.

Cook, and Meggy the kitchen-maid, were sitting down at either end of the long table at the window; Meggy with a stocking and necklace of darning cotton, and Cook with her old black bag, with two knitting-needles sticking out. Many times that afternoon had she thus taken up her bag and put it down again just as she was drawing the strings, to execute some fresh order brought by Miss Addersley's maid, Jean. Altogether Cook's temper had been very much tried, and as Meggy expressed it, "she had been in her Saturday humour all day long." And now, as at last Cook drew forth a number of little diamond-shaped dirty bits of knitting from the black bag, Meggy secretly rejoiced; for well as she knew that when Cook tied on a certain huge greasy apron that she must expect nothing but cuffs and abuse till she took it off again, so she knew when those bits of dirty knitting appeared that, so long as she showed proper attention and sympathy, she need fear nothing till they were put up again. In truth, the greasy apron was only donned at busy times; and Cook seemed to have a firm opinion that it was impossible to prepare a good dinner, or at least for any one to enjoy it, unless she worked herself up the while to one of her Saturday humours, and rated and abused the cats and Meggy, for of her she thought little more than of them. "A poor mawkish-brained thing," she called her, "as couldn't say Bo to a goose; ready enough to do her best, but what sort o' best is it? Why, one as beats a fool's worst—that 's all!"

But when the bag was opened, and the bits of dirty knitting drawn one by one from it, each told its little story and turned the current of Cook's thoughts, sometimes to a better channel, sometimes to a worse. One of the very dirtiest pieces told of watching all night at the bedside of an ailing child, where it had grown under weary fingers, for the sake of keeping weary eyes open. Another had been framed in a quiet parlour, behind a saddler's shop in the High-street of Leatham, and spoke of comfortable cups of tea there, and more comfortable expectations. Another, with tight-drawn stitches, spoke of disappointment, rage, and hopes dashed to the ground. Yes, plain bluff John Short ("other folks might call him Mr. Short, *she* wouldn't!") the saddler, had been very kind to Cook when she needed kindness much; and to her ailing little girl to the very last minute of her life, while they were neighbours; and he had liked to see Cook make herself at home in his parlour (John didn't mind her talking so long as he wasn't wanted to do it); yet without knowing how, though all his neighbours guessed, he had managed to offend her past all forgiveness. The truth was, he had sent to her one day to ask her to come on to his shop in the course of the afternoon, as he had something very particular to communicate. She came—ribbons, and bag, and knitting and all, and a great flutter she was in, making sure that the day she had so long expected had arrived, and that that parlour, with the broad-bottomed chairs, and duck of a round table, would be her own. She came, and sitting on one of the broad-bottomed chairs, with the tea-tray between them, and nice muffins still further to open the poor woman's heart (for she did enjoy a delicacy when anybody else cooked it), John Short informed her in about half-a-dozen words—taking bites of the well-buttered half-oily muffin between each, to save time—that the cook's salary and the kitchen of Bletchworth Hall could be hers for the asking. It was at that moment she knitted the bit with the tight-drawn stitches, which she was now taking out of the bag on the kitchen table. As she looked at it, and pulled it, vainly trying to get it to the same size as the others, Meggy looked out of the corners of her little eyes, and saw by the dark shade spreading over Cook's face, that her thoughts were already making for the back parlour of the saddler's shop in High-street, Leatham.

"John Short don't trouble hisself to come too soon," said she. "How does he know but what master 's been a waiting for him since morning?" Cook eyed her suspiciously over her glasses for a minute, and then putting the bits together, which made a square half-yard towards the enormous counterpane they were to form, said—"But he ain't been a waiting, has he? I see no call for hurry; let him take his time. Don't fret yourself," she added contemptuously, as though it were poor Meggy that had been expecting him, and not herself; "he 's only a biding his time till the good things is about."

"You never says a good word o' John Short," said Meggy; and then, half-repenting her own audacity, she bustled away to lay a cloth at the end of the dresser, and to get out the cheese.

"O, I got nothing to say agin him," observed Cook, satirically, winding up her cotton, "only that he 's a poor pitiable crittur as don't know his own mind. Yes, you 're mighty anxious to see him set there a gorging, ain't you? You 'd make a pair, you would! for his head goes too slow, and yours too fast. It 's a pity you can't put 'em together, and make 'em even;—and a blessed even it w'd be!" Here Meggy dropped, or, as Cook said, pitched herself, into a chair, and throwing her apron over her head, went off in a prolonged hysterical fit of laughing.

"What! you 're off again, are you?" said Cook, getting up and shaking Meggy vigorously by the

shoulders, and slapping her back till she gasped for breath, and was still with exhaustion, which state Cook called "coming to."

"What's the matter?" asked a deep gruff voice at the door; "Meggy bad again?"

"O, you've come, have you?" was Cook's reply, as she sat down to her knitting, and pointed to Meggy's empty chair at the other end of the table; "You 'd a mind not to hurry yourself."

John Short leisurely put his hat on a chair by the door, and then as leisurely took two strips of leather that hung on his arm, and placed them carefully across his hat. He then advanced, with slow careful steps, as though he doubted the floor being strong enough to bear his weight, took the proffered chair, and stared agape at Meggy, who, with her apron up to her mouth, was doing her utmost to prevent herself going off again. He evidently wasn't a man to hurry himself—with that big heavy body and solemn close face, which you could see he had no mean idea of by the way in which a curl was brought down upon his cheek. He had a good broad forehead, and eyes which, though slow at travelling, were strong and bold; but the weakness of John Short's honest face was his mouth. It was not only larger than he could desire, but he could not keep it shut, do what he would. The lips were fresh-coloured, and always looked as if he had been eating bread and butter.

"There, get your mouthful," said Cook, "and don't take no notice of her tantantrums. I never see her like before. When she's once been off, like she was when you came, she won't give over a dithering, and a shaking, and a hawhawing, till she goes to bed, and then it's a chance if she don't bring it on worse by half-smothering herself to stop it."

"Not right here?" inquired John, putting his huge thumb to his forehead.

"Well," said Cook, doubtfully, glancing at Meggy's red shining face, in which the little twinkling eyes once more began to appear; "Well, I'm sure that passes me to answer. I can't say as how she's downright struck, 'cause she don't have no queer fancies, such as talking to herself, or a getting up in the night, or a carrying a carving knife in her pocket. And then as to work, bless you, she couldn't live without work, and she works well too; but then it's enough to turn a cat giddy to see the way she goes at it. Give her them steps to clean—which is her work, and very nice she keeps 'em—give her them to do, and she'll rush at 'em as if she was going to knock down a mountain, and scour as if they 'd all run away if she didn't get to the bottom by some out-of-the-way time that her poor racketty brain 's fixed on."

"More trouble than her work 's worth, I should say," remarked John Short, looking down on Meggy from Cook's own height of contemplation, as if she were some new and extraordinary animal about which he was puzzled and rather interested.

"Well, I don't know but what she is," replied Cook, smoothing out a new diamond of knitting on the table, "I don't mean to say but what she's well enough when you 've got her quiet, to sit opposite you like that chiney tea-pot, listening to what you 've got to say, and show you a bit o' feeling when you wants it; or if you've got a racking headache in the night with taddling over a great supper, she 'll get up, though her legs is been going all the blessed day, and get you a cup of tea as nice as may be. But, bless you, it 's a chance if her brain don't get the better of her afore she 's done, and make her want to go faster nor her legs 'll carry her, and then she'll fling herself forrads—tea and all—anywheres! that 's her. She can fiddle-faddle over you when you ain't well; but come a time when you're most 'mazed a getting up dinner, and this saucepan 's a bilin over, and that 's a tippin into the fire, and both your hands is taken up with them, and the hot cinders is just a tumbling into your gravy, call her then to give you a cloth or something to take hold of the pan with, and she 'll come tearing up to you as if the chimney was a-fire, and plack her foot down on your gravy-pan, and pull a biling saucepan over you, and then, when she sees what she 's done, instead o' making the best on it and helping to cure it, she 'll just fling herself into a chair and go off like that. But there, you can't do her no good; she 's had her fit, and she'll bear the shakes on it till her next comes, which ain't far off, I'll warrant. Get your morsel, man, do." And Cook bustled off with a jug to the cellar, for she was better pleased to-day with Mr. Short. He had listened with attention to her complaints about Meggy; and though he had uttered but three sentences since his entrance, yet, for him, he had been unusually loquacious; and, as Cook said to herself, as she stood between the two beer barrels in the cellar, "It 's allus best to be on the safe side. There 's no telling what 's in his head yet; men *is* so deceitful!"

"Well, Mr. Short, and what 's your town news?" said she, as she put the foaming jug before him, on her return.

"Got no *town* news," said Mr. Short, with his mouth full, bearing heavily upon the word "town."

"Then what 's your country news?" inquired Cook, leaning back in her chair, and folding her arms expectantly. John finished his draught of ale, drew the back of one hand across his mouth, and took up a piece of fragrant greenish-looking old Cheshire with the other in readiness, whilst he replied—

"'Twas old Symes, the tanner, that told me."

"That told you what?" said Cook testily; for the cheese was interrupting John's further utterance.

"What I'm going to tell you." But he stopped again, and Cook perceiving the cause—the opening of the door leading into the long stone passage connecting the kitchen with the other apartments, and the entrance of Jean—leaned back defiantly in her chair, determined to be "worried" no more by her or her mistress.

Jean pushed open the door with a quick, nervous jerk, and stood holding the handle. She looked young, yet it was hard to tell why, for there was no roundness in her figure, no fulness nor colour in her face, nothing of youth's ease or confidence, or of its grace and sensitiveness, in her manner. Her dress, of dark uncertain colour, fell round the long figure in spare folds, without a wrinkle in the tight-fitting body or in the close old-fashioned sleeves. It came high up the long thin throat, and was finished off by a collar of white linen. Her hair was drawn tightly together at the back, and twisted in a knot. She gave you the impression of

one who knew how to do just what was necessary in dress as a matter of necessity or duty, but who had lost all sense of womanly pleasure and pride in the doing. She said, without moving from the door, and not in a very pleasant voice, while her sharp grey eyes moved wanderingly about the kitchen, from John Short to the open kitchen door—

"Miss Addersley wishes some one to go up to Norworth on the Mare, and see if the coach left at its usual time."

And the door shut again, and as the quick steps died away, John Short, who had risen, sat down again, while Cook got up, and cramming all her knitting into the bag, said—

"Did you ever hear the like o' that? Why, the coach can't a passed yet! That don't show notions, I 'spose? As sure as my name's Betsy Tonch, it was a done thing before he went to the 'ilands, that they were to be married, and he 's only been to have his outing fust, afore it's too late. Well, to be sure! to be sure! Well, I suppose nobody's got nothin to say agin it; as far as I know she gies as good a name as she takes. Why, what ails the man? What are you guffawing about now?"

"'Twas Symes, the tanner, that told me," again began John, picking off the crumbs from his claret-coloured waistcoat.

"So you said afore," cook replied tartly.

"Well, old Symes stopped at my place t' other day, and says he, 'Didn't you tell me Mr. Dell was gone to the Highlands?' 'Yes,' says I. 'Then he isn't,' says he; 'I saw him at Fallon, one hundred and nine miles from this, just outside a village, where I had been about some bark; he was trying to reach with his stick a flower from the top of the hedge, and there was a lady at his side who I'll swear wasn't a new acquaintance.'"

"Lor!" interrupted Cook, "and was he sure 'twas master?"

"He said so."

"And what was she like?"

"Well, I thought old Symes seemed ashamed to say how much he'd been struck with her face, it were so uncommon pretty." Here the passage door creaked a little; and John noticed, though Cook did not, that it had somehow become open while he talked. Cook, full of eager interest, exclaimed—

"Well?"

"I don't know any more," said John, glancing uneasily at the door, for it creaked again and swung wide open, while the kitchen door banged and the window-blind flapped to and fro. He looked along the passage, became determinedly silent, rose, took up his hat and strips of leather, hung them as before on his arm, said, "Good-bye, Cook; I must be at Leatham before dusk," and strode solidly and slowly out.

What could it be that thus silenced him, and sent him off before the froth had altogether left his ale? Grim and ghastly things don't usually haunt that passage; yet he had seen something which troubled him. Ha! it is still there! the elongated shadow of a female figure projected across the floor, and up the wall, both of which are bathed in vivid sunlight from some open, unseen door in the corridor which crosses the end of the passage. But John Short's loud voice has ceased, he is gone, and—see! the shadow glides rapidly along the wall, growing smaller by degrees, and so also disappears. We follow—catch a glimpse of a retreating figure, through the corridor into the hall, where it stands for a moment in a blaze of light, uncertain and agitated. But that state passes, fast as we saw the shadow itself fly, and she seems to collect herself—sternly, calmly. The tall graceful form seems to dilate, the strong white brow to darken, the clear-cut profile to stand out more perfectly expressive of a resolved will.

Grace Addersley would be esteemed a beautiful woman if there were not always something about her that prevented the eye, or the thought, from resting on her beauty. That left arm, for instance, hanging down among the black soft folds of the velvet dress, is as perfect in shape and roseate whiteness as an arm could be; but there is such an almost manly strength in the clench of the hand, that one unconsciously expects to see sinewy cords in it. The same strength (though perhaps only for this moment) mars the beauty of the mouth, and of the meeting brows, crowned with plaits of rich pale brown hair. But, see! the face is raised, and stretched forward as if listening to a distant sound, the hand is unclenched and lets fall a piece of delicate embroidery—it does not look accustomed to such work, but if you watch for a minute you will perceive how impossible it is for those hands to keep still—how necessary it is they should have some definite employment. It trembles now—just a little, as it looses the golden chain about the swelling throat, and there is, I fancy, a quiver about the mouth as she opens the door, and stands again listening in the square porch. Hark! Yes, there is the sound of horses' feet, and now Nero and the big pups are yelping as they never do yelp but for Mr. Dell, and after such an absence. They seem determined to yelp their very hearts out. Grace hears, and stands there in smiling expectancy—the elegant and once more thoroughly self-possessed hostess of Bletchworth Hall.

CHAPTER III.

There are men in whom the natural powers spring up at their very birth in such healthy strength and harmonious balance, that they will go on growing without effort, apparently without even seeming to grow; become vigorous in body, energetic, able, and accomplished in mind, virtuous and disciplined in character, yet making no special, still less any worldly, use of these advantages; fit for everything, yet desiring nothing beyond what they already possess—the happiness of life; be thoroughly individual, and yet pass among the crowd without notice; looking on that crowd with quick observing eyes that penetrate to depths undreamed of in the said crowd's philosophy, while themselves but adding in general estimation (perhaps in their duty too) another insignificant item to the mighty mass of insignificance.

Such was Mr. Bletchworth Dell, whose form, scarcely reaching in height the ordinary standard, and getting decidedly rounder than he wished it to be, was so graceful in movement, so manly-looking, and, at times, so

dignified in expression, and whose face, while destitute of all pretension to regularity of outline, was so impressed in its tender flexibility, in its rapid successions of light and shade, with what seemed at least to be a rich and unceasing flow of thought and feeling, that we could not help being drawn to the conclusion that both form and face must have been moulded into their present shapes and happy union with each other, by a particularly happy spirit beneath. Mr. Dell was certainly the very picture of an enjoyable man, provided only you mean by that to express the enjoyment that refines and cultivates life, and makes it instinctively graceful, and that brings it into harmony with the thousand forms of encircling being, the endless procession of visible things that seem to whisper, "Eden is not yet all lost to the world if the world will but open its eyes and purify its heart to see." Yes, Mr. Dell was a happy, enjoyable, fortunate, and altogether most enviable man; and if he really had ever met with one severe trouble in his lifetime, he had either quite forgotten the circumstance, or remembered it only to enhance the sense of his satisfaction at getting rid of so unwelcome a visitor; you could plainly see that in his whole aspect and behaviour.

But it is not good to be too comfortable. So, perhaps, Mr. Dell felt now, and apparently was resigned in consequence, as he weighed over in his mind the probable results of his return home after an unusually prolonged absence, and shaped out in detail the kind of conversation he intended to hold with his cousin Grace. His thoughts evidently perplexed him; and yet, somehow, when they became too perplexing, there would flow in a suggestion, as from some fresh quarter, that seemed to clear away all clouds in an instant, and bring back more than the old animated glow. Oh! decidedly something more than that! Yet still the perplexity was troublesome, the thoughts it raised stuck like burrs to his mental garment, and as fast as he removed them from one part they appeared to be only the more inextricably lodged in another. Well, well, he must make a bold plunge.

But—O Mr. Dell! was it a bold plunge to go timidly round by the stables and back entrance, when you knew, or might have known, that Grace, as her old habit was, waited—yes, expectantly, at the porch of the front entrance? Was it boldness that, when you did meet her in the hall, and she advanced with such graceful, impressive, warm cordiality to greet you, and you looked for the moment so delighted to see her, but then relapsed, and you did *not* give her that kiss of kindly familiarity with which you ever before greeted her after any unusual separation? Was it excess of boldness that made you (O Mr. Dell! I am ashamed that I have spoken so much good testimony of you!) become so silent and unresponsive, and so eager to welcome any little bit of unmeaning gossip that might start up, in your first talk, as you and Grace took your way together into the room she had prepared for you, instead of your saying to her, as you had sworn to yourself you would say—the few sentences which would at all events prevent any longer misconception on some serious point of your mutual relations? And that preparation!—O lover of antique old rooms, and of the charming and fruitful associations between past and present life that skilful and patient fingers can weave together unsuspected, and leave hanging all about the very atmosphere when you think you are surrounded only by furniture, and books, and pictures, and statuettes. Enjoyer of all that is most enjoyable among the so-called good things of life!—what would not you and I give when decidedly hungry, body and soul, as Mr. Dell is—and the dinner-hour far distant, to be taken by the hand of a beautiful maiden and led into such a room as now waits that worthy gentleman? who, however—troubled perhaps still by those mental burrs I have spoken of—does not, I fear, just now deserve so much delicate and ill-requited attention. Look at that room steadily. It is his own, forming the ground-storey of the relic of the old moated mansion; his darling room, where he had loved to paint, and to read, and to muse over his cigar, and to chat with Grace, and to dream with her of an ambitious future: your genuine dreamer not only doesn't object to dream of active life, he likes it; 'tis a fearful joy, snatched as it were out of the enemy's camp. Here too, in bright dewy mornings, and fervent afternoons, and tender twilight evenings, he had gradually fallen into the habit of taking his meals with Grace in a quiet cosy way, when there have been no visitors, and when Mrs. Addersley, an invalid, had kept her chamber. Grace had hitherto not been so fond of this room as Mr. Dell. To-day their feelings should seem to be reversed; such care, and forethought, and tact has she shown in making the most of the old place, while he— But never mind him just now, if he is determined to be ungrateful. Let us glance at the place, and at Grace's handiwork. It is a very long, rather low, but decidedly broad room, extending from the three-sided bay window in front to the inner court behind, which you cannot see now on account of the high screen that encloses that end, and forms it into one of the pleasantest studios that ever painter revelled in. The dark floor gleams again, every here and there, with the brilliant polish; and along the carved and richly-panneled dark wainscot walls, stand out the touches of colour and gilding that mark the heraldic devices of a single row of shields of arms. The centre of the room is bare of furniture; in fact, there are merely two very ancient and old-fashioned chairs, with red velvet cushions and heavy gold fringes, both richly carved and dark, and illuminated with coloured and gilded coats of arms like the walls. They stand one on each side the low broad fire-place, which is surrounded by the story of Joseph and his Brethren, told in wood carvings. At least they say so. I own I can myself only see confused groups of figures in high relief, with delicious bunches of grapes and bouquets of flowers at intervals, connected together by scroll-work, that may mean tendrils. Over the fire-place hangs forward the portrait of Lady Rosamond Bletchworth, the alleged great beauty of the family. And you can still see the pout of the lips, and the wondering arch of the eye-brows, and the waspish waist. Time has been cruel to all the rest. Facing this, over the door (as you will see on turning round), is a pair of antlers of extraordinary span and I don't know how many tines; and they do say (though I am suspicious of family notions of this kind) there is somewhere a letter from King James' own secretary, referring to a present of venison that was made by royalty to Sir

CARELESS BOYS.

Richard Bletychworthe in the year of his mayoralty, and to the very antlers in proof! But it is not to these old chairs, you may be sure—no, not even to Mr. Dell's studio, though Grace has a missive for him there—she has conferred on him, in her pity for bachelor-hooded helplessness, the unimaginable blessing of putting everything to rights, without hurting a hair of the heads of the incipient cherubs and Venuses there growing up; no, it is to the other end of the room Grace leads the way. There, where all is light, and colour, and delicate suggestion for the refreshment of spirit and frame. Through that vast three-sided expanse of window there seems hardly any actual end to the room. It melts into the garden and the blue sky beyond, which are, in a word, visible fairy-land, veiled only by those flower-studded lace curtains, which the breeze lifts—oh! so luxuriously and displayingly from the ground as though the better to look at them, and then lets them fall again with gentle measured motion, that will not even shake off the ripe seeds of the mignionette that perfume the whole air from the long boxes within the window sills. But now the breeze grows bolder, again lifts them—nay, tries to carry them off through the open window, but fails, and lets them sail back with sweet gifts and messages from the lawn, sending them the odour as of a breath—a tender sigh sent to the lovely moss-rose in yonder splendid porcelain vase from its companion left behind, as lovely and as lonely, to bloom on the parent twig. But look upon the ceiling of this bay; aye, it is there the mediæval artist has exhausted his skill and power, for there it could be so looked on and enjoyed. That pendant is a miracle of airy lightness and construction, hanging directly over the centre of the round inlaid table, which is itself a study, for the innumerable pieces and the infinite variety of hues and forms of the patterns: the whole made from the timbers and carvings that were preserved by Sir Richard from the wreck of the other parts of the mansion. But it is not the table itself, nor the pendant over it, nor the deep rich colours of the foreign carpet beneath, so happily contrasted with

the polished plainness of the rest of the floor, so moss-like to the tread, and in which Mr. Dell's chair has its legs embedded—no, it is not these things we care now to dwell on; who could, after the first glimpse of all that which the table bears? The sparkling spring water in the costly crystal jug, so exquisite in form, and balanced on the opposite side by its twin sister, filled with claret; the tender, almost yellow hue of the crust of the home-made little odd-shaped loaves; the pigeon-pie, with a crust so light that it might have been put together by a feather-touch, instead of by the hands that will fall so heavily upon poor Meggy (this, O philosophers! is but one of the inscrutable mysteries, and equally inscrutable compensations, of Nature), the lettuce fresh and crisp, and glittering wet from its bath; the tall blanc-mange shaking and shivering for its life (tempting the mouth by its very cowardice); the pile of strawberries—ah, take one, if but to know the flavour that can be added to such a size by good gardening; the raspberries, buried and bleeding beneath a burden of clotted cream; the dish of junket, and the piece of fresh honeycomb, with the honey streaming out like the waters of some mimic land of Goshen. Ah, Mr. Dell, there is indeed, I fear, something on your mind if you can be insensible to all this! And those flowers overtopping all! shedding their last breath thus that you may draw yours somewhat more luxuriously; that you may, while eating in their presence, turn the bread into the ripe cornfield and poppy fringe, the water into running and babbling streams, the cream into daisied and gold-capped meadows, the lettuce and the fruit into that universal garden of the world God has given us, and from which Grace has plucked them for the mere chance of your gratification. Ah, Grace, if ever woman knew how to take measure of a man's tastes and fancies, you did now. Beware, Mr. Dell! you have a harder task before you than you have chosen to think.

He cannot eat—at least he thinks not; but then he remembers it will be harder still to talk, so he accepts Grace's smiling and good-humoured invitation (so oft repeated) to taste something. He takes just what she pleases, a little pigeon-pie and a glass of wine, and he dallies with both, very much in the manner of that mysterious lady when she took rice at her husband's supper-table, in the Arabian Nights. And at last Grace, tired of being so warmly thanked, and so often called "Cousin," or "Dear Cousin," instead of the more familiar appellation Grace, began to take the initiative.

Her voice broke on the ear like low-thrilling music, measured and artificial perhaps, but the sentences coming one after another like so many musical cadences of speech. One might listen to her with pleasure (in certain moods) without stopping to reflect upon the meaning of a single word she said. In fact, Mr. Dell himself would have chosen that precise mode of listening now, had it been practicable and right; unfortunately it was neither.

"Well, Cousin, if I cannot administer much comfort to your bodily wants, let me see whether I have the art to be more successful in another direction."

"Nay, my dear Grace," began he, apologetically, fearing she was hurt.

"See—here is a letter from your uncle, Sir George Dell, which arrived shortly after your departure, and which I opened as you wished me. Referring to your application to him respecting an opening into public life he writes most gratifyingly; in fact, he makes no doubt he can obtain for you the position of private secretary to one of the ministers. But there is a difficulty."

"Ha!" broke in Mr. Dell, quite cheerily under the circumstances.

"He thinks you should be in parliament."

"Oh, undoubtedly. Yes, Grace, he is quite right, as I could soon show you. It's a thousand pities, certainly, to lose so fine a chance, but—"

"It is, indeed; after our long consultations, and plannings, and hopings, and despairings about the compassing of this first step—"

"But you know, Grace, 't is the part of all true philosophy to resign one's self to what is clearly unavoidable."

"Come, come, you must look lady Fortune more boldly in the face, or she will never be won. You do not know, my dear cousin, half her bounty to you."

"Indeed!" said Mr. Dell, and the tone contrasted oddly with that cheery "Ha!" with which he had heard there was a difficulty.

"Yes: Mr. Nicholas Rudyard, the brewer of Leatham, called here one day to see you, and we had a good deal of chat together. Knowing your views and wishes, I sounded him. At first he was very shy, but when I dropped a word or two about Sir George Dell's letter he changed at once, and before he left the Hall he had not only promised you his support and influence, but pledged himself for your success, at the next election."

"Is it possible! Why, really this does seem like—" and there Mr. Dell started up, took a turn or two through the room, Grace calmly but steadily watching him. Presently he returned, and resumed his seat.

"My dear Grace, I cannot tell you how grateful I feel in my heart for all your kindness and forethought, and for your brilliant success in my behalf; but, were there no other objections, consider one moment this: you know my fortune is very limited, and that elections are very costly."

"Mr. Rudyard pledges himself there shall be no heavy expenses."

"Heavy! he is a rich man. He would probably think a thousand or fifteen hundred pounds, every now and then, a mere trifle."

"He guaranteed to me the whole should not exceed three hundred pounds. Come, dismiss all these excellent precautions, all these unnecessary alarms. Take and enjoy your good fortune. You have now your own fate in your hands—power, influence, wealth, splendour, possibly high rank, certainly a most enviable career, and one that will give you boundless opportunities for doing good in your own way; all, in fact, that we have both so long dreamed of and talked over in this room."

Again Mr. Dell got up, and strode up and down the room, and Grace saw her advantage.

"If you were one of those men fit only to manage a parish instead of legislating for a nation, who knew not how wisely to spend the wealth that may be slowly acquired, who would use corruptly or selfishly the great social advantages that God places in their hands

in trust for others, who have no inner strength for the work, but must be propped, and buttressed, and stimulated from without—"

"Which is decidedly my case, I own. It is useless any longer for me, Grace, to disguise the fact, that all my ambitious aspirations have died out. What I might be if I threw myself into public life with stern determination to succeed, I know not. I have vanity enough to acknowledge, if you will push me too hardly, that my belief is I should succeed. But why should I peril my present content—and—" he was going to say "happiness," but something instinctively noble and kindly arrested the word, for he knew he was shattering into terrible ruin the dreams of his cousin; his cousin whom he fondly loved as a cousin, whom he had thought once he loved not merely in that capacity, the able, brilliant, beautiful, musical-voiced woman before him, who had been labouring for his advancement so patiently, while he had been— but his inward thought stopped there, and he resumed his discourse.

"No," said he, after a pause, "why should I peril all that I now possess to embark in a new and thorny career? Are not my duties marked out for me? To live the life of the country gentleman, become a magistrate—I hope an efficient one; try to improve my neighbours, tenants, and labourers by the same essential processes that will improve myself; help the poor, educate the ignorant, cherish the aged; work steadily at something to fill up my leisure hours. You know I dream of art, and that dream *is* worth pursuing, aye, even if one knows from the outset it will only be a dream; and these things done, why should I not then enjoy what God's bountiful hand has given me? Come, Grace, own that I am practically in the right. Give up labouring in the cause of such an ingrate as I have proved myself; but do it, so that I may feel at ease. Renounce with me, as you cherished with me, these feverish dreams of political and public life."

"And how would you tempt me to do so?" inquired Grace, with a tone and look impossible to analyse, but which made the blood rush into Mr. Dell's conscious face, and then when it retreated there was a darkening gloom. Luckily Jean came in at that moment with coffee, and both the disputants were awhile silenced.

Mr. Dell bent low over the strawberry-stalks in his plate, measuring, perhaps, the ground he had yet to traverse to get into a harbour of peace and mental satisfaction, when he suddenly raised his head, as if listening to some distant sound; his eye kindled, his face brightened with its natural joyousness, and, forgetting everything else, he started up, ran to the window, and leaned far out. In an instant the blind was withdrawn, as he called aloud—

"Grace, Grace! quick! the hounds are out! See!" She went and stood behind him, her lip curling as she marked his delight. They passed at one corner on the right, so near to the Hall that he could hear their hard breathing and the rustle of the dry dock-leaves as they plunged among them. And then he grasped her arm, and held his breath, while, with blood-red tongues dropping to the ground and blood-shot eyes, the dogs for one moment crossed his right. Presently a horseman also passed, and gave a cheery cry to Mr. Dell, whom he recognised as he galloped along. Grace's lip curled still more markedly, and a smile of bitter scorn passed over her face, and she felt that in mind and wishes he was no longer hers, possibly no longer hers in any way that she would care to value. When they returned to the table she determined to bring matters to a speedy crisis. But Mr. Dell had by this time righted himself, and anticipated her.

"Grace," said he, with his old frank laugh, heard for the first time to-day, "here has been a deal of beating about the bush—I mean on my part; so let me say at once, I came back determined to tell you honestly that for some time past I had changed my views of life, and had determined to settle, and—" here Grace's penetrating look fell upon him with tenfold intensity, and though he could not stand their gaze he finished his sentence—"and marry." And then hurrying along as though over very, very tender ground, he continued, "And you too, Grace, will, I hope, ere long follow my example, and find some man worthy of you, and whom I may look on as a brother."

Grace listened in silence. The coffee-cup shook just a little in the fine, long, jewelled hand, but that was all. She looked at him a moment, rose, and left the room. Mr. Dell knew well it was her habit to conceal emotion, and he feared she was much moved. Why? Unhappily he could not conceal from himself that there had been for a long time past a sort of tacit feeling—understanding it could not be called, for no word of love had ever passed between them—that they would, in all probability, become man and wife. And while Grace was near him, and her mental and rousing influence was upon him, he had grown accustomed to look upon a future of that kind as very desirable; at times even he had fancied he loved Grace. But it was precisely because he had never felt sure of that that he had said nothing to her. Then, too, he began by degrees to fancy she loved power better than anything else, and that did not draw him nearer to her in heart. As he now looked after her he began to question himself, Had he done her injustice in that respect? Did she, after all, really love him? The momentary fear of that gave him a deeper pang than he had ever before experienced. Alas! he had himself learnt something recently on such subjects, which made his sympathies keen for Grace. He thought to himself—should he follow her? What was she doing now? what saying to herself? what thinking of him, for whom she had evidently worked with such devotion? But he could not answer these questions. And while he paused, and said, "Well, I have got the worst over; all I have now to do is to soften the blow," other, and for some time forgotten, associations, came back upon him in a fresh wave of delight. He gradually dropped back in his chair, crossed his legs, put the tips of his fingers together, half-closed his eyes, and seemed to see already the end of all his trouble, nay, to feel fairly got to the other side of it, and to be in possession of the goal that he saw rising like a fair tower of guidance, high and dazzling to his yearning eyes.

"Cousin!" He started—Grace was again standing before him. "I interrupted you: don't mind it. You can understand I felt somewhat to see all our plans at an end. But no matter; go on. As your cousin I feel

interested in knowing your views. Come, you will marry, you say ; I will help you out. You have seen some one, and it is she who has dispersed, as by magic, the castles in the air we erected so slowly and laboriously. Is it not so ?"

"It is." What further confessions he might have made I cannot say, for the door now opened, and Grace's mother, Mrs. Addersley, entered. Poor Mr. Dell ! he was glad to see her for once, though she was no favourite of his. She had an Indian air about her face and dress, dark-complexioned, shrivelled yellow hands, covered with rings, hands that had, on more than one occasion, taken up the whip for a negro slave ; little beady black eyes, with a restless, impertinent stare, and was wrapped in furs and shawls even on this, one of the most glorious of summer days. Mr. Dell hastened to meet her, to shut down the windows, and place her in his own seat. After some brief welcomings he said to her, suddenly,

"I have been telling Grace that, for some time past, I had come to the determination to marry and settle."

"Quite right ! quite right !" interrupted Mrs. Addersley ; "I knew it would come to that at last. I told Grace so when I saw her pining away in secret about you—"

"Mamma !" exclaimed Grace.

"Oh, Mr. Dell won't mind knowing now ; of course he 'll be glad. Well, I congratulate you both, and God bless you ! How very cold it is ! Perhaps you 'll excuse me, or come up to my room by and bye. I know you don't want me." So, with a self-satisfied laugh, she hurried off, leaving Mr. Dell in a state of embarrassment such as I will not attempt to paint ; and as to Grace—but she always was more or less inexplicable, and she had reasons now for not even quite understanding herself. After a while, however, she rose from the distant seat in the corner to which she had retreated, came to the chair on which Mr. Dell sat, and with wonderful courage and straightforwardness said to him, as she rested her hand on his shoulder, and one hot tear rolled down her cheek, which was just a little more suffused with colour than usual—

"I know what you feel, my own dear, kindly, good cousin. Mamma has done me irreparable harm by her random thoughts and careless speech."

Mr. Dell rose too, the first fingers still resting on his shoulder, while his hand took her other hand very tenderly, and he said, "Before you go any further tell me this, in satisfaction to my own conscience and future peace of mind, I ask you solemnly, and desiring only the truth—have I done aught toward you that is unbecoming a gentleman or a man of honour? have I knowingly in any way misled you ?"

"No—no—no. But bear with me a few moments. When, after my father's death, your offer of a new home reached me in a foreign land, it touched me very deeply. Through all the subsequent voyage I could not but daily read, and re-read, that kindly letter, so full of manly sympathy, and guess and speculate as to you, your mind, your home, your future. We met. I found you—well, I will not dwell on those, my first impressions, for I mastered them, in order that I might study you dispassionately. I admired you much, and I saw, I think more truly than any one else, your talent, and fire, and rare powers. But I saw they were running to waste. I tried to show you this, and succeeded, as I believed. And then we communed together, and I learned from you, oh ! infinitely more in a thousand ways than I had taught you. By degrees I could think of nothing, dream of nothing, but your interest. The world seemed to have nothing in it of the slightest value that did not—not—I—that is—"

Here the musical cadences, which had been indeed very, very sweet (Mr. Dell was more carried away by them and their meaning than he would have liked to acknowledge), suddenly stopped ; and the fair form quivered with long and still repressed emotion. At last there was a passionate gush of tears, and a cry of agony ; and she was breaking away from Mr. Dell's side, but that he arrested and supported her, his arm now gliding round her waist.

"Oh, Grace !" said he, with an emotion scarcely less than her own, "Oh, Grace ! had I known all this earlier, things might—yes, I believe in my soul they might have ended differently ; but now, you know, it is impossible."

"Impossible !" replied Grace, looking round at him with a pathos and an inexpressible tenderness in her voice, "Ah, cousin ! is it—really impossible ?" Poor Grace, she would not anticipate the impending blow—but it came now.

"I am married. My wife comes home to-night."

[*To be continued.*]

THE OCEAN WAVE.

She stole my heart with her fair young face,
Set in its frame of golden hair ;
With her winning smile and her childlike grace—
Never before was girl so fair.

I saw her but once, in the Ocean Wave,
As she walk'd and talk'd sedately,
'T was at a dinner her father gave
In return for our banquet stately.

That night with me she paced the deck,
And the breeze was sighing and dying :
Ere morn the noble yacht was a wreck—
And she 'mid the coral lying.

TOM TIDDLER'S GROUND.

Barry Cornwall tells us that when he was a little boy he was told that the streets of London were all paved with gold ; and it must be admitted that, to the youthful mind in general, the metropolis is a sort of Tom Tiddler's ground, where gold and silver are to be picked up in handfuls any day. There is a good deal of exaggeration in this, undoubtedly. To many, London is dark and dismal as one of its own fogs, cold and stony as one of its own streets. The Earl of Shaftesbury, a few years back, calculated there were 30,000 ragged, houseless, homeless children in our streets. The number of persons who died last year in the streets of London from want of the necessaries of life would shock a Christian. Last year the total number of casual destitute paupers admitted into the workhouses of the me-

tropolitan districts amounted to 53,221 males, 62,622 females, and 25,716 children. We cannot wonder at this when we remember that it is said 600,000 persons rise every morning utterly ignorant as to the wherewithal to feed and maintain themselves for the day. Wonderful are the shifts, and efforts, and ingenuities of this class. One summer day a lady friend of the writer was driving in one of the pleasant green lanes of Hornsey, when she saw a poor woman gathering the broad leaves of the horse chesnut. She asked her why she did so. The reply was that she got a living by selling them to the fruiterers in Covent Garden, who lined the baskets with them in which they placed their choicest specimens. One day it came out in evidence at a police court that a mother and her children earned a scanty subsistence by rising early in the morning, or rather late at night, and tearing down and selling as waste paper, the broad sheets and placards with which the dead walls and boardings of the metropolis abound. The poor sick needlewomen, stitching for two-and-six-pence a-week, indicate in some quarters how hard is the London struggle for life. But one of the worst sights, I think, is that of women (a dozen may be seen at a time), all black and grimy, sifting the cinders and rubbish collected by the dustmen from various parts, and shot into one enormous heap.

The last dodge exposed for making money is amusing. A writer in the *Times* wanted to know how it was we see advertisements in London papers for a million of postage stamps. A writer, in reply, says all the stories about severe papas who will not let their daughters marry till they have papered a room with them are false. He says if the reader will go to some of the purlieus of the Borough (leaving his watch and purse at home) he will very possibly be enlightened. He will be accosted by a hook-nosed man who will pull out a greasy pocket-book and produce some apparently new postage stamps, not all joined together, but each one separate, and will offer them for sale at about 2d. a dozen. If the enterprising stranger looks very closely, indeed, into these stamps, he may perhaps detect a slight join in the middle. They are made by taking the halves which are unobliterated of two old stamps and joining them, regumming the backs and cleaning the faces. This practice is, it is said, carried on to a great extent in the low neighbourhoods of Ratcliffe-highway and the Borough.

During the year 1858 it appears 10,004 persons died in the public institutions of London: 5535 in the workhouses, 57 in the prisons, and 4412 in hospitals. Of the latter number 317 belong to the Greenwich and the Chelsea hospitals, 211 to the military and naval hospitals. About one in six of the inhabitants of the metropolis dies in the public institutions, nearly one in eleven dies in the workhouses. Only think of the population of London. In 1857 that was estimated by the Registrar-General at 2,800,000; since then the population has gone on steadily increasing, and it may be fairly estimated that the London of to-day is more than equal to three Londons of 1801. Now, amidst this teeming population what thousands of vicious, and rogues, and fools there must be; what thousands suddenly reduced from affluence to poverty; what thousands plunged into distress by sickness or the loss of friends, and parents, and other benefactors. To such, what a place of pain and daily mortification and trial London must be!

But, on the other hand, from the time of Whittington and his cat, London has abounded with instances showing how, by industry and intelligence, and—let us trust—honesty, the poorest may rise to the possession of great wealth and honour. Indeed, all the great city houses abound with examples. Poor lads have come up to town, friendless and moneyless, have been sober and steady, and firm against London allurements and vices, have improved the abilities and opportunities God has given them, and are now men of note and mark. The late Lord Mayor was but an office-lad in the firm of which he is now the head. Mr. Herbert Ingram, M.P. for Boston, and proprietor of the Illustrated News, blacked the shoes of one of his constituents. Mr. Anderson, of the Oriental Steam Navigation Company, and formerly M.P. for the Orknies, rose in a similar manner. Sir James Duke, M.P., was a poor clerk on board a man-of-war. Mr. Hugh Taylor, M.P., was a cabin boy. Our great Lord Chancellor, in his younger days when employment was scarce and money ditto, held a post as reporter and theatrical critic on the Morning Chronicle newspaper. Mr. Chaplin, the late Salisbury M.P., was an extraordinary instance of a man rising from the humblest rank. Before railways were in operation Mr. Chaplin had succeeded in making himself one of the largest coach proprietors in the kingdom. His establishment, from small beginnings, grew till, just before the opening of the London and North Western line, he was proprietor of sixty-four stage-coaches, worked by fifteen hundred horses, and giving yearly returns of more than half a million sterling. Mr. Cobden began life in a very subordinate position in a London warehouse. Sir William Cubitt when a lad worked at his father's flour-mill. Michael Faraday, England's most eminent chemist, was the son of a poor blacksmith. Sir Samuel Morton Peto worked for seven years as a carpenter, bricklayer, and mason, under his uncle, Mr. Henry Peto. The well-known Mr. Lindsay, M.P. for Sunderland, was a cabin boy. The editor of the Morning Advertiser rose quite from the ranks, and the editor of another well-known journal used to be an errand-boy in the office before, by gigantic industry and perseverance, he attained his present high position. Mr. J. Fox, the eloquent M.P. for Oldham, and the "Agricola" of the Weekly Dispatch, worked in a Norwich factory. The great warehouses in Cheapside and Cannon-street, and elsewhere, are owned by men who mostly began life without a rap. Go to the beautiful villas at Norwood, at Highgate, at Richmond, and ask who lives there, and you will find that they are inhabited by men whose wealth is enormous, and whose career has been a marvellous success. Fortunes in London are made by trifles. I know a man who keeps a knacker's yard, who lives out of town in a villa of exquisite beauty, and who drives horses which a prince might envy. Out of the profits of his vegetable pills Morison bought himself a nice estate. Mrs. Holloway drives one of the handsomest carriages you shall meet in the Strand. Sawyer and Strange, who the other day were but waiters on a limited salary at Simpson's, paid the Crystal Palace Company upwards of £12,000 as per

contract, for the liberty to supply refreshment for a few months. In the city there, at this time, may be seen the proprietor of a dining-room, who drives a handsome mail-phaeton and pair daily to town in the morning to do business, and back at night. Thackeray has a tale of a gentleman who married a young lady, drove his cab, and lived altogether in great style. The gentleman was very silent as to his occupation; he would not even communicate the secret to his wife. All that she knew was what was patent to all his neighbours—that he went out in his Brougham in the morning, and returned at night. Even the mother-in-law, prying as she was, was unable to solve the mystery. At length, one day the unfortunate wife, going with her dear mamma into the city, in the person of a street sweeper clothed in rags, and covered with dirt, she recognised her lord and master, who decamped and was never heard of more. The story is comic, but not improbable, for London is full of wealth: you have only to take your place, and it seems as if some of the golden shower must fall into your month. Sixty-five millions is the estimate formed by Mr. M'Culloch of the total value of the produce conveyed into and from London. The gross rental, as assessed by the Property and Income tax, is £12,500,000; the gross property insured is £166,000,000, and only two-fifths of the houses are insured. The amount of capital at the command of the London bankers may be estimated at 64 millions; the Insurance Companies have always 10 millions of deposits ready for investment; 78 millions are employed in discounts; the speculations on the Stock Exchange embrace a national debt of 800 millions, railway shares to the extent of 300 millions, besides foreign stock, foreign railway shares, and miscellaneous investments of all kinds. Land has been sold in the neighbourhood of the Exchange and the Bank at the rate of a million pounds an acre. The rateable value of the property assessed to the poor rates in the districts of the metropolis in 1857 amounted to £11,167,678. A parliamentary return shows that the total ordinary receipts of the Corporation of the city for the year 1857 amounted to £905,298, the largest item being the coal duty, £64,238. The Thames even, dirty and stinking as it is, is full of gold. In the year 1857 the tonnage entered inwards was 2,884,197, and that cleared outwards 2,143,884. Another fact will place the commercial value of the Thames in a still clearer light. In 1856 the Customs' duties entered as collected from all parts of the United Kingdom were £19,813,622, and of this large sum considerably more than half was collected in the port of London,—the Customs' duties paid in the port of London alone being £12,287,591, a much larger sum than paid by all the remaining ports of the United Kingdom put together. No wonder that the Londoners are proud of the Thames. Why, even the very mud-larks—the boys who prowl in its mud on behalf of treasure trove—earn, it is said, as much as £4000 or £5000 by that miserable employment in the course of a year.

But we stop. The magnitude of London wealth and even crime never can be fully estimated. It is a boundless ocean, in which the brave, sturdy, steady swimmer—while the weak are borne away rapidly to destruction—may pick up precious pearls.

THE ARCHBISHOP OF CANTERBURY.

A PULPIT SKETCH.

How is it that the great prizes of life are not won by the greatest and cleverest amongst us? Go to the House of Lords when the Queen opens parliament—when the benches are filled with the fairest of England's daughters in their most gorgeous attire, when the peers are arrayed in ermine and red, when the ambassadors are all radiant with stars and gold, when England's Majesty, surrounded by the insignia of England's greatness and power, in few words bids all Europe understand what parliament is about to do—you see, it is true, wealthy men there, men illustrious by birth and official rank, but you rarely see there the great thinkers and philosophers and authors of the age. Of course the reply is, that the great authors and thinkers and philosophers are not practical men, and an advocate of the state of things as they are will gravely give you this answer, with the Earl of Cardigan on one side of him and the Earl of Lucan on the other. The real truth is, we delight in mediocrity. A man of medium intellect never disturbs your self-love, will smile at your wit in its mildest form, will keep you in countenance however weak and foolish may you be in conduct or in speech. The same principle runs through public life. As a rule, the chairman of a meeting is generally the worst speaker in the room. The premier, we need not add, Lord Palmerston, is an illustrious exception, is the weakest man in the ministry. And if you want nerve, and energy, and talent, and learning, you must seek for them in the low rather than in the high places of the Church. A clear-headed man, with ready utterance and fearless mind, is sure to say inconvenient things, to do unconventional things, to go about his business in an unconventional way, and to vastly shock society. I once met the brother of a peer who often entertained the present Archbishop of Dublin when the latter was an ordinary country rector. My honourable friend could tell me nothing about him but that he ate an immense quantity of oranges after dinner. The Archbishop was wise in such company to sit still sucking oranges, but all clever men have not this wisdom, and hence it is we cherish and place in honour the illustrious obscure. A really great man must tread on some one's corns; it is impossible for him to live long without doing so; but your poor common-place ordinary mortal, like a chameleon, represents the colour of the atmosphere in which he lives, and we love him, for is he not one of ourselves—a man and a brother? In another way we English are a peculiar people: we like our great men to be old men. Our statesmen are generally verging on seventy. Our admirals and generals are invariably laid up with the gout; and our bishops, like our wine, seem all the better for their age. It is scarcely fair that this should be the case. We do not tolerate it on the stage. Not long since people were perpetually exclaiming against the impropriety of old Farren continuing to act, and thus obliterating the favourable impression he made on all as one of the most finished and delightful performers that ever appeared upon the stage. An old bishop is under similar

disadvantages. If he do nothing he is blamed, and if he is active and preaches, then the public persists in wondering why he should preach when younger men would do it so much better, and if the public goes to hear him then the public wonders what on earth he was made a bishop for.

John Bird Sumner, Archbishop of Canterbury, Primate of all England and Metropolitan—*ex-officio* of the British Museum, Governor of the Charter-house, Visitor of All Souls and Merton College, having had the misfortune to have been born in 1780, is in a similarly unpleasant position. He may have been a man of powerful intellect—of acknowledged oratory, but he has long ceased to be such; but, at the same time, seeing that he has an income of somewhere about £28,000 a-year, he is compelled occasionally to preach, lest the public should exclaim against such little practical result emanating from such a princely revenue. But now, as a preacher, he has nothing whatever to recommend him. That for an old man he has a good voice, is lively, has excellent health, I am ready to admit; but in the pulpit I need something more. But of course an Archbishop is the holiest man in the church, else why should he be Archbishop? and that sanctity of course is a sermon by itself.

As a man the Archbishop is of fair height, but of a slender figure, with white hair, and a face long and thin and angular, with a forehead high and wrinkled, with small and sparkling eyes. Old as he is, he has a great deal of life in him yet. He is evidently a man of good temper and heart, and as such was warmly beloved by the clergy of his diocese. He seems happy with himself and happy with all around, and his voice, though not clear and pleasant as in his younger days, is in capital preservation, considering his advanced age. You cannot hear all he says unless you sit near, but the greater part of his discourse is audible enough. His addresses at public meetings (he has been a great platform orator in his time) were perspicuous and appropriate. He was very skilful in avoiding unpleasant subjects, in clearing up difficulties, and infusing into his audience his own mild and amiable spirit. He is the very reverse of the Bishop of Exeter. They are both representative men, types of the two opposing powers or parties in the Anglican Church, both making out that they alone are the true church, yet both very happily agreeing to sign the same articles, to declare the same creeds, to pocket the same pay. An Archbishop is beyond my criticism. A poor curate at a hundred a-year I might feel myself equal to, but an ecclesiastical dignitary, with the wealth of a Crœsus, disarms me. I worship the golden calf. The best thing I can do is to let the Archbishop speak for himself.

On the occasion of the hundred and fiftieth anniversary of the Society for Promoting Christian Knowledge the Archbishop preached one of his best sermons. The newspaper reports at the time stated that it was preached with great animation and eloquence, and was listened to with the most profound attention by the largest congregation ever seen within the walls of the Cathedral. The Archbishop selected for his text part of the 34th verse of the 31st chapter of Jeremiah, "And they shall teach no more every man his brother, saying, Know the Lord, for they shall all know me from the least unto the greatest." His Grace began by stating that the Spirit of the Lord, speaking by the prophet, had mentioned a state of things unlike any yet witnessed on an extended scale, or realised in any state of society. The knowledge here referred to was not the mere acknowledgment of the existence of a Deity, nor the belief in the attributes of God, nor mere worship of him in his sanctuary; it was the belief of the heart, the perpetual consciousness of his presence—such a knowledge as Enoch and Abraham and Eli possessed. To promote this knowledge was every one's duty. It was especially the aim of that Society. The Archbishop concluded by stating his belief that the time will come when Christian instruction shall be universal and successful. The good seed is now surrounded with tares, but a season will arrive when it shall not be so; when the young shall no longer meet to tempt and be tempted, but for good and holy purposes. They shall no longer frequent places from which God is banished, but will eagerly seek those sacred spots where he can be cultivated more and more. On the difficult question in Church theology, arising out of Gorham controversies, and such like, the Archbishop's views are as follows:—"Happily," he says, in his "Apostolical Preaching Considered," a work which, in 1850, had reached its ninth edition, "for our Church, the framers of its rituals took their doctrine from the general tenor and promises of Scripture, and by a providential care extending over a Church so framed, the succeeding believers in Calvin were never allowed to introduce their subtleties into her intelligible and rational formularies. Therefore we are instructed to declare that those who are devoted to Christ as infants by baptism are regenerate; *i. e.* are 'accepted of God in the Beloved,' and dying 'without actual sin are undoubtedly saved;' and therefore we hold that those who grow up, may or may not fall from this state of grace, and that those who have fallen may or may not recover, and be finally saved; and that therefore all are to be exhorted to 'examine themselves whether they be in the faith,' to repent and turn to the Saviour if they are not; to labour, if they are, still more after the 'inward renewing of their souls day by day.'" Such are the Archbishop's views, and such is his style—a Mosaic of Scripture and the Articles of the Church—a style not much patronised by the younger lights of the Church at the present time.

John Bird Sumner is the legal head of the Church, and chief of the Low Church or Evangelical party. He is liberal in politics, and in character laborious, conciliating, and high-principled. He was the eldest son of the Rev. Robert Sumner, M.A., grandson of Dr. John Sumner, at one time Provost of King's College, elder brother of the Bishop of Winchester, consequently his breeding has made him a first-rate churchman. He was educated at King's College, Cambridge. His University honours are, "Browne's Medallist," Latin, 1800; "Hulse's Prizeman," 1802; A.B., 1803; M.A., 1807; D.D., 1828, in which year he was made Bishop of Chester. Before then he was one of the lucky canons of the rich see of Durham. His patronage as Archbishop is as follows:—Archdeaconries of Canterbury and Maidstone, two canonries, six preacherships in Canterbury Cathedral; 168 benefices, the total annual value of which is £61,973; and diocese, the county of Kent, ex-

cepting the city and deanery of Rochester; and some parishes in the diocese of London: number of benefices 346. His writings have been very numerous, though all bearing on his profession. His principal works are as follows:—"Apostolical Preaching Considered," "Charges at Chester," "Evidences of Christianity," "Exposition of the Acts of the Apostles," of "St. James, St. Peter, &c.," of "St. John," of "St. Luke," of "St. Matthew and St. Mark," of "The Romans and First Corinthians," of "The Second Corinthians," "Four Sermons on the Christian Ministry," "Sermons on Christian Charity," "Sermons on the Christian Faith," "Sermons on the Festivals," "Treatise on the Records of Creation," and charges and single sermons innumerable. There are many who like to know what an Archbishop says. Thus I imagine an Archbishop finds generally a fair sale, especially if he is controversial. Otherwise sermons are generally very unremunerative publications.

WORK FOR WOMEN.

It is clear that a great many respectable young females at the present time are in the position of those unfortunate working-men who perambulate the streets at certain periods of the year, in melancholy chorus assuring an enlightened, and let us add, a generous British public, that "they are all the way from Manchester, and have got no work to do." Undoubtedly this is an undesirable state of things. By right each of these young women should have a young man, who in time should become her husband, and whose home she should keep tidy, while he is away earning their daily bread. But in this world of ours things seem to have got into a regular entanglement. The young men won't get married. Then again, if they did, there would still be a large proportion of unmarried females, unless the laws allowed polygamy, of course a thing not to be thought of for an instant; and this excess of females over males, we fear, will be greater this year than ever, as we are now about to increase our army and navy, and carry on a war with those strange people, the Chinese. This being the case, we are compelled to think how this surplus female population can be employed. They can't all become servants, or dressmakers, or milliners. It is true a few of them may be consigned to the Indian and Australian markets, and there get advantageously disposed of. But for the larger number the question still remains, how can they obey the law of being and honestly earn their daily bread? On one occasion, when the writer was taking a ticket at the railway station at Rouen for Dieppe, that ticket was given and his money was taken by a female clerk, and it occurred to him that, at any rate, it was not worse than our English system; but female clerkships in England would be considered outrageous, so evidently we must think of something else. Mr. Bennet, the watchmaker of Cheapside, suggests the employment of women in the manufacture of watches. He says they are thus occupied in Switzerland, and it is in consequence of the employment of women in this manufacture that Swiss watches are so elegant, so cheap, and so universally used. In a letter to the *Times*, Mr. Bennet says:—

"The world is a large market, in which every man above a savage desires to have a watch. I learn from the Goldsmiths' Hall that only 186,000 were stamped last year of British manufacture. This number is so contemptible as to be far below our home consumption, if we would but make them at a very moderate price. Thus the world is left to look principally at the foreigner for what should be one of our most important articles of commerce. 'What to make' we well know. The chronometer has taught us that, and it may be taken as an infallible model. The imperative demands of safe navigation brought that timekeeper almost to perfection years ago. Compress its dimensions and give it a stronger escapement, and you have all we want for the common purposes of every-day life.

"'Who shall make it,' is the great question to be solved. That depends entirely on the adoption of the best possible mode of manufacture. The million, here and elsewhere, will buy in the cheapest market. The Swiss go about it one way, the English another; and the two have the whole world of watch-buyers between them. My complaint as an Englishman is this—viz. not that the Swiss make too many—for their consummate ingenuity deserves its full reward—but that we produce comparatively so few. I mean before I have done, somehow or other, to make it understood what means must be adopted to increase our production to an extent which shall satisfy the widest possible demand for watches, that shall be good enough for the rich in point of time and beauty, and cheap enough for the poor in point of price. The Paris Exhibition must have opened the eyes of all but the wilfully blind to the startling fact that, quality, strength, and elegance considered, the Swiss are nearly 40 per cent. under our prices. So striking was their superiority, except in our first-class watch, that I took my own eyes for a month through their principal manufacturing districts. There I found causes in active operation that explain the whole matter. From three leading manufacturers I learnt that 1,500,000 watches were made last year in the Neufchâtel district, and this over and above the produce of the Geneva district. They declare, too, that their powers of production have doubled in the last seven years. The marvellous ingenuity of their tools and their skilful economy of labour fully confirm this statement. So prosperous has been the handicraft of the intelligent mountaineers of Neufchâtel that thousands of men and women engaged in the trade, people all the hills and valleys far and wide, from the Val de St. Imier, in Berne, in the North, down below St. Croix, looking over the Lake of Geneva. Compare the thousands there, from north to south, with our last census. Within the London district, including every dealer who professes and calls himself a watchmaker, we had in 1851 but 4800 in the trade. Surely this is a scanty army to boast of as enough to conquer all the markets in the world! And what is the result? That last year we were beggars to these very Swiss for watches for our own use at home. Besides all those smuggled, of which smugglers make no return, duty was paid in 1853 on 42,486 watches; in 1854 on 79,209; and in 1855 on 90,670. They want none of our watches; but we took of them for home consumption last year, half as many as we finished ourselves. Now, if any man thinks this

a state of the watch trade creditable or satisfactory to us, I beg to differ from him. A reference to an old almanack, however full of figures, will no more show the number of watches wanted for next year's consumption, than the statistics of our grandfather's pigtails will give the next year's demand for combs and brushes. No, sir; we must not be above taking a leaf even out of a Swiss book. Wiser far than obstinately to persist in a losing system, we must have:—1, a decimal mode of measurement enforced by law, and so precise as to define with mathematical nicety the size and proportion of all the parts; 2, a complete directory, giving the name and special capabilities of every man and woman available; 3, a minute subdivision of labour, adjusting to each person's abilities the exact quality of the work which he or she can best do, and neither more nor less; 4, we must never employ a man to do what a woman can do as well or better; 5, we must get Lord John & Co. to look to Switzerland for a system of public education so admirably liberal as to constitute one essential element of their superiority. They well know the absolute necessity of the utmost care in manufacturing the manufacturers. They are wise enough never to expect excellence in the work until they have thoroughly trained and tutored the future workman. And lastly, we must despise the libel that any man may dare to cast upon his countrywomen, imputing to them inability to execute works of precision.

"Thousands of women are at this moment finding profitable employment at the most delicate portion of watchwork throughout the district round Neufchâtel. The subdivision of labour is there wisely made so minute as to adjust itself precisely to the special capabilities of every woman's individual dexterity. For any man to declare, whatever his motive, that the women of London are sure to do badly what the Swiss women are now doing so well, is an insult and a fallacy in which I refuse to join. I know better, and will before long prove their capabilities. If the *Times* will but grant its omnipotent aid in this work, we shall soon effect a great social change. Thousands of the women of London, now in dire distress, have the power to equal, and perhaps to outstrip, their Swiss sisters in a rival race for an honourable and abundant means of subsistence." Now the case cannot well be put clearer. Here are a million of women who cannot get married, and who want employment. What is to be done with them? In Switzerland they would many of them be employed in watchmaking—why not here? As Mary Howitt writes: "The women must be saved. Work must be found for those who cannot emigrate; and every available avenue of labour fitted for female hands and heads must be thrown open to them. The world has a place in it for every man, so must it have for every woman. Teaching, that blessed and appropriate sphere of female labour, which is never better filled than by female heads and hearts trained by knowledge and care, has numerically more already than its sufficient occupants. Needlework, that lowest resource of female industry, is becoming closed against them. The introduction of machinery into the needle-woman's province will drive her out of it. But courage, poor sister; even this may be a blessing in disguise. When the power-loom threw the weaver out of employment, he believed that he and his children must starve, and that the race of the weaver would no longer be seen on earth. But science is one of the handmaids of God, and for one weaver whom the power-loom threw out of employment it has found work for a hundred. So now with the sewing-machine, if it throw thousands of women out of employment, it will cause new, and happier, and more profitable sources of industry to be opened to them. Already, female hands which might otherwise have plied the needle, and female minds which might otherwise have hopelessly laboured in teaching, now set the types of *Bradshaw's Railway Guide*, and work in various places the wonderful machinery of electric telegraphs. A better day for the working woman is assuredly coming. Mr. Bennett, watchmaker, tells us—and who so likely to know as himself?—that there is no branch of industry more suitable in every way for women than watchmaking. He maintains that women can, if properly trained, make watches better than men. Then, in honour's name, let them make them! And what he says is not mere theory; for he assures us that in Switzerland—from which country we import watches to the value of £1,000,000 sterling yearly—these delicate and useful articles are principally of female manufacture."

JAMES WATT.

On the other side we give a sketch of an incident said to have occurred in the life of the world's great benefactor, James Watt. Mrs. Marian Campbell, Watt's cousin, tells us how, when he was a boy, he occupied himself with the steam of the tea-kettle, and by means of a cup and spoon made early experiments in the condensation of steam. To this incident she probably attached more importance than was its due, from reverting to it when illustrated by her after-recollections. Out of this story, reliable or not in the sense ascribed to it, M. Arago obtained an oratorical point for an *éloge* which he delivered to the French Institute. Watt, says Mr. John Timbs, may or may not have been occupied as a boy with the study of the condensation of steam, while he was playing with the kettle. The story suggests a probability, nothing more, though it has been made the foundation of a grave announcement, the subject of a pretty picture, and will ever remain a basis of suggestive speculation.

DEATH IN LIFE.

To die whilst yet in life, and still to know,
Though the pulse beats the dreadful strife is done,
While nature, shuddering on her ruin'd throne,
Shrieks as the conqueror fell repeats his blow,
Is terrible. But deeper is the woe
When through the shield of hope the soul doth hold,
The iron enters pitiless and cold,
And drinks the tears of blood that silent flow.
The shield is rent, the wounded spirit lies,
Naked and spoil'd, and stricken mortally,
Alone, alone, beneath the starless night;
While memory, vulture-like, in circles flies,
Darting keen anguish from his cruel eyes,
As o'er the wretch she wings her ruthless flight.

JAMES WATT.

SUNDOWN.

A NOVEL.

By EDWARD COPPING, Author of "*Aspects of Paris*," &c.

[*Continued from p.* 187.]

CHAPTER XIII.

Now that the most cruel trial had been passed through;—now that the terrible suspense which had weighed so heavily upon Sundown for the last fortnight was at an end, both Ruth and her aunt felt comparatively relieved. They knew at last the cause of poor Fred's silence; they knew that his love was not at fault; they knew that no strange or horrible calamity had befallen him. In the wild agony of their apprehension they had pictured him—now, the victim of assassination; now the prey of angry floods; now the inmate of a prison. These were but fever fancies, it is true—distorted images traced by trembling fear; but they stood up grim and palpable before the mind, painting it as with the presence of evil or the shadow of crime.

But if Ruth and her aunt were relieved by the news they had received, the long breath of satisfaction they drew was soon followed by fresh sighs of disquiet.

Fred was ill. He had evidently been so a whole fortnight. George, it was obvious, was not by his side, or he would have written to acquaint them with what had occurred. Poor Fred was thus alone;—alone among strangers, whose language he scarcely understood;—he might be dying, far away in that distant city, without a kindly voice near to soothe and comfort him in his agony.

For a few minutes after the despatch had been read there was a deep silence. The lips of Aunt Susan moved as though in prayer: Ruth remained motionless in her seat, and Dr. Carter stood with the open paper in his hand, re-reading, as it seemed, the message it contained.

Ruth was the first to speak.

"Aunt," she said, slowly and deliberately, as though announcing a determination long matured in her mind, "I must go to Paris. I cannot stop here now that I know Fred is ill. I *must* go to him at once."

"But, my darling, you cannot travel alone, and I am too weak to accompany you."

"I know you are, dear Aunt; but Mary can go with me, and we can have John for a protector. Oh! don't oppose me!" the poor girl exclaimed almost wildly, "for if I do not see Fred at once I think my heart will break."

Aunt Susan sighed. She had already been separated from one of her dear children, and now the other was about to leave her. Who could tell if she would ever see either of them again? The good old lady let her head droop, and sobbed aloud at the thought of losing her darling.

"Don't be so sad," said Ruth in her pretty gentle manner, kneeling at her aunt's feet as she spoke. "I will not be long away from you. Fred will soon get well when I am near him."

Aunt Susan could not speak, but she bent forward and kissed the young girl.

"You do not think it unkind of me to leave you, Aunt, do you? It would make me very unhappy to cause you any sorrow. Don't be angry with me if I go away."

Aunt Susan raised Ruth from the floor, and embraced her again with tender affection. Then smiling away her tears, she said:

"Go, go, my darling. I was weak and foolish to oppose you. Go, like a good sister as you are, and nurse your sick brother. And may God in his infinite mercy protect you both."

The struggle was at an end. Aunt Susan had triumphed over the love she bore to the orphan child.

And now it became necessary resolutely to throw aside all sorrowful thoughts, and to commence preparations for the journey.

At first Dr. Carter offered to accompany Ruth to Paris in place of John. But when he remembered that several of his patients were just then in a critical state, and that there was nobody in Rosefield except a rival practitioner to whose care they could be confided, he was reluctantly compelled, at the instance of the young girl herself, to withdraw his proposition.

This point decided, John was sent for.

The old gardener was staggered at first by the prospect of a foreign journey. Upon his mental *mappemonde* Paris was as far distant from Sundown as America or the Indies. Of Frenchmen, too, he had much about the same vague notion as of tattoed Entaws or the root-eating Shoshonie. To go to France, and to be sold into captivity, travelled almost abreast in his mind as disagreeable anticipations of probability.

Nevertheless, John did not hesitate a single minute in giving his reply. The first sentiment of astonishment over, he declared his willingness to follow Miss Ruth wherever she might go, and to protect her to the best of his power.

John was excited by the prospect of so soon seeing Fred again, though deeply pained by the news of his illness.

As for Mary Trueman she was more fastidious. When the journey to Paris was first proposed to her, she merely blushed and giggled. Then, when Ruth told her she must decide at once, as they would start the next morning, she stammered and hesitated; she could not get ready in time.

"But you will have as much time as I," replied Ruth. "Yes," but she had not proper "things" to go in. Why, what did she want? Oh! she wanted a new dress and bonnet. Those she had were not fit to be seen. Was that the only difficulty? No, she wanted this, and she wanted that, and she wanted the other.

And so she stammered and hesitated and simpered and faltered, raising obstacle after obstacle, which Ruth met in most cases by arguments and donations drawn from her own wardrobe, and, at last, Miss Mary Trueman, exceedingly flushed, really delighted, but utterly confused, declared herself prepared to go to Paris, and hastened away, accordingly, to commence packing up.

Preparation with Ruth was the work of a very few hours.

She laid out the articles of her attire it was indispensable to take, resolutely cast aside everything that could be dispensed with, and long before Mary Trueman

had determined what dresses she would carry with her, and what she would leave behind, the young mistress of Sundown had completely finished her preliminary arrangements.

Then Ruth applied to Dr. Carter for advice and information respecting the journey, feeling that as she alone of the party understood anything of French, all the real burden of travelling would devolve upon her. This activity not only kept her mind occupied, and prevented it from dwelling too much on Fred's illness, but drove away all the little nervous fears which inexperienced travellers invariably feel when about to set out for the first time to a distant city. By nine o'clock that evening she had entirely finished her own preparations; obtained all the information she required; and was able to join Aunt Susan in aiding Mary to pack up.

To say the truth, Mary had need of aid; for, flustered and excited by the prospect of a long journey, she was completely incapable of all judicious effort, and if left to herself would assuredly have sat down in the midst of her effects, to wring her hands and weep with lachrymose irresolution.

As for John Plumber he had but few preparations to make, and those he accomplished in a very short time. He had two suits of clothes, in addition to that in which he regularly worked. One was the second best, that he wore when he went into town on business from Sundown, or on any ordinary occasion when the rough fustian would have seemed out of place. The other was his special suit, exclusively devoted to Sabbath and festival wear, and still stiff and angular with newness, although he had worn it two good years.

When John was in his gala dress he was in his pride. No Bond-street Maccaroni, or Boulevard Incroyable could have felt prouder of last week's fashion than did John of that rigid raiment in which he passed the seventh day.

His choice was soon made therefore. He would travel in his second best, and reserve number one for Paris.

A trifling difficulty suggested itself to John in connexion with another article of his dress, but he soon got over it:

"I 'spose they do wear shirts in Paris," he said, doubtingly, as he looked upon his own stock of those articles; "Well! I'd better take 'em all. They can't do no harm; and supposin' they ain't in fashion, I needn't put 'em on."

Five minutes afterwards John Plumber's personal effects were all packed up in the trunk Ruth had allotted for them.

But John's real trials were yet to come. He had to say good bye to Bill, and to part from Tom; and as the old gardener looked forward to these two leave-takings his courage began to fail him. Almost for the first time the seriousness of the journey he was about to take, came fully to his mind. He summoned up all his heart however, and then, addressing Bill, who had come into his father's room to aid, it is to be supposed, the preparations going on there, by looking on and blubbering, he said, very gravely:

"Bill, I'm going, as you know, on a long forrin journey into France. I only knowed one man as ever did likewise, Bob Williams the coachman; and he never turned up agin alive arterwards. He went to Paris with his master a matter of forty year ago, when I was a younker, and nobody never knowed what become on him from that time to this. P'rhaps he died there, p'rhaps he 's still livin there; p'rhaps he 's gone somewhere else. At all events he ain't come back yet, and most likely never will. Maybe I shall never come back no more than him. There! don't go off a blubbering as if I was a'ready scalped and tommyhawked! The worst ain't come to the worst yet, and when it do it won't be so bad, p'rhaps, as it might be. Hows'never, as I said, I 'm going away, and when I 'm off, why natterally I shan't be here no longer, and you'll have nobody to look arter yer."

"Now, Bill, all I say is this: don't run wild acos your father's back 's turned, and cos he ain't got his eye on yer. You won't come to no good if you do *that*. 'Specially, don't go fallin in love, or any nonsense of that sort; for I see you has a perpensity for sich mischief. You'll have time enough when you're ten years older. I didn't stick up to your mother till I was five and twenty, and at first she hit out so hard at me for my 'sarse,' as she called it, that I was reg'larly floored.

"Hows'never, she come round in time, and we was married at thirty, afore which age my opinion is that a man ain't fit, nor ain't intended, nor ain't got no right to carry double weight. So don't get a ankering arter Eliza cos Mary 'll be away; for Eliza 's a good twenty year older than you if she 's a hour. 'Sides, she 's got her eye on Tom Summers, as takes out Dr. Carter's wials.

"If she once finds out you're soft on her she'll flatten yer art out as smooth as a pancake, and then dance on yer like a mountybank. I know what them tender gals is when they gets a spoony in love with 'em as is young enough to be their own offspring. They ain't got no mercy they ain't, nor no feelin, not no more than a Hinjion savage, and why should they?"

Bill listened very attentively, and with true filial respect, to his father's profound advice, blubbering and snuffling all the time, and rubbing the cuff of his jacket across his nose with such vehemence that it seemed as though he must inevitably render the skin threadbare.

He promised, however, at the end, to obey in everything the parental monitions to the best of his power, and thereupon John Plumber drew a greasy old leather fob from his pocket, carefully untied it, and took out—half-a-crown.

"There," said he, handing the coin to his son, "take that, Bill, and my blessin along with it. I ain't rich, or I'd give you more."

The delighted lad pocketed the piece of money with rapacious eagerness, all sorrow at his father's approaching departure instantly vanishing at sight of the glittering fortune of which he had suddenly come into possession.

"And now," said John, even more seriously than before, "let's go and say good-bye to that old rascal Tom, and give him a last feed afore I start."

With this he stepped out to the animal's stable, dutifully followed by the delighted Bill.

Tom was standing in a brown study, dozing over some turnip-tops which for the last hour or so he had been calmly munching, and he did not even turn his

head when John and Bill entered ; nay, when they came close to him with the lantern—for it was now night—he pretended to take not the slightest notice of their presence. You might have supposed him some ancient philosopher,—some asinine Aristotle or four-footed Plato, by far too much absorbed in his own transcendental reflecting to heed ordinary vulgar bipeds.

"There 's a unfeelin old brute for yer!" exclaimed John, nettled by the animal's callousness. "What does *he* care what becomes of me? If I was a goin to be hung, drawded, and quartered *he* wouldn't mind! *He* wouldn't stretch out a hand to save me, not he. Oh! you're a ungrateful old warmin, you are!" continued John, apostrophizing the stolid-looking animal; "kindness and turnip-tops is lost upon you."

And so saying, he indignantly gave Tom a push which might just as well have been directed against a stone wall, and left the stable in disgust.

Directly he was outside, however, and had securely fastened the door, his manner changed. Lowering his voice almost to a whisper so as not to be overheard, he said in a confidential manner to Bill :

"He 's only a pretendin—that's his way; to-morrow, when I 'm really off, he'll be lookin arter me ev'rywhere, and 'll be wretched when he finds out that I 'm gone.

"Now, Bill, I leave him to your care. Feed him reg'larly every day, and look arter him 'zactly as I do. For I tell you what it is : if any harm comes to him while I'm away—if so much as a hair of his head is out of order, or any accident of any kind whats'never happens to him, hang me if I don't hide you until yer ain't got a ole bone in yer skin.

"So good-bye, Bill. Take care of yourself, and don't go playin the fool with the half-crown I've give yer. Good-bye, my lad, good-bye!"

Next morning, while the early breeze was yet sharp and chill, and the sun was still low down in the heavens, John was on his way to Paris, with Ruth and Mary under his championship and protection.

CHAPTER XIV.

When the Venetian dramatist, Goldoni, arrived for the first time in the French capital, so excited was he by all he saw, that for many weeks he was utterly unable to settle down to his ordinary literary occupations. Yet the Paris he gazed upon was not the splendid city of to-day, with its long monumental streets, its magnificent promenades, its smiling gardens, and its palace-cafés. Could Goldoni have delayed his visit to our own immediate time, his excitement would have taken the most dangerous development, and the poor playwright must assuredly have been fairly overpowered by the variety and intensity of his emotions.

It seemed at first as though some such fate as this must overtake Fred. He was naturally very impressionable, easily elated—easily depressed. But just now everything was in combination to buoy him up with pleasurable feeling. It appeared as though he would never tire of sight-seeing, and of rambles through the city and suburbs.

He spent day after day in the Louvre, gazing with rapturous admiration upon the vast and splendid art collection displayed there. He passed thence to the Luxembourg, where he was scarcely less interested. Then he examined with untiring scrutiny the historical Hotel, hung with its mediæval and Roman relics ; and so from week to week occupied his time in a whirl of delighted inspection.

George did not accompany Fred in all his sight-seeing expeditions. After showing him the principal attractions of the city, and practically instructing him in Paris geography, he left the young man to himself awhile.

George had, in fact, much occupation on his hands. First, there was to hire an atelier for Fred ; next, to find him a lodging. Then he had to recommence the studies which had been interrupted by his pleasure-trip to England. He could not, therefore, after the first week, devote more than an occasional day or two to his cousin.

Fred, to do him justice, was not unreasonable, and readily accepted George's absence as a necessity that could not be avoided. In truth, he was not sorry to be alone awhile. He felt more free and unrestrained than he would have been in the society of even a sympathetic companion. Ah! If Ruth had been with him his happiness would have increased by her mere presence. But as this could not be, and as there was nobody in the whole world who could supply her place, he preferred to be altogether without company.

Every day, then, he passed from picture-gallery to museum, and from museum to picture-gallery, diversifying his enjoyment by trips into the environs of the capital, now to Marly, now to Sceaux, now to St. Germain, and by rambles among the immediate suburbs. At night he sat down to his desk, and wrote those long and interesting letters which caused so much delight at Sundown. The labour of composition, upon which he really bestowed infinite pains, relieved him, and absorbed a large quantity of that overflow of spirit, which otherwise might have so disastrously flooded his mind.

When Fred had passed about two months thus, George thought it right to throw out a hint that it was time now to give up pleasure a little, and commence study in something like real earnest.

"How nice your atelier looks, Fred," he said one morning, as they sat together over coffee and rolls at their lodging in the Rue Buonaparte. "Emile has made quite a little palace of it. I suppose you will take possession, and begin operations very soon."

But Fred was by no means over-pleased at the idea of commencing his studies so quickly as he might ; for time still continued to fly past him very delightfully. He offered no opposition, however, to his cousin's plans.

"Yes, I think you 're right, George," he said, though without any enthusiasm. "I suppose I 've had enough pleasure : and now it 's about time to think of work. Yet, I should have liked to run wild another week or so before getting regularly into harness."

"Well, my dear fellow," replied George, for they had now become familiar as college chums, "*continuez toujours :* only remember, old chap, that the months are slipping by, and that in a year we are to be back at Sundown, to render an account of our time and our

labours. I shall have more good marks than you if you don't take care."

"You 're right, cousin," Fred replied, fired with sudden animation; "I 'll begin at once. I don't want to be thought an idler, or to become one. I can easily spare a day, now and then, for more sight-seeing, when I feel inclined to do so. I 'll begin to work directly, and outstrip you yet, old boy!"

That very morning Fred took formal possession of his atelier, arranged his portfolios, his colours, his brushes, his sketches, his chairs, &c., and began studying from models under the direction of a master George had found for him. He was determined now as last to work in good earnest. He was determined to make amends for the long, long holiday he had spent. George's remarks perpetually rang in his ear, and acted as incentives to unusual industry.

Alas! poor Fred was always in extremes. An exaggerated spirit of emulation now took possession of his mind. It seemed as though he could not sufficiently make up for the time he had lost. He worked incessantly, therefore. He was in his atelier with the first break of day; he remained there long after night had set in, sketching by the light of an oil lamp; everything was sacrificed to the one unceasing occupation.

George was highly gratified at first with this application, the result of his friendly monitions, and congratulated Fred upon the perseverance and energy he displayed.

"If you continue to work like this," he said encouragingly, "you will carry everything before you in a year."

But when he found that Fred, in his enthusiasm, scarcely took any exercise, ate but little food, slept badly, and was evidently under the influence of strong excitement, he entirely changed his tone.

"Come, come, old fellow," he said, "this is going too far. You are working now more than you ought; there's a measure in all things. You 'll really knock yourself up if you continue to stick so closely to the atelier."

But Fred said he had never felt so well in his life; that he was making admirable progress, and that he could not afford himself a holiday just then.

He continued accordingly to work on as before, utterly heedless of the friendly warnings of his cousin.

About a fortnight had passed thus, when George, upon entering Fred's atelier one morning, after a week's absence from Paris on a sketching jaunt, started with surprise upon seeing the anxious and jaded aspect of the over-ardent student.

"Why, Fred," he exclaimed, "you are making yourself ill. This won't do. You ought to have gone with me to Chevreuse when I asked you, and taken up your quarters in the old château, instead of remaining cooped up here. The trip would have done you infinite good, for a little country air and a day or two's rest are just what you want. Now, I tell you what: not another stroke of work must you do to-day. Come with me, and let us go and have a good pull on the river. It will be exactly the thing for you; and to-morrow being Sunday you can have a long rest after your day's exertions."

"No, no; I don't need any holiday," replied Fred, but his pale face and weary eyes contradicted the assertion.

"Yes, yes, but you do," said George; "it will brighten you up amazingly. Whenever I've been working too hard—getting excited—trying to do too much at once, letting my head go faster than my hands, I throw away pallet and brushes and colours, shut up my portfolios, turn my picture to the wall, and start off for a ramble to Meudon, or Fontenoy, or Choisy-le-Roi, have a good walk over hill and dale, or sometimes a run upon the river, and return home in the evening to an early bed, with the certainty of waking up quite refreshed and invigorated the next morning.

"Some of the fellows here," George added, "take *absinthe* instead of a country walk, and think *petites verres* quite as refreshing as a hill-side breeze. But I 'm not of their way of thinking, nor are you, I fancy, Fred; so come along, old boy, and let 's away by the omnibus to Neuilly bridge; they 've some capital *canots* there, well-built, light, and elegant. They know me, too, for in the fine season I 'm a pretty constant customer. If you 're ready we 'll start at once."

Fred felt too languid to offer further opposition, so the two cousins almost immediately afterwards started off on their boating excursion. In five minutes they had crossed the Seine by the Pont des Arts, mounted upon the *Imperiale* of an omnibus, by the Louvre, and were soon carried through the Rue de Rivoli and the Champs Elysées, to the Arc de l' Etoile, and then down the magnificent Avenue de Neuilly, to the bridge of the same name. A four-oared cutter was soon found for them, and in a few minutes it was gaily bearing them down the stream.

The day was not favourable for aquatic amusement. The sky was leaden and louring; the air was without motion, and despite the lateness of the season it seemed heavy and oppressive.

On, however, went the young men, rapidly gliding along the water—on, beyond Courbervoie and the Asnières bridges—on, beyond the island of the Ravageurs—on, on, from point to point, until St. Ouen and St. Denis were reached and left behind, and the heights of Marly and St. Germain were coming clear into view.

"We 've gone far enough, I think," said George, keeping the boat at rest by a gentle back movement of the oar; "it will be hard work pulling against this current, so we 'd better begin at once;" and they turned back.

It was indeed hard work. Fred, who had not had much practice lately in muscular exercise, puffed and blew like a grampus, and after an hour's hard rowing began to feel somewhat distressed. But they had already stopped once at a ferry-house on the bank, gone ashore and refreshed themselves with some *petit bleu*, the only wine obtainable; so he did not like to own himself already beaten. Away then he pulled more sturdily than ever at the oars, astonishing George by his sudden energy. A short time afterwards, however, both the young men simultaneously diminished their exertions and rested awhile.

"Tired?" inquired George when he had recovered breath.

"No," replied Fred, though an exactly opposite an-

swer would more accurately have described his condition.

"On again, then," said George, merrily; and the cutter once more sped gaily along the surface of the water.

But when they reached Neuilly Bridge Fred was really knocked up. He crawled rather than walked to the omnibus close at hand, and, as he reached it, complained strangely enough of cold. When they arrived in Paris he could eat no dinner, though a very nice Palais-Royal restaurant tried to tempt him with some of its choicest dainties. George was sadly pained to find that their little party of pleasure had led to such an unfortunate result, and hastened his own meal in order that he might walk home with his cousin, and put him to bed; for Fred said, with forced cheerfulness, that the only thing he wanted was a good sound sleep.

But when the poor fellow retired to rest he could obtain no slumber. A fortnight's incessant over-study had excited his brain to a dangerous degree, and the day's exertion on the river had brought on a fever, which increased his mental agitation. He tossed from side to side, restless and nervous, vainly endeavouring to obtain some sleep. But whenever he closed his eyes the room seemed full of strange flitting shapes, falling meteors, and brilliant lights, the oppressive brightness of which dazzled and irritated him. Sometimes the chamber seemed to rock and swing to and fro, so that he clung with desperate energy to the bed in order to avoid the fathomless gulf into which he appeared to be falling. He knew he was the sport of mere delusion—as we often remember even in the midst of nightmare that we are but sleeping—but this knowledge increased rather than diminished his feverish trouble.

It was not until the dawn came that he obtained a little repose. But sleep never once visited him.

George was somewhat alarmed when he entered the room early next morning, and found his cousin still unwell. He had hoped that a night's rest would restore Fred to his usual health; but it seemed to have had precisely the opposite effect. Fred looked even worse than on the previous evening, and had even more antipathy than before for food. He gladly partook of some tea however, and that seemed to refresh him; but, almost immediately after, he became as languid and restless as ever.

"You must lie quiet to-day," George said, very cheerily, "and to-morrow I fancy you'll be all right. If not, we must have a doctor for you, old fellow."

"I sha'n't be able to write to Ruth to-day, I'm afraid," said Fred, slightly wandering in manner.

"No, don't try," replied George; "you're not in a state to write letters. I will drop a line, if you like, to Ruth, to explain that you are unwell."

"No, no!" exclaimed Fred, thoughtful of the dear sister even in the midst of his suffering. "That would alarm her. I will write myself to-morrow a double letter to make amends for to-day."

"Yes, that will be the best plan," said George; "and for the present keep very quiet. I will be back in an hour or two to look after you. In the mean time, if you want anything you have only to stretch out your hand and ring that bell—there are bells in this house, for a wonder. I will give Madame Dufour instructions down below to attend whenever she hears it ring. So, good-bye, Fred; don't be down-hearted while I 'm away, I 'll soon be back."

"All right," feebly replied Fred, as though about to doze; "you won't say anything to Ruth."

"No, no, not a word."

"Good-bye, then, George," and Fred turned toward the window, and seemed preparing for slumber.

When George came back, however, he heard anything but a favourable account of the patient.

Madame Dufour, the kind-hearted but rough-mannered concierge of the house in which the young men dwelt, had noiselessly entered the sick room several times—although unsummoned—and found Monsieur, she said, very troubled. He did not appear to notice her, and yet spoke aloud in English, as though addressing somebody else he supposed present. Sometimes he laughed in a very odd manner, which made her flesh creep to listen to; and, altogether, went on so strangely that she was afraid his brain was a little deranged.

Upon hearing this, George at once determined to send for a medical man; but, upon visiting Fred, found him so calm and reasonable—though evidently very feverish, that he changed his intention, and sat down by the bed-side, determined to postpone yet another day the step he had resolved to take.

He passed the whole of the day in the sick chamber, even eating his dinner there upon a chair, and kept his cousin amused with reading and conversation. Towards night poor Fred felt so much better that he asked for some more tea, and not only drank it with apparent relish, but partook of a little toast in the same manner.

George now lost all anxiety, and felt glad he had not called in a medical man. Evidently there was no reason to suppose that Fred's indisposition was serious. So he left the sick room about eleven o'clock, perfectly at ease and tranquil. He even intimated to Madame Dufour that she need not sit up, or hold herself on the alert to render assistance to Fred. He was very composed, and at the same time fatigued; there could be no doubt he would sleep well; he was already dozing, in fact.

Very early next morning George stole softly down to the sick room to see if the patient was awake, and to ask how he had passed the night. Fearing lest he might disturb long-needed sleep, he entered quite noiselessly, and cast a look upon the bed. To his surprise it was empty. Fred had evidently risen, dressed himself, and left the chamber!

George did not know whether to be alarmed or pleased at this discovery. It was evident Fred was better; but had he not shown undue precipitation in getting up so early? Though he might feel quite restored, he would have done better surely to remain a while longer in bed. And where had he gone? George was at a loss to imagine; and after some moments' deliberation could only suppose his cousin had been tempted by the brightness of the morning to take a stroll upon the Quays.

At this moment Madame Dufour passed the door.

"Ah! Monsieur George," she said, "you are look-

ing for your friend. He has been up ever since the break of day, and is at work in his atelier."

George was still more astonished at this information than he had been at sight of the empty bed. Fred's activity seemed unnatural to him, after such utter prostration on the previous day and night. He made no observation, however, to Madame Dufour, beyond a few ordinary words of thanks for her news, but went straight to the atelier.

There, sure enough, was Fred, working away at his easel with astounding rapidity.

"Ah! George!" he exclaimed, in a wild excited tone, as he saw his cousin enter, "I've got the start of you this morning;—was up with the lark, and have been hard at it ever since."

Then, putting aside pallet and brushes, he eagerly shook his cousin by the hand.

George started as though a violent electric shock had passed through his frame.

Fred's hand was burning hot with fever.

"Why, what's the matter, George? Why did you start so? It almost frightened me. You must be nervous this morning. Ha! ha! to think of your being nervous! But come, I've no time to lose."

And Fred again began to work at his picture.

As he recommenced George looked full in his face, and saw that his cheeks were covered with a flaming flush, that his skin was scorched, and that his eyes were glistening with the wild excitement of fever.

He gazed next at the easel. The unfinished "Good Appetite" was upon it, but the face of the farmer's boy had been almost painted out, and in its place was a grinning, horrible figure, a sort of mocking fiend, with a writhing and ghastly expression of madness lighting up its contorted features.

Upon this figure the young artist was still hurriedly working, with trembling energy.

"Good God, Fred!" exclaimed George, starting back with horror, "what are you doing?"

"Working away, you see, at my old picture. Ruth called here last night; came on purpose to see me, and was quite unhappy because I had made so little progress. So I've determined to make up for lost time. But I'm getting very tired already, and my brain is so hot that I think it must be on fire." And poor Fred, evidently quite delirious, paused from his work and sat down. He was almost exhausted by the fatigue and excitement he had gone through.

The colour fled from George's cheek, and he stood speechless by his cousin's side.

It was no time, however, to yield to emotion. George felt that his cousin must not be allowed to continue in the atelier another instant at his work. His delirium might soon take the most dangerous shape if measures for checking it were not at once adopted.

"Fred," he said, in as calm a tone as he could assume, "you must work no more this morning; you have already done enough for one day. Ruth will be more than satisfied when she sees how you have advanced. So now go back again to bed. You deserve a good long rest after having been so industrious."

"Do I?" replied poor Fred, somewhat calmed by his cousin's manner: "and you really think I've worked enough for to-day?"

"Quite enough. Come along with me and take some rest."

There was a commanding earnestness in George's voice which Fred, fevered as he was, could not resist. He suffered himself, indeed, to be led back to his room with the docility of a child, and, when once in bed, sank back upon his pillow without a murmur, evidently quite prostrated in body and mind.

But George did not allow himself to be again deceived by this tranquillity. He rang up Madame Dufour, and when he heard her footstep on the stairs went outside upon the landing-place, and stopped her as she was entering the room.

"Don't leave him alone an instant," George whispered in her ear; "he is in a high fever. I will go at once and fetch a doctor;" and he noiselessly descended the stairs.

As he was about to pass into the street, Emile, the house-servant, ran towards him.

"M. George, M. George!" Emile exclaimed, "here is a letter for you which has just arrived, and which is marked 'very important.'"

George took the letter, and looked at the handwriting of the address. It was his sister's. The postmark was Zurich.

"From home!" he exclaimed with surprise, as he broke the seal.

There were but two or three hurried lines, but as the young man read them he turned so pale that Emile, who was standing by, sprung forward and exclaimed:

"Monsieur is ill!"

"No, no!" replied George, faintly. "My father has had a fit, and is in danger of death. I must go home to-night if I ever wish to see him again."

And poor George, completely overpowered by the news of this fresh calamity, leaned for a few minutes against the wall, too distressed and bewildered for speech or thought.

CHAPTER XV.

George usually had plenty of self-possession, and on most occasions was able to look difficulty steadily in the face. But just now it seemed as though all his force of character had utterly deserted him. He was staggered and prostrated by the two events which had come upon each other with such rapidity. Fred's delirium and incoherence had painfully affected him, for it was the first time he had seen any one under the influence of violent fever. Now, there was his father's dangerous illness forming a new element in the trouble which pressed upon his heart and brain. George had never felt so incapable of collecting his thoughts or of summoning up his energies as at that moment. A brief pause, however, restored him to something like calmness, and then the necessity for rapid and determined action impressed itself so vividly upon his mind that he was forced, as it were, into activity again. Evidently there was not a moment to lose; all his plans must be drawn out at once, and at once acted upon. First he must go for the doctor, hear his opinion respecting Fred's illness, make all the arrangements it demanded, write to Ruth to apprise her of what had occurred, and in the evening

take the railway for Switzerland. When once he had decided upon this line of action, George felt much relieved. He immediately started off in quest of the only medical man in Paris with whom he was acquainted, and who by great good fortune lived in the immediate neighbourhood. By still greater good fortune he was at home reading the newspaper over an early cup of coffee, and as George expressed an earnest desire that he should see the patient at once, Dr. Lanfrey immediately replaced the morning gown he was wearing by an article of attire more adapted for professional use, and accompanied his young English friend to the sick chamber. Fred was still very quiet, Madame Dufour said, and had been ever since she had begun to watch him. He was not exactly asleep, for his eyes were open, and he now and then looked around; but he seemed to have no clear consciousness of what was passing, or of where he was. Just now he appeared to have fallen into a doze. He had not, however; for upon hearing whispers close to him, he turned round and looked attentively at the little group.

"Well, old boy, how are you now?" inquired George with much tenderness, advancing to the bed and shaking his cousin by the hand. "Look, I've brought a gentleman to see you."

Fred made no reply, but languidly gazed upon the new-comer, without appearing to understand what had been said to him, or to know anything of his visitors. Had he been under the influence of a powerful narcotic, he could not have displayed greater apathy. He allowed the medical man, however, to feel his pulse, without opposition, and to look at his tongue; then when told he might lie down again, he did so without a word, still gazing in a sort of stupor of bewilderment upon his cousin and the doctor.

"Well?" said George to Lanfrey, as soon as they were outside the room;—he had previously explained that Fred's illness had apparently been induced by over-application to study;—"Well?"

"His mind has evidently been much excited of late, and your excursion on the river has no doubt aided in bringing about the present crisis; but there is no immediate danger. Just now he is, if I may say so, in a sort of moral syncope, but from that he will soon arouse. He must be kept quite quiet, and free from all exciting influences. One good night's sleep, natural sleep I mean, would set him to rights. But that, I'm afraid, he is not likely to have. I must see him again a few hours hence, when the present stupor will probably have passed away. Meanwhile he shall have all my care, and with the treatment I mean to adopt, you may rely upon a speedy recovery."

"Then I may leave him entirely in your hands."

"Entirely. I will give him my undivided attention: and in Madame Dufour, as you know, he will have one of the best and kindest of nurses."

"Thank you, doctor, thank you," replied George in a trembling voice.

"Shall I write to you from time to time to say how he gets on?"

"If you would be so kind, I should indeed be grateful. But I scarcely like to trouble you."

"Trouble! On the contrary, it will be a real pleasure. More especially if, as I anticipate, I have nothing but good news to impart. Give me your address, so that I may at once enter it in my note-book."

George was particularly susceptible just then to kindness, so that the doctor's courtesy brought tears of gratitude to his eyes. He wrote out the information required, and then bade Lanfrey adieu with real earnestness of feeling.

"You will write often?" he asked, as they stood in the porte-cochère before parting.

"Every day until complete recovery."

"Thank you, thank you," exclaimed George, again shaking the other by the hand with much warmth of manner.

"A charming young fellow that," said the doctor as he slowly sauntered home; he was flattered and gratified by the real feeling George had displayed; "a charming young fellow. Those English are sometimes very amiable, though always exceedingly bizarre."

Directly Dr. Lanfrey had gone, George sat down and wrote a long letter to Ruth. He thought it best under the circumstances to give as accurate an account as possible of Fred's state; though he suppressed a few details calculated to occasion her unnecessary alarm, and made no allusion to the scene which had taken place in the atelier. Then he explained the painful cause of his own sudden departure for Switzerland; assured Ruth that Fred was certain to receive the utmost kindness and attention; quoted the doctor's opinion that there was no immediate danger; and concluded by recommending his cousin to come at once to Paris if she could do so conveniently. This letter, addressed but not sealed, he carried to Madame Dufour. "Keep it open until the last minute," he said, "and if there is any change for the better when Dr. Lanfrey comes this afternoon, ask him to be good enough to say so in a few lines at the bottom. Then wafer the letter and send it to the post. It is for the sister of Mr. Fred."

This done, George stole quietly into the sick room—for these instructions had been given outside—and prepared to say good-bye to his cousin. But Fred, though restless, had his eyes closed, was breathing heavily, and appeared in such a drowsy state, that it seemed best not to disturb him. So George withdrew as noiselessly as he had entered, gave full orders to Madame Dufour respecting the patient; authorised her to hire a nurse to divide the labour of attendance; kissed her affectionately on both cheeks, and then hurried away to make his own arrangements. He had only a very short time at his disposal to prepare for departure.

When the doctor paid his second visit a few hours later, Fred was in much the same state of stupor as before. There was no improvement, and no retrogression. So Dr. Lanfrey merely wrote at the bottom of George's letter; "5 o'clock, P.M., Mr. Selwin is still the same," sealed it, and handed it back to Madame Dufour. She on her side at once called up Emile, and requested him to take it to the post. But stop! It was too late to drop a letter for England into the tobacconist's opposite. Emile must go to the office by the Bourse, and make haste or he would not be in time. Now Emile, just then, was in an excessively bad humour, principally in consequence of the double work which had devolved upon him from Madame Dufour's presence in the sick room. He was beginning to repose a little at the front door with a

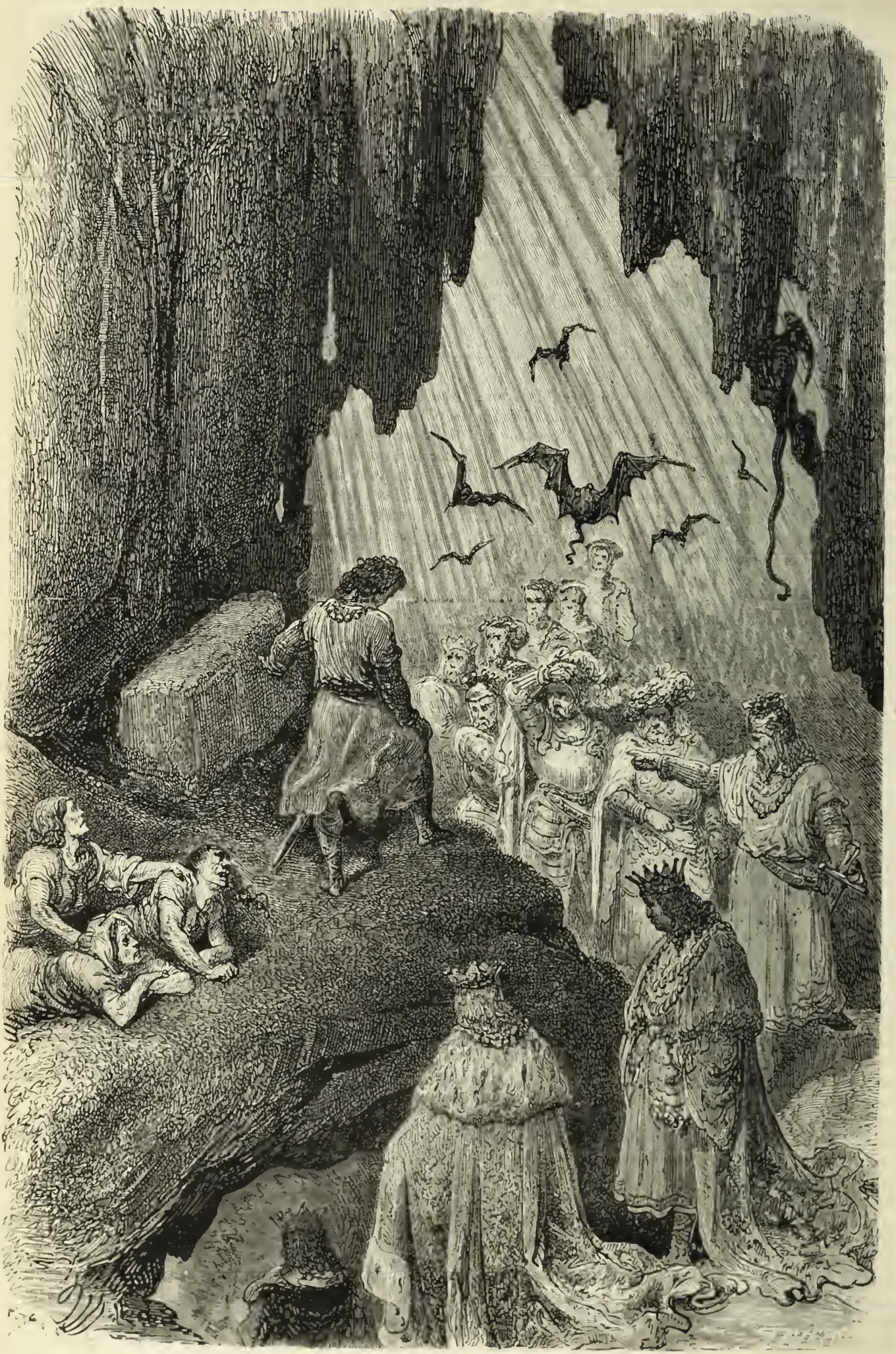
cigarette in his mouth, when lo! this commission was given him. What! he was to run all the way to the Bourse! Peste! Diable! he muttered. A distance of half a league if it were an inch. Could anything be more aggravating? There was nothing for it, however, but obedience. So Emile took the letter with the very worst possible grace, thrust it carelessly into his waistcoat pocket, and hurried off to the Bourse in a frame of mind nobody on or above the earth would have envied. Seven old women and a newsvender audibly blessed him as he swept past them like a rushing wind, and spun them round by accidental concussion. Upon arriving at the post-office Emile felt in his waistcoat pocket for the letter. It was gone. Gone? In an instant his mood changed. Indignation, impatient fretfulness and anger, gave place to the deepest mortification. It was evident he had lost the letter. He remembered that in several streets he had passed through there were little pools of water,—the product of a heavy fall of rain during the afternoon,—and that these miniature lakes he had rapidly jumped over in his eagerness to arrive early at the Bourse. It was more than probable that in so doing the letter had been jerked from his pocket, and that ere this it was floating through the sewers on an excursion to the Seine. There seemed scarcely any probability that even if picked up its address would be legible, for the streets were in an excessively dirty condition. Nevertheless as he walked slowly back to the Rue Buonaparte, Emile was careful to return precisely the same way he came, and to look all along the pavement and in every puddle he passed. But, as he had surmised, the letter was irretrievably lost. Had Emile stolen the letter, there might have been some hope he would have confessed his fault. But to admit that he had been guilty of an act of mere carelessness, nay almost of stupidity, was too much for his vanity. He could not resolve to acknowledge such humiliating inattention. When therefore Madame Dufour asked him if he had been in time, he carelessly answered, "Oh yes,"—a literally correct reply, though springing exclusively from false intention. "I had full five minutes to spare," he added, by way of clinching the indirect untruth.

"Poor fellow!" said Madame Dufour referring to Fred, who now occupied all her thoughts; "since you left, he's been very wild again, talking loudly and calling out for his sister. I hope she'll soon come. That letter you posted was for her."

"Oh indeed!" replied Emile, trying to appear unconcerned, though inwardly suffering the acutest pangs of remorse. For an instant indeed he was on the point of avowing the fault of which he had been guilty: but shame overpowered his good resolution, and he allowed Madame Dufour to return into the bed-room without offering her another word of explanation. Then, more and more smitten with compunction, but less and less capable of avowing it, he descended the stairs, and endeavoured to drive away all painful thoughts by applying with unusual energy to the rest of the household work which remained to be performed. Meanwhile, as Madame Dufour had said, Fred was growing exceedingly excited. His stupor had now utterly passed away, but without affording, as it appeared, any relief to him. He was again all restlessness and agitation, talking loudly in English, and continually trying to rise from his bed and get up. He must go and work at his picture, he repeatedly said. Why did they interfere to prevent him? He gradually became so violent that Madame Roussell, the nurse, who had taken Madame Dufour's place for the night, had considerable difficulty in keeping him quiet. As the evening advanced the brain of the sufferer become more and more excited. At each instant it seemed to be racked by some wild fancy or feverish longing. One moment Fred would call aloud to his sister; at the next to his aunt; then his cousin's image would pass before him, and he would cry out, "George, George!" with such painful eagerness, that even the old and battered attendant herself was touched. In the midst of all his incoherency, however, one sentiment was evidently dominant, the desire to descend to the atelier and work. Again and again it returned, each time with greater strength than before, and at last it appeared to have taken sole and undivided possession of his mind. He sat up in his bed, and deliberately declared that he *would* go; that no power on earth should stop him; that he was his own master and free to act as he pleased. Then when he found that the nurse was utterly insensible to his threats and violence, and that each time he rose, with the intention of getting out of bed, she forced him back by some strange power he could not comprehend, but which he was obliged to yield to, he implored her in the most touching accents, and with tears in his eyes, to let him gratify his wish.

"Do, oh! do let me go," he said, beseechingly; "if I do not work to-night I shall never work again."

But when he found that his most pathetic entreaties were received exactly in the same manner as his most vehement demands, he flung himself back upon the bed, and actually writhed with disappointment and baffled desire. By-and-bye, however, something of the cunning which oftentimes accompanies insanity took possession of Fred's mind. Since he could not obtain his request by prayer or threat, what was there to prevent him using less scrupulous agency? He would feign sleep, previously asking the nurse to draw the curtains around him, and then when he was thus hidden and had lulled her suspicions, he would noiselessly slip from the bed and pass unperceived out of the room. But as soon as he had formed this plan the poor dreamer saw it was impossible of execution. The nurse was sitting on that side of the bed which was against the door, and if he attempted to pass out she would see him, and at once oppose his departure. Ah! Could he but coax her round to the other side of the room! He asked her in fact to change her position, but the woman seemed at once to divine his motives, pointed to the door, and shook her head. Again Fred fell back in bed, writhing with impotent rage, and his teeth grating against each other like a saw against stone. During a few brief moments he was calm again, for he thought he saw Ruth before him, and held out his hand to welcome her. But the sweet vision soon passed away, and then the old troubled fancies once more took possession of his mind. How was he to baffle the vigilance of the attendant who watched over him? He did not wish to harm her, for no doubt she was acting in obedience to the orders of others: but still he was determined to leave the room in which he was placed against his will. Ah! At last he saw by what means he could accomplish his long-cherish-



POSTERITY OF BANQUO.

THE POSTERITY OF BANQUO.

GERMANS, French, as well as English, have done justice to our great Shakspeare. In the picture before us, Gustave Doré, a name well known and honoured on both sides the straits of Dover, has sketched that scene in Macbeth, when the latter seeks an interview with the witches, and dares to question fate. He has just asked if Banquo's issue shall ever reign in this kingdom. Eight kings appear and pass in order, the last with a glass in his hand. Banquo, following Macbeth, exclaims, (Act IV., scene 1,)

"Thou art too like the spirit of Banquo; down!
Thy crown does sear mine eye-balls:—and thy hair,
Thou other gold-bound brow, is like the first:—
A third is like the former; Filthy hags!
Why do you show me this?—A fourth?—Start, eyes!
What! will the line stretch out to the crack of doom?
Another yet?—A seventh?—I 'll see no more:—
And yet the eighth appears, who bears a glass,
Which shows me many more; and some I see
That two-fold balls and treble sceptres carry:
Horrible sight!—Ay, now, I see, 'tis true;
For the blood-bolted Banquo smiles upon me,
And points at them for his.—What, is this so?"

ed desire. Had not the Fever Spirit entered his brain, and would not its malignant influence shine out through his glance? The old legend of the Evil Eye was no fable. Modern experience had shown the power of vision in quelling the senses and subjugating the inner will. He would apply this strange and terrible strength as none had ever dared to apply it in later days. What mortal could rest unmoved before the sickly and poisonous influence of the Fever Gaze? On the instant Fred determined to exert the power of his horrible mesmeric spell. He called the nurse towards him, and pointed as though he needed the cooling drink placed upon a table by the window. The woman rose and left her place by the door to comply with the patient's silent command. But while she passed the end of the bed, suspicion and watchfulness prompted her to look full at the young man as he sat upright against the pillow gazing intently towards her. In that moment the fatal charm began to work.

Strange! But a few minutes before she was calm, collected, authoritative. Now a trembling trouble seemed to disturb her senses, and the features of her face took a wild look of fear and agony. Her glance had fallen upon those fever-lighted eyes, glowing through the half-obscurity of the chamber, and was fixed upon them, as though by enchantment. It was terrible to see the attitude she had taken; the ghastly change which had fallen upon her. She could not advance; she could not recede; she could not move a muscle of her limbs, though the features of her face twitched and worked convulsively, as if a fearful struggle were passing within her. And such, indeed, was the case. The woman was striving with almost desperate strength to resist the strange influence of Fred's fixed and fevered eye. She clenched her hands, and bit her lips, until drops of blood trickled down her face, in a frenzied effort to oppose the terrible glance. But it was all in vain. There she stood—as if held by invisible bonds—upon one spot, in one unvarying position, her eyes almost starting from her head, and the perspiration rolling from her forehead. Even Fred shuddered as he saw the fearful result of the mysterious power he was exercising. But the struggle evidently was drawing to a close. The nurse's efforts were consuming all her bodily and mental force. Every instant it seemed that she must succumb. For a moment however it appeared as though she would utter the piercing shriek or the fearful cry that alone might snap the invisible bonds, by which the spell was to be broken. She made indeed one last and mighty effort to set herself free. But it was of no avail. Into her very brain the horrid gaze seemed to burn, burn, burn, until it scorched up all sensation. Then came a broken sob, a low stifled cry like an echo of death, and the wretched woman fell back motionless upon the floor.

The Fever Gaze had triumphed over the resisting spirit, and the terrible struggle was over.

CHAPTER XVI.

WHEN Fred at length found himself at liberty, a sense of awe stole over him as he gazed upon the motionless body of the nurse. What if her last shuddering cry had alarmed the house? What if Madame Dufour were already coming towards the chamber? He trembled and turned pale at the thought. Would fever or delirium justify the nameless deed of which he had been guilty? Would not men call him worse than a murderer? Would they not say he had corrupted the very principle of human life by foul and unnatural agency? Evidently he must fly, ere the morning's sun revealed the ghastly crime night had witnessed. He gently stole from the bed and listened. There was no voice, no footstep on the stair, no sound close at hand or in the distance. He noiselessly opened the door and looked forth. All was still. There was not even a passing breath to ripple the dead calm of night. He went out upon the landing-place. Darkness, thick and impenetrable, such as he had never before gazed upon, seemed to occupy the dwelling as with a bodily presence. He looked over the banisters into the well-like staircase beneath. How profound it seemed to-night; yet there was not a single ray of light to guide his eye in sounding the obscurity of its invisible depths. He grew giddy as he gazed, for he thought he had penetrated a mystery which would have made the boldest quail. And still all was hushed throughout the house. No one was moving; there was not a whisper to tell that human life was near. Perhaps, however, they knew below what had occurred, and had gone forth in search of aid. In an instant, it might be, they would arrive in the chamber. Hark! what noise was that? They were already ascending the stairs! They were coming!—No! it was but fancy: all was calm and silent as death. Death! Was that its awful image in the chamber, and its shadow flickering on the

wall? Fred sickened as he turned back and gazed upon the cold stone-like body, so recently warm with feeling and animation. He dared not touch it; he dared not approach it; he dared not even close the door. He was afraid to be alone with the poor helpless woman: it would have driven him mad, he thought, to be shut up, even for an instant, with that fixed and staring face. But he must escape! Already the first faint glimmerings of dawn were beginning to peep through the curtains. In a few hours everybody would be up and stirring; it would then be too late to pass away unseen and unknown. The poor guilty wretch trembled anew as he thought of the ghastly deed he had committed, and in imagination he already heard the curses of the multitude ringing in his ears. He could even see mothers pointing at him, and holding up their young children to look upon and loathe him. "O God!" he cried, "a thousand deaths were better than this fearful agony."

And now a new idea took possession of his feverish mind. He must get rid of the traces of his crime, and then when the people came next morning there would be no evidence to prove his guilt. The nurse had disappeared, and he knew not how or where. Had he not been in his bed all night sick with fever? As soon as this idea had once fairly established itself in his mind, he turned all his ingenuity to discover by what means he could put it in execution.

Ah! a happy thought! The mystery he had only half penetrated in looking over the staircase just before was now fully revealed to him. Were there not at the bottom of that abyss hidden depths which none could ever penetrate, veiled as they were from the outer gaze of all the world? *He* had sounded them; *he* had descended to their lowest levels—it might have been only in a dream, but a dream more substantial than reality itself. They should be the hiding-places of his crime.

As soon as the poor maniac had become filled with his new delusion, he felt a strange buoyancy of spirits that urged him to laugh aloud and almost shout with joy. He threw aside his coat that he might the more easily carry the ghastly load, and then approached the nurse's chair. For a moment he hesitated. The flesh of the woman looked so repulsive; it was already so deeply streaked as with the lines of death, that he sickened at the idea of touching it. To his distorted imagination it seemed that if he once laid his hands upon the nurse's form, a corrupting influence would immediately spread through his frame. There indeed would be his punishment. Living he would for ever carry about with him the spirit of Death, and his own body would be cankered and worm-eaten while yet animated with vitality. He groaned aloud as he thought of the double curse which would for ever weigh upon him. But there was no time to hesitate. The dawn was creeping up apace, and the light of the candles already began to look pale and sickly. He spread his arms around the nurse and tried to lift her. But a heavy weight as of death was opposed to him, and against its stubborn resistance his strength was like that of an infant. Again he tried and tried, straining every muscle, working every sinew in the desperate efforts he made. All were useless. The perspiration fell from his face like water; every vein in his forehead seemed bursting; and still he could not move that leaden load. One last attempt however, and he *would* succeed. With a frenzied energy, springing from desperation, he once more endeavoured to raise the inanimate mass. It was all in vain: his efforts were as fruitless as ever; his strength was gone; his energy prostrated; and with a long hollow cry of rage and despair, he fell back exhausted and insensible upon the floor.

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[*To be continued.*]

METHODISM.

One man may steal a horse, while another may not look over a hedge. Southey wrote the history of Methodism, just as Gibbon wrote his fifteenth chapter on the origin and spread of Christianity; but Southey has been praised, and Gibbon condemned, by precisely the same class of persons. Justice, however, is being gradually done to Methodism. In our own country Isaac Taylor, Dr. Smith, and others, have endeavoured to weigh its merits, and to assign it its true place in history. The last attempt of the kind, however, is that of Dr. Abel Stevens, of New York, which has just been republished in this country by Mr. Heylin, and which we can commend as the broadest estimate of Methodism, and the clearest exponent of its influence, we have ever read. Methodism is the grandest fact in the religious history of Europe since that poor young German monk, walking the streets of Rome, with his soul grieved by the display of her pomp and corruption, heard a voice as it were from heaven exclaiming, "The just shall live by faith." That monk followed the prompting of the inward monitor, and we had the Reformation; but in process of time the divine impulse died away, the sacred fire on the altar ceased to burn, the fine gold became dull. In England, more especially since the Restoration, irreligion was considered the mark of a fine gentleman. The clergy (wrote Bishop Burnet) were under more contempt than those of any other church in all Europe. Archbishop Secker bewailed the profligacy of all ranks as something frightful. In the preface to his great work Bishop Butler wrote—"It has come to be taken for granted that Christianity is no longer a subject of inquiry, but that it is now at length discovered to be fictitious." The celebrated jurist Blackburn had the curiosity, early in the reign of George III., to go from church to church to hear every clergyman of note in London. He assures us that he heard not a single discourse which had more Christianity in it than the writings of Cicero, and that it would have been impossible for him to discover, from what he heard, whether the preacher was a follower of Confucius, Mahommed, or Christ. It is not so in our day, and that it is not so Methodism must be assigned as the cause; Church and Dissent were alike evangelized by men who, born Churchmen, died dissenters; who

* The History of the Religious Movement of the Eighteenth Century, called Methodism. Considered in its different Denominational Forms, and its Relations to British and American Protestantism. By Abel Stevens, LL.D. London: Alexander Heylin, Paternoster Row.

were driven out of the Church, and yet to whom the Church is indebted for the hold it has upon the public mind at this day. The Puseyites may be right, but it is clear that if left to themselves the Church of England would be torn up by its roots to-morrow. The Evangelicals may be wrong, but it is equally clear that it is they who have won for the Church its influence and its power; and that they are what they are, humanly speaking, is due to Whitfield and Wesley.

Down in an obscure village named Epworth, in the fenny county of Leicestershire, was born a baby on the 17th of June, 1703 (old style); the child, afterwards known to the world as John Wesley, had a very near chance of not being born at all. His father, the rector of the parish, was an oddity; his mother was a strong-minded woman. At the close of family prayer one evening the rector, observing that his wife did not respond Amen to his prayer for the king, asked her the reason. She replied that she did not believe in the title of the Prince of Orange to the throne. "If that be the case," rejoined the rector, "we must part; for if we must have two kings we must have two beds." The lady was inflexible, and the husband left home for a twelvemonth. John Wesley was the first child born after conjugal harmony had been restored. The family circle was a strictly religious one, and John and his elder brother Charles at Westminster, and afterwards at Oxford, retained the impressions of home. At Oxford the Holy Club was formed, in which John spontaneously took the lead. Whitfield joined them in 1735, and about this time they seem to have been known as Methodists. That same year the two Wesleys sailed with General Oglethorpe as missionaries to Georgia; some German Moravians were on board. These Moravians taught them a piety of which till then they had no idea, and these missionary experiences led them beyond the narrow circle of Oxford thought. In three years we find them again in England; they had not prospered in America. In the meanwhile Whitfield had become ordained, and had commenced preaching with tremendous power in Bristol and London, and was on his way to America, in accordance with an invitation he had received from the Wesleys just as they were returning home. In England the Wesleys renewed their intimacy with the Moravians; Charles first, and then John, found amongst them rest for their souls. John's interest in them induced him to visit Herrnhut. "Methodism," writes Dr. Stevens, "owes to Moravianism special obligations. First, it introduced Wesley into that regenerated spiritual life, the supremacy of which over all ecclesiasticism and dogmatism it was the appointed mission of Methodism to reässert and promote in the Protestant world. Second, Wesley derived from it some of his clearest conceptions of the theological ideas which he was to propagate as essentially related to this spiritual life, and he now returned from Herrnhut, not only confirmed in his new religious experience, but in these most important doctrinal views. Third, Zinzendorf's communities were based upon the plan of reforming the Established Churches by forming little churches within them, in despair of maintaining spiritual life among them otherwise. Wesley thus organised Methodism within the Anglican Church. And fourth, not only in this general analogy, but in many details of his discipline, we can trace the influence of Moravianism." When Wesley returned from Germany, Whitfield had come home from America; Charles had been preaching and making converts among the clergy, and the hour had come unconsciously to lay the foundations of Wesleyanism. Wesley, it is true, preached in the churches on Sundays, but on the week-days he preached to the small assemblies the Moravians had collected in London; but in time the city churches were denied to him and his brother, and when Whitfield turned field-preacher John Wesley soon followed his example; Charles was cited to Lambeth, and threatened by the Archbishop with excommunication, for while his brother was preaching in the open air at Bristol, and Whitfield in Moorfields, he had followed their example in Essex and other places. He was somewhat intimidated by the menace, but Whitfield was at hand for his rescue, and exhorted him to take his stand openly in Moorfields the following Sunday. He did so, preaching there to ten thousand hearers. He preached elsewhere in the afternoon, and still later in the same day to multitudes upon multitudes at Kennington Common. At night he sought consolation at the Moravian Society in Fetter-lane. Thus were Church rulers in their blindness driving Methodists further and further away. In our time we see a disposition in some quarters to sever the bonds of habit; but is it not too late? Dissent and Methodism have grown, while the Church has stood upon its dignity and slept. In another quarter the Wesleys were urged on to a separate organization. Errors crept in amongst the Moravians, and Wesley withdrew. He had previously secured the Foundry in Moorfields, a building which the Government had used for the casting of cannon, but which was deserted and dilapidated. This place, which was opened in 1739, Wesley made the head-quarters of Wesleyan Methodism. Thence he itinerated all over the land. Writers assailed him and his travelling evangelists, but they feared not the face of man. In the midst of these trials and successes, Whitfield returned from America, whither he had gone a second time, and the great separation took place, which more or less has continued to the present day. Wesley, it seems, was forced into the controversy, and for a long time Whitfield made proposals of peace. Whitfield, however, felt that he must declare his Calvinistic views, and relinquished fellowship with the Arminians, and their leader Wesley. Neither party, however, yet thought of forming a distinct ecclesiastical organization from that of the mother Church; but Whitfield was soon compelled by the force of circumstances to do this. Lady Betty Hastings had patronised the little band of Methodists at Oxford; Lady Margaret had been led by her to join them and married one of them. Her influence over her sister-in-law Selina, Countess of Huntingdon, led the latter, during a serious illness, to become a Methodist herself. Her Calvinistic opinions led her to patronize Whitfield when he separated from Wesley. At the death of her husband Lady Huntingdon devoted her life actively to religious labours. She purchased theatres, and halls, and dilapidated chapels in London and elsewhere, and fitted them up for public worship. New chapels were also erected by her aid in many places in England, Wales, and Ireland. Distinguished

Calvinistic clergymen, churchmen as well as dissenters, coöperated with her plans, and were more or less under her direction. Romaine, Penn, Madan, Berridge, Toplady, Shirley, Fletcher, Benson, and a host of others, shared her beneficent labours. In a romantic and dilapidated castle at Trevecca, in South Wales, the birthplace of Howell Harris, the Welch evangelist, she established a college for the purpose of educating her preachers. In order to protect the chapels from suppression or appropriation by the Established Church, she had to register them, in 1779, according to the provisions of the Toleration Act. After that time the regular clergy of the Establishment ceased to occupy her pulpits, and in time her places of worship became absorbed in the Independent denomination, with the exception of Wales, where, to this day, the Calvinistic Methodists are a formidable band. Let us now return to Wesley.

Hitherto Wesley's lay helpers had been but "exhorters," and "readers," and "expounders" of the Scriptures; but now "lay preaching" was formally begun. Wesley, when he first heard of it, was shocked, and he hastened to London to put it down, but he relented, and Thomas Masfield was the first of his lay preachers. The next thing was to form general rules, defining the terms of membership of the United Societies. Members were to be divided into classes under a leader; all who were concerned about the salvation of their souls were to be admitted to membership; no creed or dogma was essential, but a life in accordance with Christian precepts and profession. In 1744, the first Wesleyan Conference was held; the relations of the Methodist Societies to the Church of England were considered; secession from the Establishment was discountenanced; but evidence was given that Wesley's opinions on Church order had been considerably relaxed. At the second Conference, held in Bristol in 1746, it was clear that Wesley's High Church views had been still further modified. Even then, however, Wesley still believed in Apostolical Succession, in the priestly character of the christian ministry, and the essential distinction of its three orders. When the third Conference met, Wesley had come to see that his lay assistants were "called of God," and were as legitimate preachers as any priest or bishop in the land. At the fifth Conference Wesley got so far as to declare that the term "church" means, in the New Testament, "a single congregation," and a "national church" is pronounced merely "a political institution." In a little while a new difficulty occurred. Some of the ablest of the lay preachers were unable to resist the reasonable demand of the people for the sacraments from their own pastors. Charles Wesley became alarmed, and much anxiety was felt when the Conference met in 1755. The main question proposed was, whether they ought to separate from the Establishment. After three days' discussion the conclusion arrived at was that it was inexpedient to do so, and John Walsh and his associates consented, for the sake of peace, to cease to administer the sacraments. In 1770 appeared the minute on Calvinism, which led to a controversy which raged bitterly for six years. The press teemed with pamphlets on both sides, and by the time the contest was over the virtual unity of Calvinistic and Arminian Methodism was at an end. Let us add, that to Calvinistic Methodism we owe the "Olney Hymns," and Cowper's "Task." In the Clapham sect may be traced Calvinistic Methodism. At the house of Henry Thornton, in Clapham, there met William Wilberforce, Granville Sharp, Zachary Macaulay, Henry Martyn, and others. The Bible, the Tract, and the Missionary Societies, Negro Emancipation, and Sunday Schools, may be traced to the members of the Clapham sect. Such were some of the results of Methodism, almost at its birth.

But we hasten on. 1784 is termed the grand climacteric year of Methodism. Wesley gave to the Conference a legal settlement, and ordained for the American societies with his own hands a bishop and two presbyters in that year. The acts were momentous ones, but neither of them was taken too soon. Shortly after we find Wesley, as he enters on his eighty-sixth year, writing in his diary, "I find I grow old." He has now completed his organization, but his few remaining years of life are spent in itinerating. He hastens over England, Scotland, Ireland, and Wales, for he feels that his time is short. His brother Charles had already departed this life. A churchman to the last, he refused to be buried in his brother's tomb in the City-road Chapel, because it was not consecrated ground. About the middle of 1780 Wesley ceased to record his receipts and expenditure in his cash account book. His last signature to the minutes of the Conference shows that his hand had forgot its cunning—the final letter is nearly two inches above the first, the W is placed over the n, and the last syllable of his surname over the first. The end soon came; in 1791 he died. With his death Dr. Stevens closes for the present his deeply interesting work.

The hasty sketch we have given shows that Southey has done injustice to the character of Wesley. Step by step Wesley was forced out of the Church, and made the founder of a new sect. Of his own labours—of the terrible persecutions he and his fellow-preachers were called upon to undergo, we can here attempt to give no idea. Whitfield preached eighteen thousand sermons, more than ten a-week, for his 34 years of ministerial life. Wesley preached forty-two thousand four hundred after his return from Georgia,—more than fifteen a-week. His physical strength, his temperate habits, his power of comprehending and managing at once the outlines and details of plans, his attention to small things, fitted him for his post and maintained him in it. He travelled usually four thousand five hundred miles a-year on horseback, preaching two, three, and sometimes four sermons a-day, commencing at five in the morning. As a preacher he remains a problem to us. Cyrus Redding tells us he heard him in his old age, and that he was monotonous and unimpressive. Dr. Stevens has, however, collected testimony of a more flattering character. Dr. Beattie, who heard him preach at Aberdeen, says, "It was not a masterly sermon, yet none but a master could have preached it." His ready humour was great. "Sir," said a blustering low-bred man, who attempted to push him down, "Sir, I never make way for a fool." "I always do," replied Wesley, stepping aside and calmly passing on. Michael Fenwick, who travelled with Wesley as groom, valet, nurse, one day complained that Wesley never mentioned him. In the next number of the journal he found his egotism effectually rebuked.

"I left Epworth," wrote Wesley, "with great satisfaction, and about one preached at Clayworth. I think none were unmoved but Michael Fenwick, who fell fast asleep under an adjoining hay-rick." As a married man Wesley was not happy—his wife left him. Perhaps, had he had a different partner the history of modern Europe had altogether changed. Milton would never have written the treatise on Divorce had himself and Mistress Powell lived on better terms. As it is, Wesley remains, as Buckle calls him, "the first of theological statesmen." Privately Southey expressed a better opinion of Wesley than he did publicly. In the Wilberforce correspondence Southey writes, "I consider him as the most influential mind of the last century; the man who will have produced the greatest effects centuries, or perhaps millenniums, hence, if the present race of men should continue so long." Surely Wesley's course was almost marvellous. When he died he saw his system sustained by five hundred and fifty itinerant, and thousands of local, preachers, and more than a hundred and fifty thousand members.

LITERATURE.

Fiji and the Fijians.

(Vol. 1. The Islands and their Inhabitants, by Thomas Williams. Vol. 2, Mission History, by James Calvert. Edited by George Stringer Rowe. London: Alexander Heylin.) In these latter days we have got rid of our romance, and have come to laugh at Rosseau when he tells of the time when

"Wild in woods the noble savage ran."

The real fact is, that the savage is generally cruel, timid, deceitful, and degraded. We may see a great deal that is wrong in civilized society—we cannot deny the existence of fearful evils in our midst—there are men and women whom we meet with every day for whom life brings no blessing, and of whom it may be truly said that it had been better for them had they never been born. Yet we are inclined to believe that the poorest lodger in a garret in the Seven-dials has a more real enjoyment of life—has a greater feeling of security and peace, is a man of nobler thought and aim, than many a savage chief whom our weak poets and novelists will invest with every virtue under heaven. This is strong language, but for proof of it we point to the exceedingly interesting volumes whose titles we have given above. The Fijians far away in the South Pacific do corroborate our remarks. More than two hundred years have elapsed since the discovery of these people by Abel Jansen Tasman, the Dutch navigator, voyaging on what we moderns might call the Grand Scud, in 1643. Captain Cook lay to off an island in the Windward group. In 1796 that memorable ship the Duff was nearly lost in the same neighbourhood. About the year 1806 Fiji began to be visited by traders, for the purpose of procuring sandal wood, to burn before Chinese idols, or Niche de mar, to gratify the palate of Chinese epicures. The Wesleyan Missionary Society has selected these islands, extending over about 40,000 square miles of the South Pacific, and forming a connecting link between the abodes of the Malayan and Papuan races, which inhabit the widely-spread Polynesia, as the scene of its praiseworthy and devoted operations. These missionaries have conferred a vast benefit on the Fijians. They have given to their language a written form and literature. They have taught the arts and decencies of life. They have inculcated the precepts of the sublime faith which has raised up martyrs and won trophies in every corner of the globe. Not in vain have that band of faithful men lived, and laboured, and died. Throughout a great part of Fiji cannibalism has become almost entirely extinct, polygamy in important districts is fast passing away, and infanticide in the same proportion is diminishing. Arbitrary and despotic violence on the part of rulers is yielding to the control of justice and equity. Mr. Williams estimates the real population of these islands at 150,000. It seems that there are now 7000 Church members in Fiji, about two thousand on trial for membership, beside 60,000 stated hearers. The Rev. Thomas Williams, of Adelaide, was thirteen years a missionary amongst them, and the information contained in the first of these volumes is the result of his patient and intelligent research. The second volume, containing the history of the mission, is supplied by the Rev. James Calvert, who laboured in Fiji for seventeen years. We must add, that the work has been most faithfully edited by Mr. Rowe, and is published in a very attractive form. The coloured engravings especially are very good.

The Fijians are a connection of the darker races of Asia, and have preserved the purity of their blood by the hitherto strict observance of the custom to slaughter all shipwrecked or distressed foreigners who may have been cast upon their inhospitable shores. White flesh, say the Fijians, has a salt taste; but, nevertheless, was cooked and eaten. The government is *paternal*, that is, *bloody, and despotic, and unjust.* The chief political power is in *Mbau.* Its supremacy is acknowledged by nearly all the other islands. Fijian society is divided into six recognised classes: 1. Kings and queens; 2. Chiefs of large islands and districts; 3. Chiefs of towns, priests, and matanivanuas; 4. Distinguished warriors of low birth, chiefs of the carpenters, and chiefs of the fishers for turtle; 5. Common people; 6. Slaves by war. The king's person is sacred; he and the high priests only are allowed to wear the sunshade, and he rejoices in a thumb-nail an inch longer than that allowed our common digits. Great people are not severely punished. "Murder by a chief is less heinous than petty larceny by a common man." The people have a singular custom of paying their taxes very willingly, and as if it were a great boon for them to be permitted to do so. Uncles in Fiji are much to be pitied. In some localities the nephew has the extraordinary privilege of appropriating whatever he chooses belonging to his uncle, or under his uncle's power. The chiefs have the best of everything, and demand an immense amount of homage as well. The Fijians are always at war, yet they are a timid people. A peculiarity that we observe amongst them is an attention to agriculture, and a variety of cultivated produce not to be found among any of the other numerous islands of the Western Pacific. The Fijians have also, as regards manufactures, a superiority over the other groups; but the demand for the native cloth declines before the durable texture of

English looms. As regards their personal stature, the Fijians exceed the white races in height, but men six feet six inches are rare. Most of them are powerful and muscular; their complexion varies, but the pure Fijian seems to stand between the black and the copper-coloured races. Of their dress little can be said, save that it is exceedingly scanty; but the art of the hair-dresser flourishes. Mr. Williams saw a Fijian swell, the circumference of whose hair was five feet. The Fijians are intelligent, and abound in tact, but are very deceitful, and, like all ignorant people, believe that they are the flower of the earth. They are great boasters, proud, and irascible. As our author proceeds, the picture grows darker; over much he draws the veil, merely indicating an outrageous sensuality and cruelty too horrible to mention. As we may well suppose, woman is fearfully degraded—girls are betrothed at a very early age, and very often to men past the prime of life. When a chief dies, his wives are strangled and buried with him. When Rha Nihithi, the pride of Somosomo, was lost at sea, seventeen of his wives were destroyed. After the news of the massacre of the Namena people in Viera in 1839, eighty women were strangled to accompany the spirits of their departed husbands. In a similar manner are their gods worshipped. "Very few Fijians drink to excess; the intemperate are easily distinguished by their inflamed eyes and a scabby appearance of the skin. By one or two ordinary draughts a stupor is produced, from which the drinker manifests an unwillingness to be aroused." Such are the people here described. We admit that the picture drawn is far from prepossessing, and our admiration diminishes as we read of the trials and persecutions to which the first Fijian converts to Christianity were exposed. Still we must admit that the picture here given is curious and interesting as a record of men and manners fast passing away. In a little while Christianity will have gone through the islands, and the last relics of Paganism will be for ever cast away. We joy as we read of what the missionaries have already achieved, and from our hearts wish them abundant success.

The Village Lad.

Our readers will thank us for introducing to their notice "The Struggles of a Village Lad." (London: William Tweedie.) It is precisely the book a judicious parent would be glad to place in the hands of an intelligent child. We do not know who the author is, but whoever he is he has executed a difficult task with great skill and care. Nothing is more difficult to write than unexceptionable books for young people. Most of them that we know have more or less of a sectarian tendency. They lean too much to Church or Dissent, or aim at some particular class, and are not sufficiently broad and comprehensive for the general reader. This is the great sin, against which our author has been on his guard. In not a family in the kingdom, high or low, rich or poor, can exception be taken to his plan and story; nay, rather, if we may judge by our own experience of all young readers—and do they not form the most important class of all readers?—it will be received with a hearty welcome. The story is a very simple one. We find our hero living, when quite a child, in a beautiful little cottage in one of the pleasantest villages in England. His parents were poor but clever and industrious people. When he is eight years old he is sent to the dame-school, but a little exhibition of temper convinced his mistress that our village lad is too much for her. Accordingly he is drafted off to the National-school, where he distinguishes himself in spite of the fact that the master had enough to do to keep order among so many boys without teaching them anything. Then we read of his struggles to get books, how he succeeded, how one was on the evils of intemperance, how he formed a Band of Hope, of which he got his brothers and sisters and little friends to be members, and how at the age of eleven he was sent to work in the fields and earn his daily bread. Fortunately he is reserved for better things. There is an election for vacancies in the Grammar-school. Our hero is eligible, and after a hard contest comes in third. In his eighteenth year an opportunity occurs which opens a way for him to enter the University of Cambridge, and we leave him rector of the village where he was born, the husband of one of his little playmates, and an active worker in the Temperance cause. "The Blue Lion," we read, has disappeared, and on the very site where it stood now stands an elegant building, known by the name of the Temperance Hall. Our author writes in an honest, manly, and attractive way. There is a fresh pastoral air about the book which we much admire, and the beautiful little vignette at the opening reminds us of one of Constable's pictures, and, indeed, seems as if taken from a lane leading to the banks of the Orwell, which the people of that district still remember to have been very dear to the artist. We predict for this tale extensive popularity, and we are certain that every one of our readers will peruse it with pleasure and profit.

We have all birth-days, and when we are very young we like to think a good deal of them. Under the title of "Many Happy Returns of the Day," Charles and Mary Cowden Clarke write, and C. Lockwood and Co., Stationers' Court, publish, an elegant little volume, very richly illustrated, and very well written. It is William's birth-day, and in the course of conversation all childish sports and pastimes are described and illustrated. The book forms a complete encyclopedia for children, and makes us almost sigh to think that we have so long passed the time when such a book would be an acceptable present. However, we believe the class for whom it is written will hail it with delight. It deserves their heartiest support. The wood-cuts, by the brothers Dalziel, are excellent, and the publishers have done as much to make the little volume as attractive outside as within.

Poetry, like love, exists in all noble natures. What magnificent poetry we had from the Chartist Shoemaker, Thomas Cooper. Mr. Ernest Jones, almost the last of the Chartists, has more than once vindicated his claim to rank with the poets. In his "Crayda, A Tale of Faith and Chivalry, and other Poems" (London: Kent and Co.), he again shows the world that politics and poetry may be cultivated and flourish side by side. As a whole Crayda is defective, but it contains much

genuine poetry, and some of the translations, especially "Freiligrath's Revolution," are excellent. Mr. Jones should write, as Crabbe, and Burns, and Nichol, of the people, not of kings and soldiers, and love and treason in royal halls. That he is a poet is clear. In this little volume there is enough to convince us of the fact. We may add, that it is gracefully dedicated to a poet and politician, Sir Edward Bulwer Lytton.

PROGRESS OF SCIENCE.

BREAD is the staff of life. It is clear, on the way in which it is made the health and life of the whole community depends. It is a subject of which we cannot overrate the importance. Well, down in Dockhead, by the river side, Messrs. Peek, Frean, and Co. have a manufactory for the supply of bread, pure and wholesome, of which scientific men, such as Dr. Lankester of the South Kensington Museum, Dr. Rigby of London University, Dr. Waller Lewis, Physician to the General Post Office, Dr. Steel, Superintendent of Guy's Hospital, Professor Müller, Professor of Chemistry King's College, Professor Bloxam. Dr. Hassall, and others speak in the highest terms. A few days since, on the invitation of Messrs. PEEK, FREAN and Co., a considerable number of medical and scientific gentlemen and others, interested in the supply of wholesome and pure food, assembled at the PATENT AERATED BREAD and BISCUIT WORKS, Dockhead, in order that from personal observation they might be made acquainted with the process. Dr. DAUGLISH conducted the company over the establishment, in which are employed about 200 men and boys. By means of a diagram, and frequent reference to the machinery, the doctor entered into a minute description of the new process. Our space will not permit of our following the doctor through the whole of his ramifications, and we must therefore content ourselves with enumerating the advantages afforded by the new process, which are as follows:—Instead of the dough being mixed with naked arms or feet, the bread, from the wetting of the flour to the completion of the baking, is not, and scarcely can be, touched by any one. An hour and a half serves for the entire conversion of a sack of flour into baked loaves; whereas, in the ordinary process, four or five hours are occupied in the formation of the sponge, and a further time in the kneading, raising, and baking of the dough. In making fermented bread from certain varieties of flour, not in themselves unwholesome, the prolonged action of warmth and moisture induces a change of the starchy matter of the flour into dextrine, whereby the bread becomes sodden and dark coloured. This change is usually prevented by the addition of alum, which is, indeed, an almost necessary ingredient in the manufacture of bread from glucogenic flour. But in operating by the new process, there is no time for glucogenic change to take place, and consequently no advantage in the use of alum, even with any description of flour. Owing to differences in the character, and rapidity of the fermentation dependant on variations of temperature, quality of yeast, &c., the manufacture of fermented bread frequently presents certain irregularities from which the new process is entirely free. The new bread has been tried dietically at Guy's Hospital and by many London physicians, and has been highly approved of. It is well known that for some years past the use of fermented bread in dyspeptic cases has been objected to by members of the medical profession. Moreover, in making fermented bread there is a small but necessary waste of the saccharine constituents, which is avoided in the new process. The substitution of machine labour for manual labour of a very exhausting kind, and the consequent saving of labour and health, is another important feature. The sanatory condition of journeymen bakers was investigated some time ago by Dr. Guy, and found to be most lamentable, from the constant night-work and from the fatiguing and unwholesome character of their labour, particularly the kneading. In a politico-economical point of view, the process is as important as removing bread-making from a domestic manual work to a manufacturing machine work. The gentlemen whose names we have given were among the company, and very carefully examined the whole process, and pronounced a verdict in its favour. Dr. Lankester remarked that he was quite satisfied that bread which has not been fermented is much *more* nutritious than that which has; which was accounted for by its being richer in gluten, and that gluten being in a state most suitable for digestion and assimilation. He also found that unfermented bread was retained in the mouth longer than fermented bread, so that the processes of mastication and insalivation were more thoroughly and effectively performed—processes which were of the greatest importance, but which importance was too generally over-looked. Dr. Müller also remarked that the chemical action of the saliva upon the starch is to change it into dextrine and sugar. Dr. Waller Lewis said:—while in an experimental state, and before the bread was brought out as a commercial commodity, as medical officer to one of the largest Government offices—numbering over 800 clerks—this company had been kind enough to send him samples. These he caused to be distributed among the clerks and officers, at the same time requesting their unbiassed opinions upon it: and he was happy to say that, without exception, the verdict was in its favour. He was therefore in a position to speak practically as well as theoretically of the excellence of the bread. Directly, he believed, there would be very little difference between the aërated and the baker's bread, so far as price was concerned; but he was quite sure that the former would be found to be more nourishing, and instrumental in preventing many cases of indigestion that were now caused by the baker's bread. The most effective part of the duty of the medical man was to prevent, if they could, rather than cure disease; and as there were many practical gentlemen around the table connected with his profession, he must say that he considered it to be his duty as well as theirs to recommend this bread as much as possible. Dr. Dauglish had said that a great deal depended upon the medical profession for the bread being used in great quantities as a staff of life. For his part, he considered it was desirable to spread the knowledge that now, for the first time since the creation, they were furnished with wholesome and pure bread (applause). He had already done that to some extent. A clergyman of the parish in which he resided had distributed tickets for bread to the poor, on condition that they took them to the agents of Messrs. PEEK, FREAN, and Co.; and as far as the experiment had gone, the recipients had been much pleased.

We may add, it is now two years since it was announced in some of the influential London journals that a series of experiments, conducted by Dr. Dauglish, had most completely demonstrated that the most perfect bread possible could be manufactured by mechanical means alone, and thus the whole of the nutritious and other valuable properties of wheaten flour could be retained unchanged and uncontaminated, and the inducements to adulterate with alum and other injurious substances entirely removed.

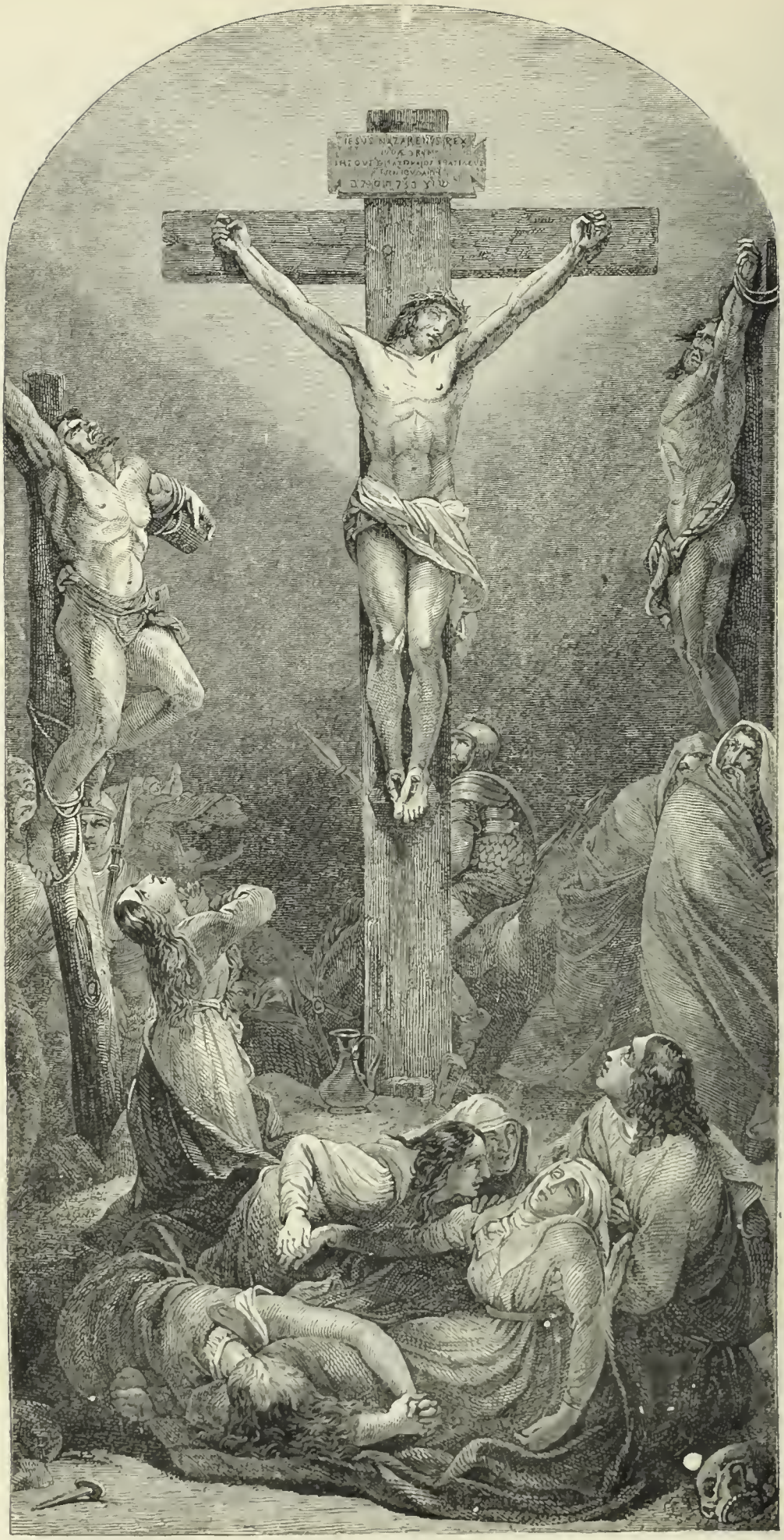
The patient and laborious inquiries which have been made, during the last few years, into the adulteration of bread have led to the conviction, in the minds of most scientific men, that, so long as the process of fermentation is followed, all efforts to put an end to the almost general use of alum by the baking trade must prove abortive, since the vitiated tastes of the inhabitants of large towns lead them to require that their bread should not only be light, but perfectly white! whilst, with the great bulk of flour which comes to market, it is absolutely impossible to manufacture bread by fermentation to meet these conditions, without the addition of alum.

A novel experiment was very recently, for the first time, publicly tried on the principle of chain traction, or chain haulage, as it is sometimes called on the Grand Canal, between James's-street Station and Portobello Harbour, Dublin, with one of its boats, the property of the Midland Great Western Railway Company. The best description we can give of it is from the authentic formula: "The chain propeller used in this experiment is distinct and different from all other forms of chain traction heretofore introduced in France and England, which were properly described as chain haulage, and which have not been found capable of general application. The chain propeller has now for the first time been patented and introduced. The boat to which the propeller is applied in this instance, although quite sufficient to show the application of the principle to heavy goods traffic, does not show the mode in which the gear would be attached to an ordinary trade boat. The shaft and pulleys extend beyond the gunwale on either side, in consequence of the boat being so much narrower than a regular trade boat, the gearing being made so as to be applied to a boat of suitable beam afterwards. The pulleys, when properly applied, will not project at all, and will be either partially or wholly hidden from view. The boat, as at present fitted up, is capable of showing that canal boats, fully laden with cargo, can be moved by this power at the rate of fully three miles an hour, which is a speed beyond that attained with two horses, with a regularity equal to the railway system, at a cost as nearly as possible one-third of horse-power, and without injury to the banks or the bottom of the canal. The same engine which moves the boat can also be employed for discharging cargo at country stations. The simplicity and small dimensions of the engine suitable in consequence of obtaining a fixed power: the readiness with which you can stop the boat, or, if necessary, reverse it without stoppage, or without requiring the crew to get out of the boat, as at present; and the steadiness with which the boat moves, are advantages which, with its great economy (the principal feature), will force the adoption of the principle over such canals as are capable of using it. More than double this speed can be attained where a passenger traffic is carried on; but for such a purpose chains of a different scantling, suitable engines, gear, and boats, would be required." The experimental boat under notice moved without a load at nearly four miles an hour; and in the long reach four boats loaded, amounting to one hundred and sixty tons, were taken in tow, and were conveyed with ease at from three to three and a half miles per hour. One great feature is, that the wave produced by screw or paddle steamers is not produced; and another, that the growth of weeds in the bottom will be annihilated. The expense will not amount to one-third that of horse traction. The experiment was successful.

At the meeting of the Mersey Dock Board, held in the first week in February, an interesting letter was read from Mr. Hartnup, the astronomer, describing the astronomical and meteorological observations which had been made at the Observatory during the year 1859. It appeared that Greenwich mean time had been communicated to the port by the dropping of the time ball, and by the regulation of the electric clock at the Victoria Tower (a large tower on the margin of the docks). Observations taken by the self-registering anemometer and rain-guage, had been tabulated for each hour of the day throughout the year; and the pressure temperature and the humidity of the atmosphere recorded daily and compared with similar observations during the past thirteen years. The clock at the Victoria Tower had six dials, each 8 feet in diameter. It was completely under the control of the normal clock at the Observatory, the time occupied by the passing of sound from the tower clock to the Observatory being 2 seconds and 6-10ths; and so perfect was this control that the time of transmission scarcely varied the 10th part of a second. An additional test of the accuracy of the clock was caused by the sending of a galvanic current once every minute, from the clock to the Observatory, and by which the delicate galvanometer needle at the latter place was deflected. The new time ball, which dropped at one o'clock, was found a great boon to shipping. The number of chronometers tested and rated at the Observatory during 1858 was 392; receipts for fees, £147 15*s.*: during 1859, 296 chronometers; receipts, £169 11*s.* 6*d.*, the increased charge from 7*s.* 6*d.* to 21*s.* levied upon chronometer-makers not having diminished the number of instruments sent in for testing, &c., by them. The astronomer complained that the room at the Observatory was too small for the amount of chronometers sent in, and was not properly warmed in winter.

R. B. Todd, Esq., M.D., F.R.S., died suddenly on Monday evening, the 30th ult., at his residence, in Brooks-street, Grosvenor Square. The deceased gentleman was born and educated in Ireland, and was admitted a fellow of the Royal College of Surgeons in Dublin, in 1824. On settling in London he became a licentiate, and in 1837 a Fellow of the Royal College of Physicians. On the opening of King's College Hospital he was appointed physician to that institution, which office he resigned only a short time back. In 1836, in conjunction with Dr. Grant, he became editor of the "Cyclopædia of Anatomy and Physiology," an extensive work which has not been long completed. Latterly Dr. Todd was the sole editor, and he has himself contributed several articles, more especially those on the heart, brain, and nervous system. He has besides published many works, which has given him a wide reputation as a practical physician. The deceased was a member of the Council of the Royal College of Physicians, and had enjoyed for many years a very extensive practice.

In the death of Sir T. Brisbane social science sustains a loss. The *Athenæum* says,—"Sir T. Brisbane's colonial administration was very beneficial. Besides performing his government duties he erected an observatory at Paramatta, and supplied it with books, first-rate instruments, and two assistants from Europe, all at his own expense. He knew that no observations of the stars in the Southern Hemisphere had been made since 1751-2.—when Lacaille made a very valuable series of observations at the Cape of Good Hope,—and that a wide field was opened before him at Sydney, for the labours of the astronomer. The result of his observations at Paramatta, besides many valuable papers contributed to the Royal Society and the Astronomical Society, comprises the 'Brisbane Catalogue of 7385 Stars of the Southern Hemisphere,'—a most important addition to astronomical knowledge, and so highly esteemed were the results that the Home Government, on the representation of scientific men, gave instructions that the Paramatta Observatory should be kept up at the public expense. On Sir Thomas Brisbane's return to Scotland in 1826, he founded his celebrated astronomical observatory at Makerstoun, and in 1841 he erected another observatory at the same place for the purpose of making magnetical observations. The instruments supplied to both observatories were of the best and most costly nature. The sum paid for the clocks alone, in the magnetical observatory, was 1200 guineas. The work done has been excellent. From 1841 to 1846, magnetical and meteorological observations have been made every alternate hour, except in 1844 and 1845, when they were made every hour day and night. Since 1846, nine observations have been made daily. The results have been published, and the Makerstoun Observatory has justly acquired the reputation of being one of the best magnetical and meteorological establishments in Scotland. Scientific honours rapidly followed those obtained by Sir Thomas Brisbane for his military deeds. In 1810 he was elected a Fellow of the Royal Society; and in 1828 he was awarded the Astronomical Society's gold medal. He was a corresponding Member of the French Institute. The Universities of Oxford and Cambridge conferred upon him the degree of D.C.L., and in 1832 he succeeded Sir Walter Scott in the presidential chair of the Royal Society of Edinburgh, and retained that office during the rest of his life.



THE CRUCIFIXION.

THE NATIONAL MAGAZINE.

THE CRUCIFIXION.

ART, we are told, does not prosper under Protestantism. People who write this are supposed to know something about it; yet Protestantism has its saints and martyrs, and themes of universal and abiding interest. At this time of the year the Christian world has its attention directed to the memory of that greatest fact in its history—the Crucifixion. The engraving we give on the other side from a picture by Hilton, an English artist, teaches us that we need not go to Rome for inspiration; that we need be neither Catholics nor Pagans, but that from the revelations of religion we can derive subjects for artistic skill, equal, if not surpassing, any derived from monkish traditions or fabulous legends. The literature and the art connected with the Crucifixion might fill many a volume. Mr. Disraeli, in his "Lord George Bentinck: a Political Biography," denies that the small section of the Jewish race which dwelt in Palestine rejected Christ. On the contrary he tells us "the reverse is the truth. Had it not been for the Jews of Palestine the good tidings of our Lord would have been unknown for ever to the northern and western races. The first preachers of the gospel were Jews, and none else; the historians of the gospel were Jews, and none else. No one has ever been permitted to write under the inspiration of the Holy Spirit except a Jew. For nearly a century no one believed in the good tidings except Jews;" but the fact remains, that the Great Teacher came down to this world of sin and sorrow—that he took upon Him our nature—led a life of poverty and self-denial, and died a death of agony and shame. All Christendom, at this season of the year, commemorates that great event, when the hour and the power of darkness prevailed—when the vail of the temple was rent in twain—when the earth shuddered, and the graves gave up their dead again. The distinguished writer and orator we have quoted asks, "Could that be a crime which secured for all mankind eternal joy? which vanquished Satan and opened up the gates of Paradise? Such a tenet would sully and impugn the doctrine that is the corner-stone of our faith and hope. Men must not presume to sit in judgment on such an act. They must bow their heads in awe and astonishment, and trembling gratitude." But into these questions we do not propose to enter. We have to deal with facts—to narrate them rather than prove theories. In all parts of the world, wherever civilization and intelligence are evinced, where the people are not mere ignorant worshippers of stocks and stones, the Crucifixion has come to be the theme of the poet—of the painter—of the preacher. When the Crucifixion took place little could the spectators imagine all its wonderful results. Even the elect Apostles deemed that the Master was dead, and buried their hopes with him in the grave. That ages should roll away, and that the great event of which they were eye-witnesses would still be commemorated, they never dreamt. How small and apparently insignificant are the greatest facts!—how pregnant with immortality are principles and truths at one time despised, and misrepresented, and misunderstood! The Great Teacher spoke:

—"Men hearken'd to his piercing cry
With smiles, with scorn;
But the dim FUTURE felt his threatenings nigh,
And shook—unborn.
He died—and race to race did still succeed,
And suns did shine,
And centuries pass'd; and still no eye could read
His awful line.
And now (as generations rise, and far,
Like vapours, roll)
Some few begin to gaze as on a star,
And scan his scroll;
And in its inspiration vaguely shown,
We seem to trace
The march of revolutions, crime, and flame,
And of man's race
The history—amidst blots of blood and tears
The verses run,
Until we lose the light in distant years,
And—all is done."

THE RIGHT HON. W. E. GLADSTONE, M.P., CHANCELLOR OF THE EXCHEQUER.

A PARLIAMENTARY SKETCH.

BY J. EWING RITCHIE.

MANY, many years ago, England's foremost statesman—distrusted by the multitude—feared by his colleagues for his superiority—wearied of the strife and turmoil of party—on the eve of his departure as Governor-General of India, spent a short while at Seaforth House, bidding farewell to his Liverpool constituents. His custom was, we are told, to sit in his room, for hours, gazing on the wide expanse of ocean before him; while below, a little lad played at his feet in the sand. The old Puritans tell us "Man proposes, God disposes." Canning did not go to India—stopped at home to let all Europe understand that England had done with the holy alliance; stopped at home, in a few short years to be buried in Westminster Abbey, while a nation wept—and the little lad grew, till his name became familiar in our mouths as a household word. Does it not seem as if the young Gladstone, while playing on the sand with England's great statesman, looking far on the wide sea before him, had caught some of the genius—some of the individuality—some of the eloquence—some of the statesmanship, which has given to the name of Canning an immortality which shall be fresh and fragrant when the grave in Westminster Abbey and the statue in Palace-yard shall have crumbled into dust? Let me not be understood to place Gladstone on an equal pedestal with Canning; to do so were ridiculous. The genius of Canning was of the highest order; like that of all great men, it was universal in its range—it embraced the opposite poles of human thought and action. With the keen arrow of his wit he could deal as deadly a blow as could others with the most vehement invective or laboured harangue. Gladstone is here wofully deficient. He neither jests, nor laughs, nor smiles, and evidently avoids, as unfair, little tricks and artifices which less scrupulous or more skilful orators would be but too happy to employ. It must also be remembered that oratorical display is less sought in the House of Commons than formerly. Year by year it is becoming more a business assembly—more and more a monster vestry meeting, and less and less a gathering of "*patres conscripti*." The oratorical era of the House of Commons reached its climax with Canning; the House now meets for the "despatch of business," and the men who succeed now-a-days are men whose faculty of business is something wonderful, and Mr. Gladstone is no exception to this rule.

In the first reformed Parliament, as if to show the fallacy of the melancholy forebodings of the anti-reformers, to the effect that for the future all talent would avoid St. Stephen's, Mr. Gladstone, then a very young man, of ample promise, from whom much was expected by his friends and collegiate contemporaries, became member for the Duke of Newcastle's close borough of Newark. His initiation into office, under Sir Robert Peel, took place soon after. When Sir Robert was prematurely borne off the political arena by a lamentable accident, Mr. Gladstone became known to the world as a faithful Peelite, intent upon the vindication of his master's fame, and consistent in the application of his principles. It also became clear that he was somewhat more than the blind follower of a great leader. He had given proofs of unusual tenderness of conscience, of marvellous subtlety of intellect, of rare independence of spirit—for he had resigned office, though on what ground was never exactly clear, and had written upon High Church claims, on principles exclusively his own. No mention is made of Mr. Gladstone in the "Orators of the Age," a book published in 1847. In 1838 Mr. James Grant could write, and reviewers could praise, the book in which such want of political sagacity occurs as follows:—"I have no idea that he will ever acquire the reputation of a great statesman." It is not very long since the above was written; and now, on all sides, it is admitted Mr. Gladstone is the ablest man in the House of Commons. It was he alone who overthrew Disraeli as he had just acquired the Chancellorship of the Exchequer and the leadership of the House of Commons, and was the mainstay of the Coalition Cabinet. In the natural course of events Mr. Gladstone must soon be premier. If he does not acquire the reputation of a great statesman, it is clear no man in our age will. I fancy Mr. Disraeli has no love for the orator who triumphed over him with ease, and with a proud consciousness of rectitude more potent even than eloquence itself. Out of doors Mr. Gladstone has yet to win that hearty popularity which is the lot for a short while of the man whom the people delighteth to honour, but it is not in the House of Commons and amongst his peers that his accession to power would be viewed with regret.

Sidney Smith's description of Horner I have always considered peculiarly appropriate to Gladstone—"There was something very remarkable in his countenance. The commandments were written in his face, and I have often told him there was not a crime he might not commit with impunity, as no judge nor jury who saw him would give the smallest degree of credit to any evidence against him. There was in his look a calm, settled love of all that was honourable and good—an air of wisdom and sweetness. You saw at once that he was a great man, whom Nature had intended for a leader of human beings. You ranged yourself willingly under his banner, and submitted to his sway." I copy the passage, as very applicable to the subject of this article. Judge for yourself. Come with me into the Strangers' Gallery of the House of Commons. It is early yet; the hour appointed for the transaction of private business is not over; but already down at the Treasury Bench there is the Chancellor of the Exchequer, with papers all around, to the study of which he devotes apparently considerable attention. All of a sudden you see him drop his papers and look earnestly at some speaker who has risen to ask him some unimportant question. Mr. Gladstone rises, takes off his hat, and advances to the table. With his plain dress and his fluent delivery you might almost take him for a clergyman. He repeats the question, answers it in language of remarkable elegance, and sits down without making the slightest effort at display. Look at him now, with full dark eyes, clear, intellectual head, and a body well proportioned, and of an average size. Nowhere can you see a face more indicative of

goodness, and honesty, and power. Of the latter, if you wait, you will soon cease to doubt. A motion is before the House. Mr. Gladstone rises to defend the government; and however forcible may have been the attack, equally forcible is the defence. He is a master of debate, and you are not sorry when he rises to reply. His acuteness never fails him. His voice is always good, his delivery always animated, and his language never at fault. If you were to print his speech from the reporters' short-hand notes, without any revision whatever, it would be a perfect piece of composition. On one occasion, the celebrated Dick Martin complained that the reporters had not done him justice. It was urged that they had but given the hon. gentleman's exact words. "True," he said, "but did I spake them in italics?" Mr. Gladstone never need fear the reporters giving his exact words, even with the accompanying italics. Better than any man in the House he can stand the test of ridicule. Indeed, with his serious demeanour he abashes levity, and puts aside all trifling. He would act the part of one of the Roman senators to perfection. If he cannot win a victory by fair means, he will not by foul. When the House, as it is too apt to do, forgets itself—when it abounds with sarcasm and personalities, Mr. Gladstone sits silent and sorrowful. But I have not yet given you an idea of his power. The party debate over, the House goes into committee. It is late; the House is hot; members are weary and away; but one man is at his post, and that man is Mr. Gladstone. Not a criticism is uttered but he makes a note of it. With his knees crossed so as to serve him for a table, with a pencil in his hand, with his head bent forward in the direction of the speaker, there he sits hour after hour, save when he rises to defend, or enforce, or explain the measure of which he has the charge. I believe he may make a dozen speeches in the course of a single night on different subjects, and so silvery is his voice, so ready his language, so acute, and searching, and comprehensive his criticism, that, the more you hear of him, the more you are impressed with admiration. In his intellect, strength and flexibility are combined, and thus it is he is so full and elastic, and effective when on his legs. The more difficult the theme, the more animated the debate, the more solemn the crisis, the more does he shine. Some of his more serious efforts are worthy of the best days of parliamentary history. When some national unrighteousness has been done, when some folly of the hour has to be pointed out and deplored, you know then that Gladstone, with "dauntless words and high," will speak as did he

> "Who shook the sere leaves from the wood
> As if a storm pass'd by."

Perhaps his greatest triumphs have been his last. No one but Mr. Gladstone could have reconciled the House of Commons not merely to the continuance, but to the increasing the Income Tax, at the very time the public had been led to expect its abolition altogether. Mr. Gladstone's sore-throat, which necessitated delay, was a European difficulty. Happily nature and Dr. Ferguson proved victorious, and the Palmerston cabinet was saved. The Chancellor's speech of four hours was a master-piece of tact and ingenuity; was persuasive, and eloquent, and overpowering; the reply to Mr. Disraeli was complete, and for once in his life Mr. Gladstone was almost savage. "I could not stand that speech of Gladstone's," said a Conservative M.P. to a friend; "I was compelled to vote for him." In the debate on Mr. Du Cane's amendment, as if conscious of his coming majority of 116, Mr. Gladstone assumed a haughty and dashing bearing, and displayed a disposition to punish his adversaries, which he seldom evinces. His budget took the world by surprise; it was, as an M.P. described it, an ambitious budget. The opposition made but a feeble fight; Mr. Disraeli was but faintly supported by his own party. For a wonder, after he had spoken about a quarter of an hour, members flocked into the lobby, and chatted away with their hands in their pockets, as if Mr. Spooner were delivering an oration against Maynooth, or as if a Marylebone M.P. were ingloriously riding some dull hobby to death. Sir John Pakington made a blunder still worse. His advice to to the aggrieved hop-growers to rally with the publicans and sinners—with all the interests damaged, or expecting to be damaged, by the budget, rendered their cause hopeless. When the question lay, as the hon. baronet seemed to imply, between the public good on one side and particular interests on the other, there could be no doubt as to the result. Theoretically the House of Commons may be an imperfect body, but more or less it represents public opinion, and no one appeals to its public spirit in vain.

Mr. Gladstone, it must be admitted, has two faults. In the first place, he has the logical faculty in excess, and will keep on splitting hairs till you are exhausted; and, secondly, when out of office, and freed from its responsibilities, he will persist in putting before the House the unpopular side of the question. Hence is it he has not a stronger position out of doors. Out of office this habit increases, till it is sometimes actually offensive. Whatever may be the subject of debate, he is sure to lengthen it and encumber it. He ignores the popular view. It must be refined, and sublimated, and in perilous mazes lost, and then Mr. Gladstone is in his glory. In office he is a very different and much safer man; and the Premier may sleep secure as long as Mr. Gladstone is at his post. Yet in office he will do strange things. He resigned rather than vote for an inquiry into the causes of the fearful calamities and horrors of the Crimean campaign. As the representative of the body that is least permeated with the popular feeling in England—the Oxford University—Mr. Gladstone seems compelled to act in this way. On the Russian war—on the Divorce Bill—on the Church Rate Bill—he thus voted on the unpopular side. Yet you feel that St. Stephen's does not contain an honester man, that

> "Neither gold,
> Nor sordid fame, nor hope of heavenly bliss,"

could lead him to deviate a hair's breadth from what he conceived to be the right. Nay, more—occasionally he will boil over with enthusiasm, as when, in his Letters to Lord Aberdeen, on the sufferings of the Neapolitan state prisoners, he made

> "All Europe ring from side to side."

His mission to the Ionian Islands—unfortunate as it

turned out to be in every respect—was undertaken in a similar fit of enthusiasm. Indeed, so much of this precious quality exists in him, that it cannot all find a vent in public life. Hence a work on Homer, too bulky even for men of ample leisure and scholarship to find time to read.

Remember that Mr. Gladstone entered the House of Commons as the nominee of the late Duke of Newcastle —the Duke who asked if he might not do as he liked with his own?—admit that he is no party man—that he is very conscientious—that he is very anxious to learn, and the conclusion is that he admits now much that he opposed in earlier life. When he entered public life he was deeply attached to the great retrogressive party in Church and State; but he found much that had been clear in an Oxford atmosphere was quite the reverse in St. Stephen's. How strenuous, for instance, was his opposition to the Emancipation Act. Let it also be said that he was originally a protectionist—that he is now a free-trader—that he has given up as impracticable the doctrines he enunciated in his "State in its Relation to the Church." Strange is it now that England —low-church and dissenting—should have for her chief man a believer in Apostolical Succession. Yet Mr. Gladstone defends this doctrine, and, on account of it, is a firm believer in the Church of England. Chillingworth said, "I am fully persuaded there hath been no such succession." Bishop Stillingfleet declares, "This succession is as muddy as the Tiber itself." Bishop Hoadley asserts, "It hath not pleased God, in his providence, to keep up any proof of the least probability or moral possibility of a regal and uninterrupted succession, but there is a great appearance, and, humanly speaking, a certainty to the contrary, that the succession hath often been interrupted." Archbishop Whately says, "There is not a minister in all Christendom who is able to trace up, with approach to certainty, his spiritual pedigree." Mr. Gladstone's faith in this respect, it may be, redeems his errors of progress in Oxford eyes. Oxford may well be proud of the child of her training. Mr. Gladstone, in 1831, closed a brilliant career at Christ Church by taking a double first.

It was a bright idea of Lord Palmerston, getting Mr. Gladstone to be Chancellor of the Exchequer. Out of office his mind would have burst all bonds of habit, and wandered far away. He would have opposed the budget, and the ministry would have been defeated.

It is his charity, which hopeth all things, which has led Mr. Gladstone into more than foolish acts. On several occasions he damaged himself by his official appointments. In this world it is not always the good men who get on the best. Sometimes the rogues are more than a match for them. Now, Mr. Gladstone is one of the good men; and when he was a little boy no doubt he wrote in his copy book that "Honesty is the best policy," and, in his charity, he is too apt to think that other men, when they were little boys, did the same. Hence, as he gives them credit for learning this motto when young, and not forgetting it when they were old, he is occasionally imposed on by more worldly men. I believe Mr. Gladstone would join with the man who, after praying for all things under the earth, or in it, or above it, finished by praying for the poor devil himself.

Mr. Gladstone is one of the few men in the House who rise to eloquence of the stateliest order. He is seldom, if ever, historical, and lost in precedent. He seems simply to rely upon his knowledge of the subject, and his ability to place it before the House in a commanding and attractive manner. How great is his merit we can best learn by contrast. When Gladstone brought forward his first budget, the House expected a treat; the pressure was enormous; strangers had taken their places, waiting for the opening of the gallery, as early as noon, and though the Chancellor of the Exchequer spoke nearly five hours, though his speech had to do exclusively with those generally dry things, facts and figures, the House was crowded to the last, and not a stranger left the gallery. When Sir Cornewall Lewis, a good man but a poor speaker—a speaker, however, who has amazingly improved of late—opened his budget, the very reverse was the case. I believe there were ten strangers in the Speaker's gallery; I believe there were not more than a hundred members in the House. Yet the occasion was an eventful one. Peace had just been proclaimed, but the extra expenditure of the war had not ceased, and had Mr. Gladstone been the chancellor, the attention of the country and the House would have been excited. As it was, a humdrum speaker performed his duties in a humdrum manner, and not even money matters aroused a dumb House into eloquence and life. On the introduction of his last and memorable budget, the desire to hear Mr. Gladstone was amazing. Strangers, with members' orders, took their places as early as nine a.m., and, for the first time since he had left it, Lord Brougham occupied a seat in the House of Commons.

THE DEATH OF THE SEASONS.

LIKE a sweet dying child, the Spring
Doth quietly decay;
So peacefully from cheek and lip
The faint flush dies away;
And crown'd with snowdrops white, she lies,
The smiles still hid in her soft eyes!

How fairly doth the Summer die!
And o'er her bier are spread,
Beneath a blue and cloudless sky,
Her blossoms white and red;
A maiden in her pride of bloom,
Her roses crown her for her tomb.

Wrapp'd in a red and russet robe,
And with his kingly crown,—
Old Autumn's gusty, failing breath,
The sere leaf showers down;
Till dying, like a miser old,
He 's buried with his piles of gold.

Then Winter's hoary, aged head,
Lies with his kindred low,
His sluggish pulses long have ebb'd,
Full wearily and slow;
The like life that in them lay,
Fled at the Spring's first smile away.

FRANCES FREELING BRODERIP.

MY FIRST LOVE AND MY LAST.

BY EDWARD BRANTHWAYT.

I was young, very young, when I first joined the — Fusiliers. Young in years, for I was barely seventeen; young in experience, for I came almost direct from school.

Such is my opinion now, just ten years after that important period; but I held myself in very different estimation then. In fact, I looked upon myself as a knowing hand—a man of the world; and the pretension was based upon very sufficient grounds, as it seemed to me. I was an Etonian, and we were all men of the world, all of us at least in the sixth form. Then I had spent a season (or rather, part of it) in London, mixing in the most exclusive society, under the auspices of my uncle, Sir Charles Wilmington.

Before this visit I had seen little of my distinguished relation, though he was my guardian, for he rarely left Heiss-Baden, where he resided as a worthy representative of our little Queen at the Court of Saxe-Lilliput. So I had been in the habit of spending my vacations at the house of my other guardian, a quiet country clergyman with several sons about my own age.

Once indeed, I remember well, Sir Charles came to pay me a visit. He was staying at the Castle, and drove over to Eton in one of the royal carriages with some Prince of Saxe-Lilliput, who wished to see the College. I felt a little justifiable pride on the occasion, but to the credit of my school-fellows, I must say, they did not appear very deeply impressed with a sense of my importance. In fact, I seemed to gain far more honour in their eyes by the sound thrashing I administered to young Hopkins, son of the radical member for Shodditon, on account of his sneers at the important Treaty of Heiss-Baden, which won for my uncle his Grand Cross of the Bath.

Sir Charles happened to come to London on leave of absence (for the benefit of his health) after I was appointed to my regiment, and about a month before I had to join. Very good-naturedly, for it must have been a bore to the formal, punctilious old gentleman, he asked me to spend the intervening time with him, and I did not reject the offer.

He was very much sought after in society, so I could not have a better introduction to London life. Strange as it might appear, a genuine friendship sprang up between the merry unsophisticated school-boy and the polished *rusé* diplomatist. We were seen together everywhere (that was anywhere), and were far from being unnoticed. I was a pretty boy in those days, with a bright face, fair clustering curls, and laughing blue eyes, while he was handsome and distinguished-looking enough to be remarkable among the most high-bred in appearance of all aristocracies.

On one occasion, I remember, we overheard a speech of the lovely Countess Zalewski to a *compatriote*, in which she made most flattering allusion to "the flowers of Spring and Autumn's fruit." But my cousin, Jack Fortespee, who has his shaft tipt and winged for all comers, told me La Zalewski was a deep one, who displayed more calculation than giddiness in her flirtations. It was hinted, he said, that for "reasons of state," she had been making a dead set at my uncle for some months past, and that in fact she was the malady that had driven him from Heiss-Baden. If so, after the manner of most diseases, she had accompanied him in his flight.

Though I knew that my uncle had facilitated my entry into the exclusive circle in which we moved, I was by no means prepared to admit that I was altogether beholden to him for the welcome I met with. To say nothing of my personal qualities, which of course rendered me an ornament even to the most distinguished coterie, I had another passport, of great authority as I imagined in my dignity, as Wilmington of Wychholm. I had not then learned the fact that Fashion is a capricious deity, whose favour is not to be insured by either pure blood or a long rent-roll. Besides, such a term could not fairly be applied to my modest four thousand a year. Still I was right in some measure, for if I had been a penniless younger son, even at that tender age, prudent chaperons would not have allowed their fair charges so to pet and make much of "that dear little fellow, Harry Wilmington."

In spite of my uncle's sage counsels, I should have been utterly spoilt, but fortunately for me the time soon arrived for me to join my regiment.

"I might give you plenty of good advice," said Sir Charles the evening before I left him: "but it is a commodity that is never valued; and, like all young soldiers, you are beginning to feel a little superiority to us *Pekins*."

I protested warmly against his assumption, but he only smiled gently, as if unshaken in his opinion.

"I will give you what really will be of use," he said: "a letter to one of your Captains, Brevet-major De Wilton, who is an old friend of mine. You will find him a thorough gentleman, a capital officer, and ready to give you advice or assistance in either capacity. He ought to have been a colonel or even general ere now, but he went on half-pay for several years, I believe. He lost his little fortune somehow through a friend he had trusted, and the lady he was about to marry jilted him in consequence. Since then his temper has been soured, but you will find his bark worse than his bite."

"People seem to think I am a regimental dry-nurse," muttered the veteran through his grizzled moustache in a very audible aside as I presented the missive to him.

"So my old friend Wilmington and you," he continued in a louder tone, "have been dancing on the Mayfair treadmill—he ought to know better at his time of life. I have heard of your doings from Lady Jane Garstin, who *will* write to me about that precious cub of hers. You will find the drill yard poor work after the drawing-room, unless you've the right stuff in you. Well, be careful how you go on, for you shall not get into mischief for old Wilmington's sake, if a lecture from me can keep you out of it."

I will not dwell upon the few weeks during which I was shaking down into my place in the regiment, for there was nothing of any moment to relate. At first I have no doubt I gave myself ridiculous airs, for I was

well quizzed, dubbed Lord Wychholm, &c. &c. But they soon found I took this bantering good-hmmouredly, and even let them laugh me out of my absurdities. I was always ready too to join in any fun going, and to enjoy it to the utmost. So I lost my nickname, and was speedily, in spite of my dignity, called "Harry" by every one, from the grey-haired colonel to the ensign, who joined a week after me.

I looked so young even for my age—such a mere child, and was so light-hearted and joyous, that every one seemed naturally to make much of me. From the fair creatures who had petted me in London I had no objection to this treatment, but from my brother officers it was hardly so welcome. It was useless, however, for me to show that my dignity was offended, for I only got laughed at for my pains.

Major De Wilton was no less friendly than the rest, if I was to take him at his own word and consider his lectures a proof of interest, for they were neither rare nor feeble. And in spite of his severity I really believe there was a mutual liking between us.

"Harry Wilmington," he said to me one morning, "you are going to Whitecliffe with me to-morrow. You know I relieve the company on detachment there, and I have persuaded the colonel to transfer you to my company. It will do you good to be quiet a little, instead of rattling about with the wild young fellows you are getting so thick with."

I was far from being pleased at this arrangement. I was piqued at the change being made so unceremoniously without reference to my wishes, and I was not inclined to leave our jovial set for a quiet little sea-side town or rather village. But I consoled myself with two reflections. In the first place, I should not be separated from my chief crony, Garstin, and, in the second, the Major's interference showed he was anxious to keep me with him. I even broached this opinion at mess that evening, when Jack Ponsonby twitted me with being exiled. De Wilton's sharp ears caught my words, and I was more vexed than ever I had been at his lectures by the half-sneer on his lips as he said: "Yes, Master Harry, I could not live without you. I really ought to apologize to the mess for taking you from them."

Our life at Whitecliffe was certainly a contrast to that we had been leading at head-quarters. The Major, in spite of his good wishes, could not work us beyond a certain point without driving the men into a mutiny, so we had plenty of idle time on our hands. Aqua Vivarimms had not then been invented, we were too unromantic for the sad sea waves to sing to us, and fishing from an old tub of a boat, or sitting on the beach making ducks and drakes on the water, lost their charms after a time.

Whitecliffe had a few years before been a mere fishing village, and the speculator, who had run up a few villas, had evidently deserted the place almost on the threshold of his scheme for a more promising site, for there were not a dozen in all of these triumphs of architecture. This was certainly not the season, if there was such an institution at Whitecliffe, and the two villas that were alone inhabited contained bipeds far below the notice of such exquisites as Garstin and I.

We *had* one or two visitors, but they did not contribute greatly to our entertainment. The officer of the coast-guard called upon us, but we never succeeded in finding him in his cottage—morning or evening he always seemed to be going his rounds. Then the clergyman made his appearance at the barracks after we had been at church the first Sunday; when by the by we had seen a slight, graceful girl sitting in what must have been the Rectory pew. As on returning the civility we sat in the library of the worthy ancient, we caught a glimpse of the same slender form flitting about the garden, but he did not even refer to his daughter. We were rather gratified by the idea that we were looked upon as wolves, not to be trusted with the lamb.

One afternoon when we returned from ball-practice on the sands (with pistols at a post) we found a card from Sir Walter Whinthorpe of Whinthorpe Park. This was before our grooms with our horses and my dog-cart had joined us, for we knew there was only a one-stalled stable near the little barracks, of which the Major took possession. And even when later we had contrived the accommodation by knocking down the partition-wall of a hovel we rented, and so were able to drive over to Whinthorpe, we found nothing to repay us for the trouble. The Baronet seemed an old bore, and his daughters were common-place countrified girls. We afterwards learned that the belle of the family was staying with an aunt for the London market, for which, rightly enough, the others were not considered well suited. A day or two later we received a formal invitation to dinner after a fortnight's notice, so we were not likely to find the pleasures of society too absorbing.

But while we were still reduced to trudging on foot, I received a letter from my uncle, which changed the aspect of affairs. We corresponded occasionally, and I had written telling him of my being sent on detachment.

"So you are at Whitecliffe," he said: "I remember it of old, and, unless it has much changed, you must find it dull enough. You seem to have forgotten that you have near relations living in the neighbourhood, the Clintons, who are your third cousins. I strongly recommend you to cultivate their acquaintance, for they are sure to have the best set in the county about them, and they have a splendid house and estate. Old Clinton is quite imbecile, I believe, but his youngest daughter (who by the by must be near forty now) has been mistress of the house for many years. She is one of those active, restless women, who always have some crotchet in their heads; last time I was there I could hardly touch a dish because they were all atrociously flavoured with various herbs selected to counteract the bad qualities of the other ingredients. I give you my word of honour, I should have been half-starved, but for the eggs at breakfast and cheese and fruit at dinner. But probably she has dropt that whim for another by this time."

I had read so far to Garstin, when he exclaimed, "Why, Harry, you young muff, how came you to say nothing about your cousin? It will be glorious fun."

He was nearly three years older than I was, and sometimes gave himself absurd airs of superiority on the strength of his seniority both in age and regimental standing.

"What could I say, you wiseacre," I retorted, "when I never even heard of their existence till now?"

"Clinton," said Garstin musingly, "it strikes me that is the name of the people who live in that fine house about two miles along the Farcombe road, but we were told they never visited the officers quartered here."

"Then that large curtained pew belongs to them!" I exclaimed. "I should like to have another look at those splendid dark eyes I caught a glimpse of."

"Whatever colour you may persist in calling her eyes," returned Garstin, "I will maintain that I saw at the very same opening a cluster of curls like gold."

These incongruous charms, of which the waving of the curtain had allowed us a momentary view, had given us a strong desire to see more of the fair possessor. But when at last we had got our men out of the church, no one endowed with either beauty was to be seen.

"We will go and call upon them this very day!" I exclaimed. "I feel a very affectionate cousin just at present."

"No, no, you will have your trap here to-morrow," said Garstin. "Let us wait till then, and go in style. We will put Thunder and Lightning in, and rather astonish the natives."

Accordingly the next day we started for our drive, in a neat but knowing turn-out, as I considered. Garstin and I, very soon after I joined, had fallen into the habit of putting our two horses into my dog-cart, and driving tandem about the country. We were the only subalterns (with the exception of course of the Adjutant) who kept either horse or trap, and many a growl would old De Wilton have at our doings in this as in other ways. We could afford it, however, and risked our own limbs, not his, so his words did not carry much weight.

When we reached the park gates my groom jumped quickly down and opened them. As we dashed through I caught a glimpse of a bewildered-looking old dame standing at the door of the lodge, and making signals for us to stop. But Thunder and Lightning were very fresh after their want of work, and it was no joke to pull them up—besides, we were half-way to the Hall now, so on I went.

A quaint, white-headed old servant was brought to the door by our rather noisy summons.

"Are Mr. and Miss Clinton at home?" I asked, as I threw the reins to the groom ready to jump out.

"Yes, Sir; but are you the officers from the barracks?" he asked in return, quietly examining us the while.

"Yes, and what of it?" I exclaimed rather impatiently.

"We do not visit the officers," he replied gravely, as he retreated to close the door in our faces.

Complimentary to us professionally certainly, but we could afford to laugh at it, as we were sure of gaining admittance at last.

"Stop!" I shouted, bringing the fellow to a dead halt: "here, take my card to Miss Clinton, and say it is her cousin, who is being kept on her door-step."

When he had calmly obeyed me, Garstin and I turned to one another, and indulged in a hearty laugh. We had not time to make our faces grave again, when the old fellow returned, and without a word threw open the door to admit us.

In the hall stood a lady with no pretension to youth, and hardly more to beauty, though her face was not altogether unpleasing. She was rather under the middle height, had a slight, wiry figure, and wore a costume, of which I will attempt no further description than that it appeared far better adapted for comfort than display. Though Garstin was nearer to her as we entered, her sharp restless eyes rapidly passed from him to me.

"So you are my cousin Wilmington!" she exclaimed without a moment's hesitation: "I see you have a look of Sir Charles, but you are still more like your poor father. You are welcome to Belmont, as any of your name would be, but I fear you will find little attraction in the old house and its quiet inhabitants."

I had no lack of assurance in those days, being indeed far too well satisfied with myself to be troubled with any such feelings, and while we followed Miss Clinton to the drawing-room I had solubly replied expressing my pleasure at making the acquaintance of relations of whom I had heard my uncle speak so highly, concluding by introducing "my brother officer and especial friend, Mr. Garstin."

I quickly found I had not said more than would be borne out by the facts. On entering the rather gloomy sitting-room, dark with old oak furniture and wainscoting, we saw two girls sitting in the most cheery spot, the fine oriel window looking into the terraced garden. The mystery of the curtained pew was cleared up as we might have divined—two fair damsels had been bending over the same prayer-book, for here were the splendid dark eyes; here were the tresses of gold.

Yet my cousin talked of our finding little attraction in the old house!

The introductions, which now took place, gave me still further cause for satisfaction.

"Clara, this is your cousin, Henry Wilmington—you and Ella must be cousins too, but rather far away. Mr. Garstin—Miss Clancy, and Miss Singleton."

As I sat talking to Miss Clinton of the doings of my uncle and myself, I envied Garstin, who had pounced upon the chair next to Clara Singleton, and in a few minutes was making her blue eyes sparkle and the curls which he so admired dance, as she laughed merrily at his droll description of our past experiences of life at Whitecliffe. But when Ella Clancy struck in with a remark on the long time that had elapsed since she last saw Sir Charles Wilmington, and continued to take part in our conversation, I was quite satisfied.

I now remembered that my uncle, who had often spoken of the Clintons, had also mentioned, as wards of the old gentleman and relations of our own, two Miss Clancys, who were coheiresses of large fortune. But I could call nothing further to mind, for I rarely paid due attention to these genealogical details in which my uncle was rather fond of indulging.

Miss Clinton I soon saw was no less eccentric now than she had appeared formerly to Sir Charles. Her remarks were as sharp and telling as a Minie rifle bullet, and the rapid gestures with which her words were accompanied, forcibly illustrated her meaning, which they were not needed to explain. And all the time her small, restless black eyes were wandering about, taking in everything within their range.

Presently I noticed, that even while talking to me

and Ella Clancy, a pencil held with apparent carelessness in her hand was moving slowly over a half-completed embroidery pattern on the table near her. This naturally attracted my attention, and I read in quaint and irregular, but very distinct characters, "They are worthy."

I suppose my face expressed my surprise, for my cousin Clara Singleton laughed openly but good-naturedly at me. This was not lost upon Miss Clinton, as indeed what was? and she shook her pencil with a mock menace at Clara, while turning to Garstin and me, she asked us to dine with them next day.

Such an offer was not to be declined, and having eagerly accepted we rose to take leave. But before we went I asked if Mr. Clinton was not able to see visitors. A look of sorrow sat quaintly upon Miss Clinton's rather harsh features as she replied, "No, he is forbidden the least excitement, and the sight could only be painful to you."

"Is she not beautiful?" I exclaimed to Garstin, as we drove off.

"Angelic!" returned Garstin as warmly: "did you ever see such eyes? This sky is not a purer blue, and as for her hair—"

"Stuff!" I interrupted: "her eyes are grey, but they look violet in the shadow of those splendid lashes like a limpid mountain-mere in the shade of over-hanging cliffs."

"Ha! ha! ha!" laughed Garstin: "I was talking of Clara Singleton, while *you* are thinking of your other cousin. I can't say I admire her moon face—and grenadiers in petticoats are not to my taste."

"Taste? you have none!" I retorted sharply: "as for Clara, you could buy a doll as pretty and I daresay about as sensible in the Lowther Arcade for half-a-crown."

"So be it," said Garstin. "Don't let us get angry about it, for it is the best arrangement possible. You admire one and I the other, so we shall not get in each other's way."

Though still rather huffy, I acquiesced in silence, for this view of the case was too satisfactory for me to oppose it. Besides, I was obliged to admit that his criticisms had some foundation. Ella had a fuller face than a sculptor would have chiselled for his ideal in the palmy days of Greek art, and she was decidedly above the common height, being taller than myself. But, as Garstin rather maliciously suggested on another occasion, this disparity was diminishing daily, for I had not yet ceased to grow.

Perhaps I cannot give a better idea of her than by saying I am often reminded forcibly of her by Leech's beauties. She had however more dignity, and at the same time more fun in her expression, which sounds like a contradiction, but that is often the case with truth. What I admired most in her were her splendid eyes, which sometimes sparkled with frolicsome glee, at others beamed with a soft gentle light, and I could well fancy them melting with tenderness.

Our first dinner at Belmont passed off satisfactorily enough. My uncle was right in supposing Miss Clinton would have given up the old whim which had so punished him, and our fare was all that we could desire.

The acquaintance thus begun was quickly improved by Garstin and myself. We fell at once into habits of intimacy, becoming quite at home in the house, where indeed we spent a considerable portion of our time.

This did not escape the Major's attention, and one day he suddenly asked us if "we were not making fools of ourselves with our petticoat hunting?"

"Oh no!" answered Garstin with a laugh: "we are quite safe. That is, I can answer for myself—Clara and I understand one other, and are only having a bout with the foils to keep our hands in. As for Harry, I suspect he is fencing with the buttons off, and he is hard hit already, or I don't know the symptoms."

"I noticed the youngster was off his feed," said De Wilton with grim jocularity: "and he evidently did not know his right hand from his left on parade this morning. This is getting serious. I suppose you are going to Belmont as soon as you have swallowed your lunch—Take me with you, and I will judge for myself."

Of course I made no objection, though I felt far from grateful for his supervision.

"Well, there is more excuse for you than I expected," said De Wilton as we left the Hall: "If you *must* fancy yourself in love she is as good an object as you are likely to find. But as for anything more, you may as well cry for the moon for a plaything—you would have just as much chance of getting her."

"I want nothing," I replied pettishly, "but to be on friendly terms with my cousin. If I did aim further I should not take your warning. Though she is an heiress, I am a fair match for her by birth and fortune, and as for myself personally, she seems to find nothing to *dislike* in me."

"Bravo! my boy!" he said, with that sneering laugh of his which I so hated; "you fancy she is in love with you, do you? Why, she looks upon you as a child, and not far wrong either."

In spite of my denial, I was obliged to own to myself that Garstin was right. I was hard hit indeed.

She certainly was worthy of any love I could bestow upon her, and I was continually brought in contact with her. Miss Clinton was so restlessly active, that she nearly always had some business to take her from us, and her father, his mind prostrated by softening of the brain, vegetated rather than lived, being wheeled to and from his own suite of rooms and a sunny corner of the old-fashioned walled garden. So Garstin and I were left to the society of Ella and Clara, which was pleasant but decidedly dangerous.

Garstin and Clara were well matched. They laughed and jested or sentimentalized together, as the mood took them—flirted, in short, with the perfect understanding that nothing but their mutual amusement was intended. And Ella and I were on equally good terms—better indeed, as I flattered myself, for it was "Harry" and "Ella" with us, and she made no pretence of concealing her liking for me. So I rejoiced at my progress in her good graces, deluding myself in a way which only my extreme youth could have accounted for. But even then I should have known that her familiar kindness was a bad sign for me.

It was not self-conceit that made me believe in her

fondness for me—it existed without doubt. Even when she scolded me for my high-flown speeches or laughed at my positively troublesome assiduities, there was a kindly interest in tone and manner, which made my smitten heart beat wildly. She had a warm, loving disposition, which forbade her to shut up her heart with cold indifference, and my very evident devotion could not have been displeasing to her. Her seniority of three or four years and the relationship between us, warranted her, she thought, in displaying her liking for me, so she spoilt and petted me to her and my heart's content.

It may seem strange to some that I should set my heart upon one so much older than myself; but it is January who has a passion for May. Often a lad's first and not least violent *tendresse* is for a woman almost old enough to be his mother.

After a time I noticed that Miss Clinton kept an eye upon me, or rather I mean she gave me an undue share of her attention, for her eyes were upon everything by turns. One evidence of her watchfulness afforded considerable amusement to Garstin and Clara at least. Such was her interest in our welfare, that she had recourse to spiritual agency to throw some light upon the future. But I must explain.

I had not been long free of the house when I noticed that any surface adapted for writing was often covered with the same irregular scrawl (very different from Miss Clinton's usual rapid but neat hand), which had appeared so strange to me on my first visit. I soon asked what this could mean, when Clara willingly enlightened my ignorance with her almost constant merriment, which always reminded me of a chime of bells, a delicious melody for a time, but apt to pall upon one's ear.

Miss Clinton, she said, had a strong belief in the power of spirits to make themselves manifest to us in various ways. But of all their methods of carrying on this communication one was by far the most singular. When she had some doubt to remove she sat with a pencil in her hand, which she abandoned to the impulse of a spirit, who caused it to write the required answer. Thus it was the assertion of our worthiness that insured us our first invitation to dine at Belmont.

Ella would not join in our laughter, for though she gave no credence to Miss Clinton's marvels, she said we knew too little of the spiritual world and its manifestations to jest on the subject, to which it seemed to her much reverence was due. I talked the matter over with her alone one day, and obtained further particulars—Miss Clinton was remaining single entirely from her own choice. Nearly twenty years ago she had been engaged to the young Rector of the parish, who was carried off by a fever caught by the side of a death-bed. This lover it was whom she believed to communicate with her.

"I think," said Ella, "it is the delusion of an over-active and over-worked brain, but I can hardly regret it, for it is a great consolation to her."

One morning I had given Ella some music, and in the evening we found scrawled across it: "Do not fear. They will both be happy. 'All's well that ends well.'" There was no doubt of the application, for Miss Clinton, having her mind set at rest, no longer troubled herself to watch me and Ella.

How Garstin and Clara laughed and twitted me with having thus disturbed the repose of Shakespeare. And Garstin must needs take it to the barracks, where I got a similar roasting from the Major.

I would not have owned it for the world, but from this time I began to think there might be a little more in this spirit-writing than we were at first inclined to allow. Who would be bold enough to say what was possible or impossible, when life itself was an unfathomable mystery?

One morning, as we sat at breakfast, De Wilton threw a letter across the table to us.

"Read that, and then be off to your lady-loves," he said: "what red eyes there will be."

It was a letter from our Colonel containing the unexpected intelligence that the regiment had received orders to hold itself in readiness to sail for the Cape, where those amiable Dutchmen were stirring up one of their favourite Caffre wars, to enable them to a find profitable market for their cattle. They would be less warlike, I fancy, if they had to provide the money and blood as well as the beef.

I was hardly so pleased as I thought it necessary to appear, for really there was little glory to be gained, and the idea of leaving Whitecliffe was terrible. But my mind was soon set at rest, for next day came news that the Major and Garstin were to go with the service companies, but that I was to remain with the depôt, which would probably be stationed at Whitecliffe.

We went up to Belmont full of this news, which caused some sensation. Garstin and Clara got up a little burlesque sentiment for the occasion, but neither of them seemed in despair. However, it was settled that, as it might be his last day with us, we must both return and dine at Belmont, for we were too busy to stay.

On entering the drawing-room we found a stranger there, a military man evidently, of about 30. I was surprised when Miss Clinton introduced him as Captain Merrivale, for I recognised the name as that of Ella's guardian, who was expected down for her twenty-first birthday (tho very next morning, by the by), on some business, I suppose, connected with her coming of age. I had anticipated seeing a far older man, and certainly he was full young for the responsible office.

Ere the evening was over I thought him better fitted for it—in the first place 30 was, on second thoughts, a tolerably mature age, and in the second place he was steady and grave enough to be a hundred. He was decidedly silent and reserved, and had a peculiarly quiet, even manner. But this evidently was not the calm of insensibility—twice that evening I saw his eyes flash, once as he described in a few words some plucky action of De Wilton's, whom, it seemed, he knew, and again while he listened to an account of a cowardly attack by a crusty farmer on a pilfering school-boy he had caught in his orchard. There was little tameness of spirit or coldness of heart in him I imagined, though he made no parade of his feelings.

But in spite of the fancy I had taken to Captain Merrivale, I gave him very little of my attention that evening. The narrow escape I had had of being separated from Ella made me feel more infatuated than ever, and she was looking lovely enough to excuse any amount of folly.

How joyfully my heart beat when I fancied that something similar must be passing in her own mind. Yes, there was a change in her, which could not be overlooked. There was a glow upon her smooth cheek, a softness in her eyes, a sweet gentleness and even timidity in her manner, which I knew must be—love. And was it strange that I should feel sure, it was I who was so blessed? Nothing was said to cause my conviction, indeed she was unusually silent, but her sweet smile shone upon me, and there was a tender light in her beautiful eyes, as they met mine, which filled me with rapture.

All that night I was in a fever, a delirium of happiness. But amid the vagaries of fancy one idea took full possession of my mind,—that the next day should make my glorious hopes a still more glorious certainty.

In the morning inexorable duty chained me, and it was late before I could get to the Hall. But I forgot any vexation when I saw Ella sitting in a summer-house in the garden waiting for some one—was it not for me?

She started as she heard my footstep, and looked up, still with that soft, almost loving look. She blushed too, and the sight dispersed to the winds my little remaining self-control, so that, casting aside my studied introduction, I plunged into the midst, pouring out an absurd rhapsody, which I could not now recall to save my life, and certainly would not pen if I could.

What words she used I know not, for I felt stunned by them, but somehow she made me understand that she did not love me, that she was even engaged to another.

"Why did you not tell me so when you saw my growing love?" I raved. "I owe the misery of my life to you. But doubtlessly with all the heartlessness of a coquet you rejoice in your work."

I can give no better idea of her kindness of heart than by stating the simple fact that she did not laugh in my face on hearing this tirade.

"I could not tell you," she said: "for Captain Merrivale did not ask my hand till this morning. He was my guardian."

I learned at a later period, when I was more disposed to do justice to him, that though he loved her and knew her heart was his, he had never even spoken of his affection till he had given an account of his stewardship, and had relinquished all control over her actions. His father, old Admiral Merrivale, Ella's original guardian, exercising the power given to him by Mr. Clancy, had by his will appointed his son to succeed him in this office. So Captain Merrivale had authority to sanction or forbid any engagement, and he had shrunk from taking the slightest advantage which his position towards her gave him.

With the greatest kindness and patience she soothed me, frankly owning her cousinly liking for me, and, as I became calm, giving me that good advice, which we take more readily from the lips of a young and pretty woman than of any man, and allow greater weight. Not that I paid much heed to her counsels at the time, but afterwards I recalled them to memory, and I feel that I am a wiser and better man for having acted in some degree in accordance with them.

She saw that I was overcoming my excitement, and fancying that my feelings were of no great depth, thought she might venture on a little bantering, hoping perhaps to cheer me by it.

"If we could have married," she said, "you would have lived to repent it. Why, I shall be an old woman while you are in your prime. I have a sister ten years younger than myself, and she will be of a more suitable age. They say she is growing very like me, so if your taste does not change she will do admirably for you six or seven years hence."

"You may laugh at me and call me a boy," I replied: "but my love for you is as great as any man's could be, and you will see it will not quickly change. I could not bear to stay here and see you making another so happy. I shall volunteer to go to the Cape at once."

Garstin was delighted to hear of my resolve, and De Wilton showed his approval by strongly backing my application, which was acceded to.

Ella's kindness and sympathy softened the pain of our parting, but after that came a weary time, when I felt there was little pleasure left for me in life, though I was only standing on the threshold. It was, I thought, an incurable wound, for I knew not the renovating powers of Nature.

Soon after landing, constant occupation came to my relief, for we had a full share of the fighting. In one skirmish I got a Caffre spear through my arm, and another in my side, inflicting severe but not dangerous wounds.

I was still on my back from the effects of these when a letter was put into my hand. I recognised the handwriting, and my old love-fever returned as I tore open the envelope.

With a sharp pang I read the contents:

Belvale Abbey.

"Dear Cousin Harry,

"I should not like you to have heard of my marriage till I told you of it myself. I can assure you I felt proud of my cousin, when I heard of your gallant conduct, which is rewarded as it deserves, for with this mail you will get the Gazette with your appointment as Lieutenant to the Rifles. I trust, however, you are not too rash—do not be foolish, and risk your life unnecessarily.

When you return to England covered with laurels, you may reckon upon a warm welcome at Belvale Abbey. And whether at home or abroad, you will always have the best wishes of

"Your affectionate cousin and friend,

ELLA."

So it was over. Her very signature, intended to spare my feelings, galled me, for how ought that blank to be filled up?

By the rules of the service I should now have gone home to the Depôt of the Rifles, but as soon as my wounds were sufficiently healed, I easily obtained leave to join the service companies in India. I was not yet prepared to look with tranquillity upon her happiness with another.

Now came several years of cantonments—then fol-

lowed the campaign of the Punjaub, where I had something worse than Caffre spears to contend against.

Nearly nine years had elapsed since I left Whiteeliffe, when I set sail with my regiment for England. Time and constant occupation had done their work. I still cherished a warm affection for Ella, but I looked back to those by-gone days with pleasure rather than pain, and I felt I could now enjoy her friendship.

But would it still be offered to me? That was a question which I put to myself with considerable anxiety. My uncle was dead; I had no near relations, and my former friends were scattered over the face of the earth. It was hardly like coming home.

But the very day after we had landed my doubts were removed, for I received a warm invitation from Ella, or rather an imperious command, to present myself at Belvale Abbey without delay. Gladly I obeyed, and as soon as I could get leave of absence I hurried off to Belvale.

When I arrived the servant told me that Captain and Mrs. Merrivale were out, but that they had been prepared for me since yesterday. Being ushered into the drawing-room, I sat awaiting their return, not without impatience, but with tolerable content. The mere home air of everything was delightful after my exile; the scattered books, the open pianoforte, and half-finished fancy-work.

But what pleased me most was to perceive, framed on the wall, a sketch in water colours of myself, done in the old Whitecliffe days by Clara Singleton, who had a knack of taking likenesses. So they liked me well enough to value my portrait.

Presently the door opened, and I started in amazement. For there entered in walking dress the very image of Ella, the same full but graceful form, the same lovely face, and splendid deep grey eyes.

Involuntarily I exclaimed, "Ella!"

With the same frank smile, and the same silvery tones, she replied: "My name is Evelyn—Ella is following me. You must have known her years ago. Can you be—but no, you are so unlike."

She glanced with a look of perplexity from me to my youthful portrait.

Before I could explain in came—this time really—Ella, much changed of course, more matronly-looking, but hardly less handsome.

It was for a moment only that she was puzzled; then she sprang forward with an exclamation of "Cousin Harry! Ah! I am so glad!" and gave me a cousinly kiss.

"But how you are altered!" she said: "yes, and improved. Why you really are taller than me now. Such a moustache and whiskers too, and plenty of tan. And that white seam makes you look quite handsome. Why you are hardly like your former self. Of course Evelyn could not recognise you from your old portrait, as she expected to do."

Then in a gay whisper she added: "I have kept her for you as I promised. Will she not do?"

"Take care, or I shall be jealous," cried cheerily Captain Merrivale, now grown a stout country-gentleman, a model-farmer and J. P.

"No need," said his wife: "I hand him over to Evelyn's tender mercies. Do not be too hard upon him, my dear."

How shall I conclude my history? I cannot find words for it.

I will only say this—that my three months' leave is just up, and I am still staying here at Belvale Abbey. Indeed I positively cannot tear myself away, so I have sent in my papers to sell.

And the magnet that has this power over me?

She is now sitting by my side—my beautiful, darling Evelyn.

Yes mine—mine already as far as her promise and the feelings of her own heart can make her mine; but to be still more completely my own ere long. For due weight has been given to my argument, that if I have only known Evelyn three months, I have loved her for ten years, and my time of probation is to be short. And even now my happiness is almost perfect in the companionship of my first love and my last.

"USED-UP" CIVILIZATION.

HAVE you seen Charles Matthews in "Used Up?" If you have not, go and see him. (The advertisement duty is repealed, and I may give you the advice without being charged eighteen-pence by the Chancellor of the Exchequer.) Sir Charles Coldstream represents us all. We are everlastingly seeking a sensation, and never finding it. Sir Charles's valet's description of him describes us all—"He's always sighing for what he calls excitement—you see, everything is old to him—he's used up—nothing amuses him—he can't feel." And so he looks in the crater of Vesuvius and finds nothing in it, and the Bay of Naples he considers inferior to that of Dublin—the Campagna to him is a swamp—Greece a morass—Athens a bad Edinburgh—Egypt a desert—the pyramids humbugs. The same confession is on every one's lips. The boy of sixteen, with beardless chin, has a melancholy *blazé* air; the girl gets wise, mourns over the vanity of life, and laughs at love as a romance; a heart—unless it be a bullock's, and well cooked,—is tacitly understood to be a mistake; and conscience a thing that no one can afford to keep. Our young men are bald at twenty-five, and woman is exhausted still sooner. I am told Quakers are sometimes moved by the spirit. I am told mad Ranters sing, and preach, and roar as if they were in earnest. I hear that there is even enthusiasm amongst the Mormons; but that matters little. We are very few of us connected with such *outre* sects, and the exceptions but prove the rule.

But a truce to generalities. Let us give modern instances. Look at Jenkins, the genteel stock-broker. In autumn he may be seen getting into his brougham, which already contains his better half and the olive branches that have blessed their mutual loves. This brougham will deposit the Jenkinses, and boxes of luggage innumerable, at the Brighton Railway Terminus, whence it is their intention to start for that crowded and once fashionable watering-place. Jenkins has been dying all the summer of the heat. Why, like the blessed ass he is, did he stop in town, when for a few shillings he

might have been braced and cooled by sea breezes, but because of that monotony which forbids a man consulting nature and common-sense. Jenkins only goes out of town when the fashionable world goes; he would not for the life of him leave till the season was over.

Again, does ever the country look lovelier than when the snows of winter reluctantly make way for the first flowers of spring? Is ever the air more balmy or purer than when the young breath of summer, like a tender maiden, kisses timidly the cheek, and winds its way, like a blessing from above, to the weary heart? Does ever the sky look bluer, or the sun more glorious, or the earth more green, or is ever the melody of birds more musical, than then? and yet at that time the *beau monde* must resort to town, and London drawing-rooms must emit a polluted air, and late hours must enfeeble, and bright eyes must become dull, and cheeks that might have vied in loveliness with the rose, sallow and pale.

It is a fine thing for a man to get hold of a good cause, one of the finest sights that earth can boast is that of a man or a set of men standing up to put into action what they know to be some blessed God-sent truth. A Cromwell mourning the flat Popery of St. Paul's—a Luther, before principalities and powers, exclaiming, "Here stand I and will not move, so help me God!"—a Howard making the tour of the jails of Europe, and dying alone and neglected on the shores of the Black Sea—a Henry Martyn leaving the cloistered halls of Cambridge, abandoning the golden prospects opening around him, and abandoning what is dearer still, the evils of youth, to preach Christ and Him crucified, beneath the burning and fatal sun of the East—or a Hebrew maiden, like Jephthah's daughter, dying for her country or her country's good,—are sights rare and blessed and beautiful and divine. All true teachers are the same, and are glorious to behold. For a time no one regards their testimony. The man stands by himself—a reed, but not shaken with the wind—a voice crying in the wilderness—a John the Baptist nursed in the wilds, and away from the deadening spell of the world. Then comes the influence of the solitary thinker on old fallacies; the young and the enthusiatic rush to his side, the sceptic and the scoffer one by one disappear, and the world is conquered; or if it be not so, if he languishes in jail like Galileo, or wanders on the face of the earth seeking rest and finding none, like our Puritan forefathers; or die, as many an hero has died, as the Christ did, when the power and the Prince of Darkness prevailed, and the veil of the Temple was rent in twain; still there is for him a resurrection, when a coming age will honour his memory, collect his scattered ashes, and build them a fitting tomb. Yet even this kind of heroism has come to be but a monstrous affair.

Now-a-days the thing can be done, and in one way—a meeting at Exeter-hall, a dinner at Freemasons-tavern, Harker for toast-master, a few vocalists to sing between the pieces, and for chairman a lord by all means; if possible, a royal duke. The truest thing about us is our appetite. Our appreciation of a hare is as our appreciation of a coat; a saviour of a nation and a Soyer we class together, and do justice to both at the same time. We moderns eat where our fathers bled. Our powers we show by the number of bottles of wine we can consume; our devotion is to our dinners; the sword has made way for the carving-knife; our battle is against the ills to which gluttonous and wine-bibbing flesh is heir; the devil that comes to us is the gout; the hell in which we believe and against which we fight is indigestion; our means of grace are blue pill and black draught. All art and science and lettered lore, all the memories of the past and the hopes of the future—

> "All thoughts, all passions, all delights—
> Whatever stirs this mortal frame,"

now-a-days, tend to dinner. Our sympathy with the unfortunate females or the indigent blind, with the propagation of the Gospel in foreign parts, or with the diffusion of useful knowledge at home—with the Earl of Derby or Mr. Cobden—with Lord John Russell or Mr. Disraeli—with the soldier who has blustered and bullied till the world has taken him for a hero—with the merchant who has bound together in the peaceful pursuits of trade hereditary foes—with the engineer who has won dominion over time and space—with the poet who has sat

> "In the light of thought,
> Singing hymns unbidden,
> Till the world is wrought
> To sympathy, with hopes and joys it heeded not,"

finds a common mode of utterance, and that utterance to all has a common emphasis. Even the church apes the world in this respect; and even that section which calls itself non-conforming, conforms here. When dinner is concerned, it forgets to protest, and becomes dumb. Dr. Watts might sing,

> "Lord, what a wretched land is this
> That yields us no supplies;"

but his successors do not: I read of grand ordination dinners, of grand dinners when a new chapel is erected or an old pastor retires. But lately I saw one reverend gentleman at law with another. Most of my readers will recollect the case. It was that of Tidman against Ainslie. Dr. Tidman triumphs, and the Missionary Society is vindicated. What was the consequence?—a dinner to Dr. Tidman at the Guildhall Coffee-house, at which all the leading ministers of the denomination to which he belonged were present.

The Queen is the fountain of honour. What has been the manner of men selected for royal honour? The last instance is Lord Dudley, who has been made an earl. Why? Is it that he lent Mr. Lumley nearly £100,000 to keep the Haymarket Opera House open? because really this is all the general public knows about Lord Dudley. The other day Lord Derby was the means of getting a peerage for a wealthy and undistinguished commoner. Is it come to this then, that we give to rich men, as such, honours which ought to be precious, and awarded by public opinion to the most gifted and the most illustrious of our fellows. If in private life I toady a rich swell, that I may put my feet under his mahogany and drink his wine, besides making an ass of myself, I do little harm; but if we prostitute the honours of the nation, the nation itself suffers; and, as regards noble

sentiments and enlightened public spirit, withers and declines.

Guizot says—and if he had not said it somebody else would—that our civilization is yet young. I believe it. At present it is little better than an experiment. If it be a good, it is not without its disadvantages. It has its drawbacks. Man gives up something for it. One of its greatest evils perhaps is its monotony, which makes us curse and mourn our fate—which forces from our lips the exclamation of Mariana, in the "Moated Grange"—

> "I 'm aweary, aweary—
> Oh, would that I were dead;"

or which impels us with the "Blighted Being" of Locksley Hall to long to "burst all bonds of habit and to wander far away." Do these lines chance to attract the attention of one of the lords of creation—of one who

> "Thoughtless of mamma's alarms,
> Sports high-heeled boots and whiskers,"

—what is it, we would ask, most magnanimous Sir, in the most delicate manner imaginable, that keeps you standing by the hour together, looking out of the window of your club in Pall Mall, in the utter weariness of your heart, swearing now at the weather, now at the waiter, and, anon, muttering something about your dreaming that you dwelt in marble halls, but that very monotony of civilization which we so much deprecate? Were it not for that, you might be working in this working world—touching the very kernel and core of life, instead of thus feeding on its shell. And if it be that the soft eye of woman looks down on what we now write, what is it, we would ask, O peerless paragon, O celestial goddess, but the same feeling that makes you put aside the last new novel, and, in shameless defiance of the rules taught in that valuable publication and snob's *vade mecum*—"Hints on the Etiquette and the Usages of Society," actually yawn—aye, yawn when that gold watch, hanging by your most fairy-like and loveliest of forms, does not tell one hour that does not bear with it from earth to heaven some tragedy acted—some villany achieved—some heroic thing done: aye, yawn when before you is spread out the great *rôle* of life, with its laughter and tears—with its blasts from hell—with its odours coming down from heaven itself. A brave, bold, noble-hearted Miss Nightingale breaks through this monotony, and sails to nurse the wounded or the dying of our army in the East, and "Common Sense" writes in newspapers against such a noble act; and the "Morning Advertiser" sees in it Popery at the very least. What a howl has there been in some quarters because a few clergymen have taken to preaching in theatres! Even woman's heart, with its gushing sympathies, has become dead and shrivelled up, where that relentless scourge—that demon of our time, the monotony of civilization—has been suffered to intrude. It is owing to that that, when we look for deeds angels might love to do, our daughters, and sisters, and those whom we most passionately love, scream out Italian songs which neither they nor we understand, and bring to us, as the result of their noblest energies, a fancy bag or a chain of German wool. Such is the result of what Sir W. Curtis termed the three R's and the usual accomplishments. Humanity has been stereotyped. We follow one another like a flock of sheep. We have levelled with a vengeance; we have reduced the doctrine of human equality to an absurdity—we live alike, think alike, die alike. A party in a parlour in Belgrave Square, "all silent and all d—d," is as like a party in a parlour in Hackney as two peas. The beard movement was a failure; so was the great question of hat reform, and for similar reasons. We still scowl upon a man with a wide-a-wake, as we should upon a pick-pocket or a cut-throat. A leaden monotony hangs heavy on us all. Not more does one man or woman differ from another than does policeman A 1 differ from policeman A 999. Individuality seems gone: independent life no longer exists. Our very thoughts and inner life is that of Buggins, who lives next door. The skill of the tailor has made us all one, and man as God made him cuts but a sorry figure by the side of man as his tailor made him. This is an undeniable fact: it is not only true, but *the* truth. One motive serves for every variety of deed—for dancing the polka or marrying a wife—for wearing white gloves or worshipping the Most High. "At any rate, my dears," said a fashionable dame to her daughters when they turned round to go home, on finding that the crowded state of the church to which they repaired would not admit of their worshipping according to Act of Parliament,—"At any rate, my dears, we have done the genteel thing." By that mockery to God she had made herself right in the sight of man. Actually we are all so much alike that not very long since in Madrid a journeyman tailor was mistaken for a Prince. It is not always that such extreme cases happen; but the tendency of civilization, as we have it now, is to work us all up into one common, unmeaning whole—to confound all the old distinctions by which classes were marked—to mix up the peasant and the prince, more by bringing down the latter than elevating the former; and thus we all become unmeaning, and monotonous, and common-place. The splendid livery in which "Jeames" rejoices may show that he is footman to a family that dates from the Conquest: it may be that he is footman to the keeper of the ham and beef shop near London Bridge. The uninitiated cannot tell the difference. A man says he is a lord; otherwise we should not take him for one of the nobles of the earth. A man puts on a black gown, and says he is a religious teacher: otherwise we should not take him for one who could understand and enlighten the anxious yearnings of the human heart. The old sublime faith in God and heaven is gone. We have had none of it since the days of old Noll: it went out when Charles and his mistresses came in. But instead, we have a world of propriety and conventionalism. We have a universal worshipping of Mrs. Grundy. A craven fear sits in the hearts of all. Men dare not be generous, high-minded, and true. A man dares not act otherwise than the class by which he is surrounded: he must conform to their regulations or die; outside the pale there is no hope. If he would not be as others are, it were better that a millstone were hung round his neck and that he were cast into the sea. If, as a tradesman, he will not devote his energies to money-making—if he will not rise up early and sit up late—if he will not

starve the mind—if he will not vio'ate the conditions by which the physical and mental powers are sustained—he will find that in Christian England in the nineteenth century there is no room for such as he. The externals which men in their ignorance have come to believe essential to happiness, he will see another's. Great city "feeds"—white-bait dinners at Blackwall, and "genteel residences" within a few miles of the Bank or the bridges—fat coachmen and fiery steeds—corporation honours and emoluments,—a man may seek in vain if he will not take first the ledger for his Gospel, and mammon for his God. It is just the same with the professions. Would the "most distinguished counsel" ever have a brief were he to scorn to employ the powers God has given him to obtain impunity for the man whose heart's life has become polluted with crime beyond the power of reform? Many a statesman has to thank a similar laxity of conscience for his place and power.

DOWN STO'PORT WAY.

BY FAIRLEIGH OWEN.

We have yet to discover for which of our sins we were visited with the penance that we propose to a smaller extent inflicting upon the readers of this paper; trusting it may be the means of awakening in him a proper spirit of thankfulness that while reaping the benefit, he is spared the reality of a six months' sojourn down at Sto'port: as by the aborigines is styled the little town of Stockport about seven miles distant from Manchester.

At what period of the world's history this town could have laid any claim to the title of "port" is a matter to be decided by those versed and curious in such matters. That it once did, and on no inconsiderable scale, you are assured before you are many hours old in its neighbourhood, and in one case, very creditable authority was cited to prove that at one time the sea came close up to the town. In the present aspect of things the Mersey, which runs through it, presents no more vivid idea of anything approaching to a port than a much ill-used and defiled river on the smallest possible scale.

Here is situated a very large proportion of the mill property which constitutes the wealth of the lords of Cottonopolis; consequently the population is almost entirely formed of "mill-hands," or workers in the cotton factories.

We give the reader fair notice that we are not going to enter upon any of the many questions anent this interesting matter of mill operatives and factory labour—its uses, abuses, privileges, or short-comings. Wiser heads and abler hands take up the question every day. By the way, we chanced upon a paper touching cursorily on the subject a month or two ago, in this very magazine—but the fact is that there is so much to be said on all sides, and from so many different points of view, that a man had need have a life-long acquaintance with his subject ere he open his mouth to talk about it. One thing may be said with certainty, and perhaps it will apply equally to many other like position. Those who have the power and the ability to benefit and improve the class from whose labour their wealth derives, don't *seem* to do all they might for it—we will not say they don't, but they do not seem, and they assure us again that, if we were in their place, we should find we could not do any more. Very likely we could not, and should not; it is easy prescribing the duty of others.

But for ourself, and you, most gentle of readers, we are going simply to take a stroll down Sto'port way; and remark upon some of the peculiarities of the place to which a few hours have transferred us. We dined early amid the din and life of Fleet-street, a late tea is awaiting us here; where the strange silence—the utter absence of sound—weighs upon us like a visible presence, a thing to be felt—and a very uncomfortable sensation it is, as any true-hearted Londoner will bear me witness; suddenly cut off from the continual roar which is music to his town-bred ears.

For mind you, it is evening, and the mills have stopped work; and we are not actually in the town located, the gods forbid! Our host resides some three-quarters of a mile from Stockport. They call it Cheadle Heath. It isn't a heath of course—places are always named after what they were, not what they *are;* but as quiet, old-world, out-of-the-way nook as you might desire in which to fret over your sins, or go crazy on the recollection of other people's.

The heath, then, is just a pleasant country road—dusty in summer, and in winter miry—overshadowed here and there by trees; leading away in one direction to the village of Cheadle, Rusholme, &c., pretty rustic spots, to Manchester; in the other, to the town of Stockport.

From the rising ground on which the cottage stands, we have a view at the back, of which our host is justly proud—if any one can be justly proud of a view—extending over miles of meadow-land and corn-fields, the river Mersey between its rocky banks and overhanging trees, the rising hills again far away in the distance, the setting sun just now gilding the steeple of a distant church sharply defined against the darkening horizon.

Unchanged—save by the introduction of cattle or horses into the pastures, by the increasing height and deepening hue of the yellow grain; silent—but for the cry of the corn-crake or plover, or the distant bark of some wakeful watch-dog,—such the landscape we have gazed upon day after day for months. Here have we watched the coming of the breeze, as it swept over the bowing harvest-field,—marked the shadow of the fleet clouds hurrying over the smooth meadow,—seen the blue lightning shimmer above the swollen river, and waited for the thunder-crash to make the echoes. Here have we beheld night come down upon a scene it could not make more hushed, and the ghostly moonlight steal over the seemingly endless landscape. And here have we pined with the longing of a fevered sufferer at midnight for the cooling drink—pined for the sound, the sight, the air of London. Aye, with the longing of a poor fever patient for a drop of cold water, pined for the sound, the sight, the air of London.

Yes, poets! for London, with its smoke, its kennels, its cab-stands, its *gamins*, its nuisances. Nature and her beauties you have sung long and loud enough; let some venture to speak truth; and tell, how dearer than all her sights, and scents, and sounds, to them are the old blackened walls, the worn pavements, the hist'ried

highways of the dear old mother city. But let us start on our ramble from Cheadle Heath to Stockport. One part of the road is cut directly through the rocks, which rise high above your head, and jut in rugged many-coloured masses on either side. Hung with vegetation, crowned on one part by the luxuriance of a gentleman's park, on the other affording glimpses of the river, it looks picturesque and striking beneath the sunshine of the summer day, well worthy the transfer to your sketch book; but on a dark night, the heavy shadows falling dense across the road, the mist from the river filling the air, the silence of the grave on all, a stout heart might hesitate in passing "thro' th' Rock," especially if he happens to be conversant with the legendary lore of the place. For a few paces on was Peggy Travis foully and atrociously murdered by drunken men, and her ghost walks nightly; and in that cave half-way through the dark passage, report sayeth the body of a new-born babe which *had* breathed was found; and you know that half-a-dozen assassins might very comfortably lie concealed there, and bide their time. But you will pass in all probability many a night before you will meet with any worse trick than fancy plays you; for violence or robbery are rare hereabouts: the fate of poor drunken Peggy is a tale of some thirty years' standing, and still reigns in all its undivided horrors.

Suppose we mount the rocks, where the ascent is easiest. Now looking down upon the winding road, the river and its craggy banks, the pleasant fields and trees beyond, and away in the far distance the blue hills of Derbyshire and Yorkshire—you are led to think of a time when the poor stream looked less like an inky sewer, when it could reflect back a sky not darkened by the noisome clouds you tall funnels vomit forth—when Cheshire, with its breezy uplands, its fruit-trees, and its gently-flowing Mersey, must have been fair indeed to look upon.

They tell you King John had a castle hereabouts, but do not waste any enthusisam on those ruins below there; they are but the remains of an abandoned dye-works, another outrage on the purity of the river, sullied, we fear, past all redemption, unless indeed in those days when owls build in the black funnel, and the whirr of the engine is silenced for ever.

These are the "bongs"—whether bounds, or banks, so corrupted, we cannot say. "Bongs" they are called, and will be, in all probability, as long as they endure for the boys and young men to assemble on in evenings, for cricket and football. They are simply masses of irregular rocks: or, more correctly, one, intersected by cuttings, rude steps, and paths, and covered with coarse herbage.

And this part of the road, the rock, the houses, the neighbourhood, is named "Bow Garrats," but whether from a public-house so called, or the public-house from the place, is also a matter of conjecture. They who should be best informed on the subject do not know, nor apparently care; why should we? "Garrats" is an odd term, but one often met with in these parts. One place in Manchester is called simply "The Garrats."

If you have not been too much interested in the place to observe the people, as we come along, you will have perceived that *you* are the object of their undivided attention, as "the man fro' London"—should you chance to be tall or short, stout or thin, rejoicing in a profusion of whiskers, or abject in a paucity of the same, you will be fully enlightened as to your own peculiarities, in a manner the most free and uncomplimentary; while woe betide the unfortunate lady venturing on a display of the latest novelties in hats, jackets, flounces, and crinoline. For work is over, the mill hands are coming out; from every one of those black piles of building a multitude is pouring, and to say that the progress of the well-dressed strangers "fro' London" will be impeded is but a mild statement of facts. Molested you will not be, further than by words—likely enough not of the most civil or cleanly—but I need hardly say that he is wisest who goes his way, as directly as he can, without rudeness, unheeding; though it is a sore trial to folks great in the consciousness of their "gentility."

But 'tis a lesson you will have to learn down at Sto'port, or, for that matter, in the northern manufacturing towns any of them: so 'tis as well got over and done with. You will not find the reverence, the respect of the agriculturing districts, nor the silent give-way non-observance, or rather avoidance, of the London working people. Your money, nor position, nor your fine clothes, nor airs and graces, won't purchase it—no, nor your custom neither. You may go in and buy a pound of steak, or a pound of bacon, or a loaf of bread, if you will, and you may carry it home too if you choose; or the chances are, you 'll go without it; and it is much if you get a "thank ye" for your money, you certainly will not get your purchase put in paper, no, not if you bought a whole sheep.

Just ignorance, I hear you say. Indeed, madam, you may spare the curl of your pretty lip—'tis nothing of the kind. I do not speak of accomplishments, or even depth of scholastic lore, but in ordinary matters the term will not apply.

That man serving out your tea, or butter, will discourse you as learnedly of the history of your country and its neighbours, with its and their reforms, and changes, in modes, men, and manners, as any a well-read man of your set. Those women who have stung you by their saucy but sharp remarks upon your costume, would many of them astonish you, could you hear them in the evenings, with husbands, or lovers, or fathers, now and again discuss the matters of their own position, their relations with their employers, the pretensions of such and such public men, the merits and desert of their favourite candidate, and so on.

The plea of ignorance will not hold good; neither can I pretend to say what is the cause, but I suspect 'tis simply that they know they do not require your aid, they can do without you, you are not a mill-owner, you can't hurt nor help them—there is not sufficient competition for the tradesmen to care which you take your custom to. This may or may not be the cause, of the fact there is no disputing; very unpleasant we find it at first, then we laugh at it, and—well, one comes to like caviare and olives, and they say the taste for porter and tobacco grows upon a person—so perhaps in time one might come to like the ways of the Sto'port folk. We did n't try long enough.

A woman smoking! Yes, most of them smoke; all the old ones, a good many of the younger ones. At

THE HERDSMAN OF THE ATLAS.

A GOOD picture speaks for itself. On the other side Mr. Morgan has painted, and Mr. W. J. Linton has engraved, a character, common in the mountain districts of the Atlas. The name Atlas first appears in the writings of the early Greeks, who were acquainted with the general facts of the existence of a mountainous region in the north-west portion of the African continent. In these western regions the fables of the Greeks placed Atlas, the brother of Prometheus, bearing the heavens on his shoulders. The Romans, probably, knew more about this country than we yet do; but the French—and more recently the Spaniards—seem determined to explore it all. As the Atlas mountains in some places rise above the line of perpetual congelation, and in many others approach this line, and as, at the same time, the southern declivity is turned towards and, as it were, contiguous to the Great African Desert, where the greatest quantity of heat is developed on the surface of the globe, it is, of course, to be presumed, that on the sides of the Atlas the greatest extremes and variations of temperature occur.

their doors in summer evenings, over the babe at the breast, over the Bible as she reads, over the meat they are cooking, they smoke.

This gradual ascent upon the right is Holly Wood. Our friends the teetotalers would hail it as a "sign of the times" that here, almost upon the very spot where a brutal murder was perpetrated by drunken men upon a wretched woman, whom they had first intoxicated, now stands a little Temperance Hall; which, when we first looked in, was occupied by a host of little pale-faced children singing hymns, most of them only just released from a weary day of the stifling and oppressive mill work. Some facts we heard in connection with the building of this place, which may be taken as a fair sample of the determination which marks the character of these north-country neighbours.

It had been decided that a Hall should be built; measures were taken to raise the means, funds came slowly in at first, but in a while the question spread abroad; those who were too poor to spare cash, gave a gown, a coat, a pair of shoes, knitted stockings, &c.; the things were raffled, the money applied to the destined purpose,—the Hall is built.

In our ramble you will choose the road rather than the pathway, which is paved with small round stones, to unaccustomed feet most painful, and in wet weather even dangerous from their slipperiness. But the wooden clogs, here universal, secure their wearers against all such inconvenience, and though, at first, the unusual clatter disturbs you, you soon learn to be content with such a set-off to the rarity of bare feet, and blue cold little toes peeping from gaping boots or shoes, from which the mud gushes with every step. Men, women, and children are, as a rule, well shod "down Sto'port way."

By this time you cannot have failed to remark in the village, on the highway, and now in the outskirts of the town itself, the cleanliness and brightness of the little cottage homes. It is almost without exception, save as regards the portion inhabited by the Irish, against all other specimens of which I would venture to back the Stockport immigrant for filth, impudence, and obstreperousness.

The door of these humble dwellings usually opens into the common room, and as you pass, you get glimpses of floors (they are all stone here) whitened to the last degree, tables and chairs freshly rubbed, teaboard answering almost in place of a mirror, a well-blackened stove and oven, the gas-burner, to be found in every Stockport cottage, over the mantel-piece, glittering like burnished gold. But the windows are the special pride of the housekeeper, with their spotless panes, the snow-white curtains sometimes entirely superseded by the bushy geraniums or thickly-flowering fuschia; if no better can be obtained, a mug or broken cup with a few flowers is placed under the curtain; in fact, this custom is maintained with the punctiliousness of a religious rite. Every bit of iron without the house and within the reach of female arm is blackened to the utmost; scraper, shutter-bolt, cellar railing, and, where such exist, even to the iron covering the opening through which the coals are shot into the cellar below.

It is the usual thing to see the girls and women after returning home from the mill late on Friday night, up to their elbows in the cleaning and scrubbing, for they like to observe Saturday as a half-holiday, and when we consider that this follows a day of exhausting work, we must allow them all credit.

Yet, did ever stranger enter any town in which, at the first moment, his spirits sank so rapidly below even equanimity? Did he ever look round so hopelessly for aught promising comfort, or repose, or sunshine, with so utter a denial of his desire?

The sluggish river into which on every side the factories discharge their unsavoury refuse, the dirty streets swarming with neglected and squalid children, the haggard faces and gaunt forms that we meet at every turn, the dark entries, the low archways, where the flakes of drifted cotton hang in foul and dusty masses; the wretched shops, with their unvarying stocks of fat, unsmoked rancid bacon, stony pork pies, black puddings, herbs, red herrings, and meal; the gloomy, sodden, enduring misery, that the very air seems laden with, are mere facts, which need no weight of prejudice or home-sickness to render them repulsive even in the contact. But if the triumphs of mechanical skill afford you gratification you will pause in the midst of your interjectional epithets, in view of the stupendous viaduct on which the trains thunder far above us in mid air; bridging the valley from the Cheshire to the Lancashire hills with its mighty arches, looking like the work of fabled giants, defiant alike of time and elements.

We can make but a brief pause at the Sunday-school, that grand example worthy of general imitation—open to all sects alike, giving to each pupil perfect liberty of conscience, closing its doors against none. It is a huge building, not much to attract your observation, save in point of size; but we have visited many a palace, castle, and christened monument, with far less satisfaction derived, than in the sight of those apparently interminable

THE HERDSMAN OF THE ATLAS.

able rooms, with their rows of assidnous scholars, of all ages, of every denomination, and, in different parts of the building, of both sexes.

The teachers are drawn from the ranks of the school; an emulative spirit is thus kept up. The various places of worship are visited in turn each Sunday, and no room afforded for the growth of that intolerance and prejudice which have been the curse of so many institutions admirable in themselves. The ragged and the barefoot, scarce as these be, are all welcome within its walls; and many a bright and useful man now traces his first successful step in life to the teaching of the Stockport Sunday School.

Yes, in the course of your acquaintance you will find much to admire, much to respect, in what at first seemed so repellant. You will again and again find yourself listening to the tale of a life; hard crushed, oppressed by every possibility of untoward circumstance, yet indomitable, persevering, ever struggling upward; bearing down opposition, uprooting obstacle, almost mastering fate. We could tell you of such instances, point out the men as we walk along, who have quitted the loom not by the power of genius to step into professions, and burst on the eyes of the world to dazzle them, but to *qualify* themselves by hard study and painful application for such, and have succeeded. Men who for principle sake have quitted a profitable trade in which success could be insured only by practices which, though tacitly admitted and recognised, their conscience failed to justify, and who have quietly returned to a life of hardship and obscurity in preference. Young men and women engaged for long tedious years, yet denying themselves the blessing of a union, because their aged parents depended upon them for support, and that, with the claims of other ties, must have interfered with what they esteemed their duty. We remember once accompanying a friend in his call upon a man with whom he was negotiating a loan. The man had saved a couple of hundred pounds, and wanted to lend it out at interest (the favourite way down here of investing capital). Our friend had found a customer for him.

To our astonishment (we were then a new comer) we found the capitalist upon his knees scouring the floor of a miserable little shanty, consisting of one room, and wiping his hands upon the apron he wore, he stood up with perfect nonchalance to listen to our friend's proposal. A handful of meal was in a basin on the table, that would doubtless represent his dinner.

Endurance, self-denial, the bone and sinew of the man. You are not very long finding out this beauty of the northern character; then, as by the rugged rock, whose black grandeur from afar has won your admiration, you fain would explore, climb, seek out the verdure and the flowers which doubtless abound in hidden crevices, you fail; your hands and feet are torn, you get bumps and scratches for your pains; it yields no flowers nor verdure; you desist from any attempt at closer acquaintance.

The chief of our solace during our temporary banishment "down Sto'port way" was found in the gossip of that portion of the community whom age exempted from labour, at least in the mill. Many an hour have we spent, after we had to some extent mastered the dialect, listening to the reminiscences of the "oldest inhabitant." How when up the "old Lancaster road" the pack-horses used to come with their loads, the jingling of their bells making pleasant music in the distance. Railways, despatches, carriers, were in those days unknown to Sto'port. Of the times when the "combination laws" were in force, too, what tales we have listened to; injustice and oppression, and bitter wrong, the stronger, that is, richer man, against the poorer. Times when a few weavers dared not meet together to listen to the homely speech of a fellow-labourer, or to discuss their own interests, without fear of arrest and imprisonment!

Ah me! we can all exclaim at the darkness and short-comings of a past age, as if the present were all light, as if cruelty, or folly, or selfishness never put on the garb of justice.

Had but the shadow of the mantle of the great Northern Enchanter fallen upon us, what romances might we not have woven, with what dark pages have enriched the world, from out those stores of ghostly mysteries, gathered in the old stone-floored cottages among Cheshire nooks and by-ways.

Driven from other strongholds, superstition holds high court amid these northern fastnesses, affording in her dreamy twilight woods, a singular contrast to the broad daylight facts of the purely mechanical life around.

The belief in witches, or "cunning women," and "cunning men," in signs, tokens, and ghostly appearances, is so universal that it fails at first to strike you, from the simple fact that it is a recognised faith—a thing not to be remarked or made a wonder of.

Is anything missing, is information required of an absent friend, a doubtful point in business or household matters, in sickness, as to its issue, in love *par excellence*, recourse is had to the "cunning man," or woman, the man seems to be preferred: and what we find most singular is, that the advice or knowledge gained, seems never to shake the belief, but rather to confirm it. By no means to the lowest class only is this confined. We have heard such instances related by persons in a class, as it is phrased, of "undoubted respectability."

One tale, for such of it as is fact, we think worth giving to our reader.

A person of considerable intelligence and skill in law matters, had been engaged in making out the title to an estate which was in the course of conveyance in his office. Up to a certain point the succession was all clear and satisfactory enough, but all at once it failed. A certain individual was missing, no mention of his death, nor register of burial, was forthcoming.

The family were either dead or dispersed, all inquiry failed. The person we have mentioned was particularly appointed to the research; but all his ingenuity and determination were at fault; churches were hunted for registers, churchyards explored for gravestones; the oldest folk of the village questioned—all in vain. That the man in question had lived, had been in possession of the property, was clear enough—of his marriage and subsequent separation from his wife too proofs were held—but suddenly he vanishes from the scene, and is to be found no more.

In this dilemma, as he told us, the baffled inquirer had recourse to a "cunning woman," of course on his own private responsibility, and without the knowledge of his employers.

On this and most other such occasions, as related to us, it appears the *modus operandi* is (like the Ranz des Vaches of Mr. Albert Smith's acquaintance) "very simple," and a much less stronger medium required than that through which people have been known to see very strange things.

The charm consists merely of looking into a glass of water over which the "cunning" one has of course muttered her incantation—and as you gaze, *in faith* (there's the rub), gradually becomes visible the answer to your inquiry. We can scarcely say with certainty how, in this case, the information was shadowed forth; but enough that it led to the result; the fact, to our own knowledge.

Some few miles off, resided a very old woman; infirm, and, as it seemed, at the point of death. To her, guided, as he said, by the vision in the glass, the inquirer went; she proved to be the sole surviving member of the family, one of whom was the object of his search.

To her his inquiries were now directed. She was the sister of the father, consequently the aunt of the missing young man; and had resided with them after the death of the mother. At first all his questioning was vain. She knew nothing, remembered nothing. After awhile however she gathered a recollection of his death; yes, he had died, and she washed and prepared him for the grave—to be sure, he died at such a time, was buried in such a place.

Before many hours were passed, the place named had been explored, the spot dug, the whole churchyard and again the registry searched; no trace could be found.

Now the suspicions, which had before been vague, became fixed; and our friend returned to the bedside of the old woman, determined to find the truth.

It needed all the untiring, dogged perseverance of his character to extract from the miserable creature the secret of a lifetime.

She groaned, she prayed, she wept, she accused him with embittering her last hours, she cursed him; she was in turn speechless with pain, or feigned death-agony to dismay him.

But the man was firm. She *could* not die, he afterwards said, till she had confessed.

One other was present during that confession: an awful scene it was. The faint light, the squalid hovel, the howling wind and pelting rain without, the ghastly withered face on which the great shadow was already thrown, the low hoarse muttering of the horrible disclosures—interrupted now and again by a querulous cry that she would tell no more, that they were killing her—it was a night never to forget.

It seems the family formerly consisted of the father, this woman (his sister), and two sons, of whom the one in question was the youngest. He, a quiet, easy, good-natured man, had married a woman whom his family disliked; they did their best to set him against her, and succeeded so far that quarrelling and unhappiness ensued, and the young couple finally separated. By the confession of the old woman it appeared, however, that a partial reconciliation had taken place; the young man went in secret to visit his wife, and his father obtaining a knowledge of it, protested against his doing so.

On the night in question the young man returned home late; the father and aunt alone were up to receive him: the usual wrangling ensued. The son, for the first time, answered, defended his wife, explained things which had been told as affecting her. The father, a violent man, threatened his son if ever he visited her again. The young husband boldly asserted his intention to do so, and in a moment was struck to the ground by the poker the father had caught up in his fury.

He never moved again. Horror and dismay seized upon the murderer and the witness. They resolved to conceal the body.

"These hands washed and straightened him," she shrieked, raising herself up, "and helped carry him down. We buried him in the cellar under the stones. We lived there till *he* died. There—I 've telled ye all! You 're killing me—killing me!" and the wretched creature fell back, to all appearance dying. She lived but a few days.

The house she had named was searched: in the cellar were found the bones of the unfortunate young man—fearful confirmation of the horrid tale.

How that father had lived and walked, eaten and slept, above the remains of his murdered child, Heaven alone knows. He died in the house.

The absence of the victim had been accounted for by his supposed disagreement with his wife, who had also long since died, the brother gone abroad, and that miserable woman remained the sole possessor of the dreadful truth.

We need hardly say that the discovery was kept as quiet as possible, since it must have ruined the property, and the house is now inhabited, though, strange to say, it is the reported haunt of a "boggart."

We leave our readers to make what comment they please on this tale, begging only that they will distinguish between our share in the relation and that of another, for whose statement we must disclaim responsibility. There is a horrible interest attachable to the facts themselves, sufficient to satisfy the most romantic.

We have been passing through the town while gossiping: you will no doubt pardon our not having lingered in its unattractive streets.

There is little to interest save the mills. To a mind delighting in such results of man's inventive skill Stockport affords some fine specimens of these gloomy representatives of wealth and power.

That huge building yonder, whose myriad windows the setting sun lights up so brilliantly, belonged awhile since to a man whose name is quoted to you not more for the enormous fortune he possessed than for the manner in which he employed it. Drink, gambling, and women, delirium and disease, filled up the chapter to its close by an early and terrible death. His delight, we are told, was to collect round him some of the thriving tradesmen of the town, and plying them with liquor till one by one they disappeared beneath the table, and he remained undisputed victor of the field. The history of his licentious pleasures would rival that of a Grand Turk, or tyrant debauchee of feudal times. Yet, in the

church-yard where he lies a huge monumental slab bears the eulogistic catalogue of his distinguishing virtues; had he lived another year it was in contemplation to raise him to the dignity of mayor.

Contrasting with this unwelcome history is that of the owner of another mighty pile, also within sight. He came a poor lad from a neighbouring town, ragged and shoeless; by dint of industry and perseverance raised himself gradually in the world till he became the possessor of a vast property, the employer of hundreds who mention his name with reverence, and are proud to work under him.

We should fail in our capacity of guide if we permitted you to quit Stockport without visiting its market.

This is held on a large open space on what is called the Castle Hill. The old wall once surrounding the castle is still standing, and to this part the cattle are brought for sale. There is a market-house built by the Corporation, but the rate of standings is so high that most of the dealers prefer taking up their posts in the place, which, on market days, is crowded with the small covered stands and wooden benches, whereon are exposed the various merchandise. Here you may purchase anything, from a box of matches or a red herring to hat or bonnet ready trimmed, boots and shoes, toys, cooking utensils, articles of domestic use, of every sort, size, and quality. Here you will find "Cheap Jack" in all his glory; hither comes the quack doctor, with his herbs, drugs, and worm powders; every available inch of ground is pressed into service, to the very midst, where, upon the bare stones the fent (remnant) dealers spread their medley of calicos, printed muslins, cloth and woollen stuffs; and hard by a small division is made gay by the flaunting colours of feathers and flowers and ribbons of every hue under the sun.

It is a strange scene, especially on a dark night, when the flaring naphtha lights bring out the quaint-looking booths into strong relief, with their burdens of meat, fish, poultry, vegetables, cheese, bread, cake, fruits, books, medicines; the factory girls, with their shawls thrown picturesquely over the head, the throngs of eager customers, and over all the old cathedral dimly seen—black, solemn, watchful; it reminds us of the picture of a Dutch fair, or the market-places in the old English times long gone by, while the cries of the sellers, the chaffering of buyers, the chink of earthenware, the clash of tin and brass vessels, the cackling, crowing, and quacking of the live stock, form a concert of which we will, if you please, hasten to be rid; and descending one of the very steep ascents which lead to the market, cross the little wooden bridge which here crosses what looks like a foul ditch, but is, in fact, the poor little Mersey, into Heaton Lane, thence by a flight of steps cut in the red sandstone rock, and we are in "Crowder's Fields," as you perceive, at a considerable elevation, whence we look down on the town with its scattered lights, its dense atmosphere hovering over it like a lurid cloud, its murmur borne to us faintly upon the evening breeze. Here, while all is still, and the stars in their far-off kingdom alone look upon us, we will tell over a tale of factory life—of love, and murder, and mystery—a tragedy acted out here on this very spot.

Years ago the beauty of the town was one Mary Downes, a factory hand in a mill owned by a family of some standing in the neighbourhood. She lived with her parents in a cottage which we shall pass in a while. The beautiful girl had a lover, of her own station in life, who was warmly attached to her, and whom Mary favoured till the hour of temptation came, in the guise most dangerous to her sex, of a rich and handsome man, her superior, at least in wealth, the son of her employer.

After a time—who knows of how many struggles and vain resolves?—the unfortunate girl yielded to the addresses of her richer lover, and the consequence was ere long known to all. A child was born, but Mary still continued to be the object of her seducer's attentions; though, as the story goes, still persistently watched and implored by her half-maddened former lover.

At that time the fields extended far over what now forms part of the town; the houses were few and far between hereabouts. The pair were accustomed to take their evening walks in the most retired spots; Heaton Lane, then a veritable hedge-girt lane, was the usual scene of parting, whence, under the escort of the old watchman, Mary returned by this path round Love Lane across these fields to her mother's house.

So matters stood, when, one fine Sunday morning, the whole town was alarmed by the report that Mary Downes was murdered in "Crowder's Fields." It was too true. We had the tale from one who saw her as she lay, and who shuddered even then as he told how the head was severed almost from the body, the beautiful white neck and golden-coloured hair all dyed in blood.

Suspicion pointed in more ways than one. On the one hand the seducer was just about to be married to a lady of fortune, the girl was known to be attached to him—in the discovery to be dreaded some saw sufficient motive for the crime. On the other, the former lover had been heard to use expressions which bore hard against him, taken in conjunction with his known suffering from her desertion.

The watchman, too, who usually formed her escort, was submitted to an examination. He could only tell that the girl had, on the night previous, declined his services, saying as it was moonlight she should go very well alone. At that house there, which stood then as now upon the top of the steps in the rock, she called for a pair of pattens she had left, and bade all good night in her usual spirits. The hour was noted; the circumstance proved important when, at Chester assizes, the terrible matter was investigated. All were there—the rustic lover, the old watchman, and, accompanied by his intended bride, the seducer.

Against the latter nothing was even attempted to be proved. No secret was made of the connection which had existed between him and the unfortunate victim; he owned to having seen her that night; to having parted with her as usual.

It would have fared harder with the other, but when matters seemed setting against him, an unexpected witness appeared, in the form of Mary's own mother, in whose house the suspected young man lodged, and who swore to having heard him enter his room, and saying his prayers, at the very hour when the ill-fated girl called for her pattens as before stated.

Justice was foiled—the murderer has never been detected.

Now come the bubbles which busy rumour has blown with her inconstant breath for the multitude to chase.

The young mill-owner married, and died a year or two after. Legendary depositories tell in what agonies of mind and body, tortured, as they would have it, by remorse.

The old watchman Peter also died suddenly, and, to the belief of the credulous, still smokes his pipe in the chimney corner when all decent folks are a-bed,—a strange mode of atonement, it must be admitted, for participation in a heinous crime, if that is what the expounders of such matters believe. They tell, too, how, at his last moments, the lady-mother of the young proprietor, then deceased, watched over the old man, nor would permit any save herself to close his eyes; so suspicion would raise a whisper even at an act of benevolence, construing it into dread of some death-bed confession. True enough it is that the mother, whose evidence had cleared the suspected man, dropped dead some few months after, not far from the spot where her murdered daughter was found.

You are shuddering. Come, then, let us hasten on out from the fields upon the high road, far different to when, among the wide moon-lit fields, the poor misled beauty met her cruel death.

This was her dwelling-place; a relation still lives there. At that time these two adjoining houses stood alone in the fields. Pretty Christchurch was not; nor the snug cottages and villas which make Heaton Travers the pleasantest outskirts of Stockport, though we never pass without a shudder the scene of that foul murder, of which the truth will in all probability never be known till that day when the darkest hearts shall render up their secrets to the day.

Our walk is ended—our gossip finished. We have chatted we know, but in desultory fashion, upon what came uppermost in our rambles. If you wished to hear of deeper matters you will not again take us for your guide. We could have told you what members Stockport returned, of politics, and of what is associated with them, of course nowhere but in the National Song; of how the free and independent mill operative exercises his glorious privilege of voting according to his conscience; of statistics—deaths, births, and marriages, and of how often the first precedes the second, and the latter is dispensed with altogether; of how that which good mother Eve rejoiced over as an especial gift of her Maker, is a curse to be prayed for averting (well if *only* prayed for); we could have discoursed of all these and more, but to what purpose? You avert your eyes from the gratuitous exhibition of a sore, unless you can in some way help to heal it.

THE LONDON BAKERS.

If we estimate the population of London at two millions and a quarter; if we suppose that of this enormous population every mouth consumes more or less bread, in some form or other; if we consider, moreover, that all this vast amount of bread is, with scarcely an exception, baked in bake-houses, and not made at home, it is evident that the condition of the poor fellows who manufacture it—to English men and English women, is matter of quite as much interest, to say the least, as the state of Quashee growing pumpkins in Jamaica, or serenading "Buffalo gals" on the banks of the Ohio. Mr. John Lillwall, a gentleman favourably known for philanthropic effort, more especially in connection with the Early-Closing Association, has endeavoured to awaken the public to a sense of the wretched condition of the journeymen bakers of the metropolis. Twice has he read a paper on the subject before the National Association for the Promotion of Social Science. The last paper on this subject, entitled "Bondage in the Bakehouse," has just been put into our hands. It is our authority for the statements we now propose to make, and in quoting from it, it is our intention to serve the cause which Mr. Lillwall has at heart. Mr. Lillwall says, during the last twelve or fifteen years he has personally, as the agent of the Early-Closing Association, instituted inquiries into the condition of numerous sections of the industrial classes, and has also taken some pains to become acquainted with similar investigations made by other gentlemen, and the information thus acquired has convinced him that, with, perhaps, the exception of the unhappy persons employed in bleach works, there is no body of men so painfully placed as the journeymen bakers. Their case may be described in a few short sentences.

In London, as also in some of the larger provincial towns, a considerable proportion of these men are required to work *both night and day*. For instance, they commence their week's labour on Sunday at 11 p. m., and continue at it till about 4 p.m. the following day. During the dreary hours of the night, when most other persons are in bed, and when all nature may be supposed to be at rest, these men are engaged in preparing the dough, and baking the bread; and when at length morning comes, instead of then taking repose, they have, as it were, to begin afresh, being required to deliver that same bread to the out-door customers, sometimes carrying a hundredweight or more on their backs, and at others, conveying it in hand-trucks,—in either case an extremely laborious operation, which often occupies them till late in the afternoon.

To these men, all days and nights are alike through the week, up till Thursday, when matters too often become still worse, especially in the case of the "underselling" shops, where, in a large number of cases, the men are required to work on continuously from 11 p.m. on the evening mentioned, till late on Saturday afternoon, making in all *forty hours' labour* at a stretch. It must also be borne in mind that in the case of many, if not most situations, this class of journeymen have to be in attendance on *Sunday* from about 10 a.m. till 2 p.m., to see to the "dinner-bakings."

Taking it altogether, therefore, it will be found that a large portion of these men are employed weekly for the almost incredible period of 112 *hours*—averaging upwards of eighteen hours per day out of the twenty-four reckoning six days to the week. It is true that in some establishments, those who begin at 11 o'clock at night get finished by 1 or 2 o'clock on the morrow, but

then it is also true that in the case of other shops of this class the operatives do not get done before 5 or 6 p.m.

Now, out of the 112 hours per week that so many of these men are thus required to labour, the only respites they have is to snatch their meals (often barely sufficing for that purpose) and from an hour to an hour and a half during the night, when they usually lay themselves down upon the hard boards in the bake-house, breathing all the time the same hot, unwholesome atmosphere which they inhale during the other tedious hours of the night. Now, it must be evident that these brief intermissions from active labour—participated in under such circumstances—are next to useless as periods of rest and refreshment, more especially as the men dare not trust themselves to get into a sound sleep (even if they could do so), lest they should lie too long, and thereby get into trouble by spoiling the bread.

[The weekly wages of these men range from 12s. to 18s., with the allowance of half-a-quartern loaf to each person per day.]

Further, it is notorious that most of the London bake-houses are the veriest dungeons—dismal, dirty, and pestiferous. A journeyman whom Mr. Lillwall examined relative to this point, stated:

"Our bake-house is beneath the causeway. The bake-houses generally are very unwholesome, the drainage is bad, and we get offensive fumes from the gas pipes, water-closets, and other causes, frequently making us quite sick."

The annexed upon the same point is from a lecture by Dr. Guy :—

"The following memoranda, collected by a journeyman baker, and put into my hand by Mr. Reid, will serve to illustrate the present condition of the bake-houses :—

1. Under-ground—two ovens—no day-light—no ventilation—very hot and sulphurous.
2. Under-ground—no day light—often flooded—very bad smells—overrun with rats—no ventilation.
3. Under-ground—two ovens—no day-light—very hot and sulphurous—low ceiling—no ventilation but what comes from the doors—very large business.
4. Under-ground—three ovens—use gas at all times—very hot and sulphurous.
5. Under-ground bake-house—very dark—obliged to use gas—not high enough for a man 5 ft. 9 in. to stand upright in without hitting his head—very hot—one oven.
6. Two ovens—very dark—full of cold draughts—the rain falls on the man that works at one of the ovens—very small bed in the flour loft.
7. Two ovens—half under-ground—no daylight—no ventilation, but what comes in at the door—privy on the top of the oven—very hot.
8. Under-ground—bake-house very small and hot—ventilation from a hatchway—the men are obliged to go out for air to recover themselves before they can eat.
9. The privy in the bake-house—bed-room under the stairs.
10. Half under-ground—small bake-house—privy in it—very bad smells."

Dr. Guy remarks that the statements compressed in the foregoing memoranda are in conformity with the results of his own observation.

Most of the journeymen are single persons, and sleep and board on the premises, and here again they are, in many cases, exposed to a still further evil, connected with their bed-room accommodation. The following upon this point was told Mr. Lillwall by the operative whom he has already quoted :—

"The bed-rooms of the journeymen are too often under-ground, adjoining the bake-house, and are therefore intolerably hot and miserable. In the case of some of the under-selling shops, there is no bed-room of any kind provided; here the men are necessitated to sleep on the boards of the bake-house, as they can."

The evil results of the system may be thus summed up :—1. Physical.—It must naturally be supposed that the effect of these long hours of labour, taken in connection with such defective sanatory arrangements, and with the sudden transitions from extreme heat to nipping cold during part of the year, to which the bakers are exposed, must be seriously destructive of the health of these men. Experience proves this to be but too truly the case.

Dr. Guy, of King's College Hospital, a high authority on such subjects, states :—

"I found none [of the journeymen bakers examined] in what may be termed robust health, that is to say, with healthy, florid complexions. Only 14 in the 100 had a tolerably healthy appearance, while the carpenters who may be said to be in the enjoyment of robust health amounted to about 72 per cent., and the proportion is still greater for men working out of doors. Out of 111 bakers 19 had some severe and lingering disease of the lungs, and 29 complained of being subject to less severe disorders of the chest."

The Sanatory Commissioners—"We understand you to say that they are extremely sickly?"

"Extremely so. No less than 70 in the 100 complained of being subject to some disease or other, of whom several were suffering from more than one complaint, while the proportion so complaining among the brick-makers was 36 per cent.; among the bricklayers' labourers, 25 per cent.; among carpenters, 26 per cent.; among scavengers, 19 per cent.; and among the silk printers, 18 per cent."

Mr. Edge, surgeon, of Manchester, states :—

"I have met with more than twice as many cases of disease among the bakers than among all other artisans put together, the number of men in each case being equal."

Referring to a deputation of journeymen who waited upon him, he observes :—

"They came to me in a body late in the evening, and on entering the waiting-room the effect was startling—so many shrunken, pale, anxious countenances, combined with the ghastly looks of some of them, and their dusty habiliments, it seemed more like a visit from the tenants of the tomb, than from what ought to have been hearty, sound-constitutioned men."

An intelligent journeyman stated to Mr. Lillwall—

"I have known, I may say, hundreds of journeymen bakers, who have died off at an early age, the victims of overwork, and the other evils connected with the business, to which they had been exposed. I have visited many at the hospitals, and have known some scores who, with broken constitutions—while yet under

30 years of age—have been obliged to return to the country [where they probably became paupers and speedily died]. I know many journeymen bakers now, who are constantly ill. Asthma, rheumatism, and tightness of the chest are the complaints from which they most commonly suffer."

To show the state of exhaustion which these men have daily to sustain, Mr. Lillwall mentions the following incident, recently furnished him by a master baker:—

"When, as a journeyman, engaged in delivering bread to the out-door customers, after ringing the area bell, I have fell fast asleep before the servant could reach the door, and have been awoke by the cry, 'What! baker, asleep again?' On returning home to tea after finishing work, I have many times fallen asleep with the food in my mouth."

The following, mentioned to Mr. Lillwall by a foreman, bears upon the same point:—

"It was only last week that I saw some of our men sleeping in the midst of their duties. In such cases when one calls out to arouse them they awake in a great fright. Through sleeping at their work, it often happens that they form the dough the wrong shape: for instance, when they should make *round* loaves they make *bricks*, and *vice versâ*. As foreman, I am obliged to be constantly rousing them out of their sleep. As matters stand, there is no help for it."

The following further remarkable case was furnished Mr. Lillwall by a master baker:—

"I knew a journeyman who, on Saturday afternoon, when his work and its excitement were fairly finished for the week, was accustomed to fall into such a death-like stupor that, drag him about the house as they may, or do whatever else they could, it was all but impossible to wake him till he had had his sleep out."

Surely, no further evidence need be adduced to prove the terrible physical effects of the system of protracted labour to which the journeymen bakers are exposed.

2. Moral and Religious.—Most unhappily, the evil does not stop here, but, on the contrary, the consequences to the higher nature of these men is still more melancholy and ruinous. Church-going, as a habit, Mr. Lillwall believes to be almost unheard of among them. While living in a country distinguished before any other on the earth for its profession of Christianity, and for its self-denying efforts to extend the blessings of the Gospel of peace and goodwill towards men, to all parts of the habitable globe, the journeymen bakers are practically cut off from all participation in the blessings which that Gospel is designed to confer. In this all-important particular, no body of men in heathendom could well be in a worse plight. A man who filled the position of foreman made the following statement to Mr. Lillwall a short time since:—

"Journeymen bakers rarely ever go to a place of worship. For instance, out of nine men employed where I work, not one ever goes excepting myself. They are so languid that many times they do not even change their dress on Sunday, but lie about in the bake-house, or at their respective 'Houses of Call,' without even being cleaned. In fact, this is generally the case. On one occasion, however, I did persuade one of our men to go with me to chapel, but he slept most of the time, so I found it was of little use."

Another member of the trade stated as follows:—

"The journeymen very rarely go to church. If they have any little private business to see to, they transact it on a Sunday, having no leisure on any other day. When they have nothing to see to, most of my fellow-workmen sleep the greater part of Sunday, which is not to be wondered at, as they are so thoroughly exhausted by want of rest."

At a meeting of journeymen bakers held a short time back at the offices of the Early-Closing Association, one of the delegates stated that he had been in London about fifteen years, had resided in six different establishments, and during that lengthened period he could not remember the case of one single fellow-workman who attended a place of worship regularly.

3. Mental.—Referring to the low state of intelligence of these men, a master baker recently observed to Mr. Lillwall:—

"As you may suppose, the journeymen, as a class, are most ignorant, having no opportunity to mix and converse with other men:—if they by chance get hold of a newspaper they are sure to fall asleep over it. I have seen this scores of times, and used to do it myself." He added, that he could only account for the journeymen bearing with this state of things on the ground that they have so little opportunity to meet together, and are, moreover, in too exhausted and dispirited a state to do so. So much is the latter the case, he said, that when a man gets to forty years of age, he is generally what is called "used up," and has a great difficulty in obtaining employment, the masters being afraid lest he could not get through the work which would fall to his lot.

As has been before intimated, the deadening, blighting effect of the system in question upon the moral nature of this large body of men is inexpressibly deplorable, and entails a heavy responsibility upon the public, who have so long, it is believed, unwittingly tolerated, not to say helped to perpetuate it.

Exhausted by the inordinate amount of work exacted of them, how strong is the temptation during the brief periods which they can snatch from labour and sleep, systematically to repair to the ale-house to stir up their languid frames by means of stimulating draughts! No wonder, then, if in course of time they abandon themselves to dissipated habits.

In past years, active steps were taken by the London Operative Bakers to shake off the yoke by which they were manacled—numerous public meetings were held upon the subject, and finally an attempt was made by Lord Robert Grosvenor (now Lord Ebury), who, all through that struggle, warmly espoused the cause of these men—to get their grievances redressed by legislative enactment. His Lordship, who was ably supported by Dr. Guy, having failed in his benevolent endeavours, the movement was soon after brought to a dead-lock, and ultimately to an end. From that time until now, the Early-Closing Association has readily availed itself of every fitting opportunity, both at its public meetings and in its various publications, to advocate the emancipation of these persons from their terrible thraldom.

In Scotland the journeymen bakers shook off their yoke some years since. The result has been eminently satisfactory. Rescued from the system by which they were crushed and goaded into habits of intemperance, they have since—as in the case of the Factory Operatives under the Ten Hours' Act, and other classes in similar circumstances—rapidly risen in the social scale, while the interests of the masters, so far from having been prejudiced by the change, have been greatly promoted by means of it.

A movement has again recently been commenced in the Metropolis by the operatives themselves, in which they are nobly backed by many of the masters.

The desire is to carry out a similar social reform in the case of the Metropolis to what has been stated to have been done in Scotland, by abolishing night-work, and restricting the period of labour to 12 hours per day, inclusive of meal time. That is to say, in lieu of the men working from 11 p.m. to 3 or 4 o'clock the following day, subject to the short respites already described, it is proposed that they shall commence their labours at 4 a.m., and work continuously on, with the exception of meal time, till 4 p.m., and then finish. Happily, this plan has already been tried by many masters, and from inquiries Mr. Lillwall has made from those who have tried the experiment, he finds that the difficulties to be surmounted have proved to be more imaginary than real, and that, upon the whole, the change is likely here, as in Scotland, to work satisfactorily.

In conclusion Mr. Lillwall says:—"But it seems to me that, after all, an alteration which still involves men getting out of their beds at the uncomfortable hour of from 3 to half-past 3 o'clock in the morning, leaves the improvement in their condition seriously incomplete. I find that the only actual obstacle in the way of their commencing work at the more reasonable hour of 5.30 a.m., or 6 a.m., is the demand on the part of the public for hot rolls for breakfast. Now I cannot believe but that families will relinquish this most unwholesome indulgence when they learn that by so doing they will so materially conduce to the comfort and welfare of some ten or twelve thousand human beings (speaking of London alone), who hitherto have suffered so grievously, and yet so submissively, in ministering to their enjoyment."

Let our humane readers in London and our large towns think of this, and as far as lies in their power, ameliorate the "Bondage of the Bake-house."

THE RETURN FROM THE PICNIC.

Rest on your oars; and let us float
Slowly down at the wayward will
Of the rippling stream. Hush! hush! the note
Of the nightingale with its passionate thrill,
Half joy, half pain,

Like the plaint of a lover, who sues in vain,
Yet hopes, as he sees those tell-tale blushes,
Throbs in the dewy air, as again
And again the flood of melody gushes,
And floats around.

My Evelyn! melts your heart at the sound?
Closer she nestles to my side.
When I tried to take her hand, she frown'd,
But now the taper fingers glide
From under her shawl;

Into my palm they coyly fall,
And the pressure I give them but serves a smile
Unto her fair young face to call,
Ev'n while she feigns with innocent guile
To shrink away.

Too timid still to dare display
The wealth of her love to my eager eyes,
Balmy and soft as the breeze of May,
Her virgin lips are breathing sighs
Again and again;

Sighs in which is no trace of pain,
But a frighten'd pleasure, a sweet unrest;
And her eyes, like violets after rain,
Beam with a love no more repress'd,
But still unown'd;

And her voice, so clear and silver-toned,
Trembles now, as we whisper low.
In her heart as king I am enthroned—
No monarch on earth is richer, no,
Nor half so rich;

No sculptured saint in its fretted niche
Of the airy pinnacle, rising high
From the gothic roof with its lofty pitch,
Pointing upwards to God's own sky,
Has holier shrine.

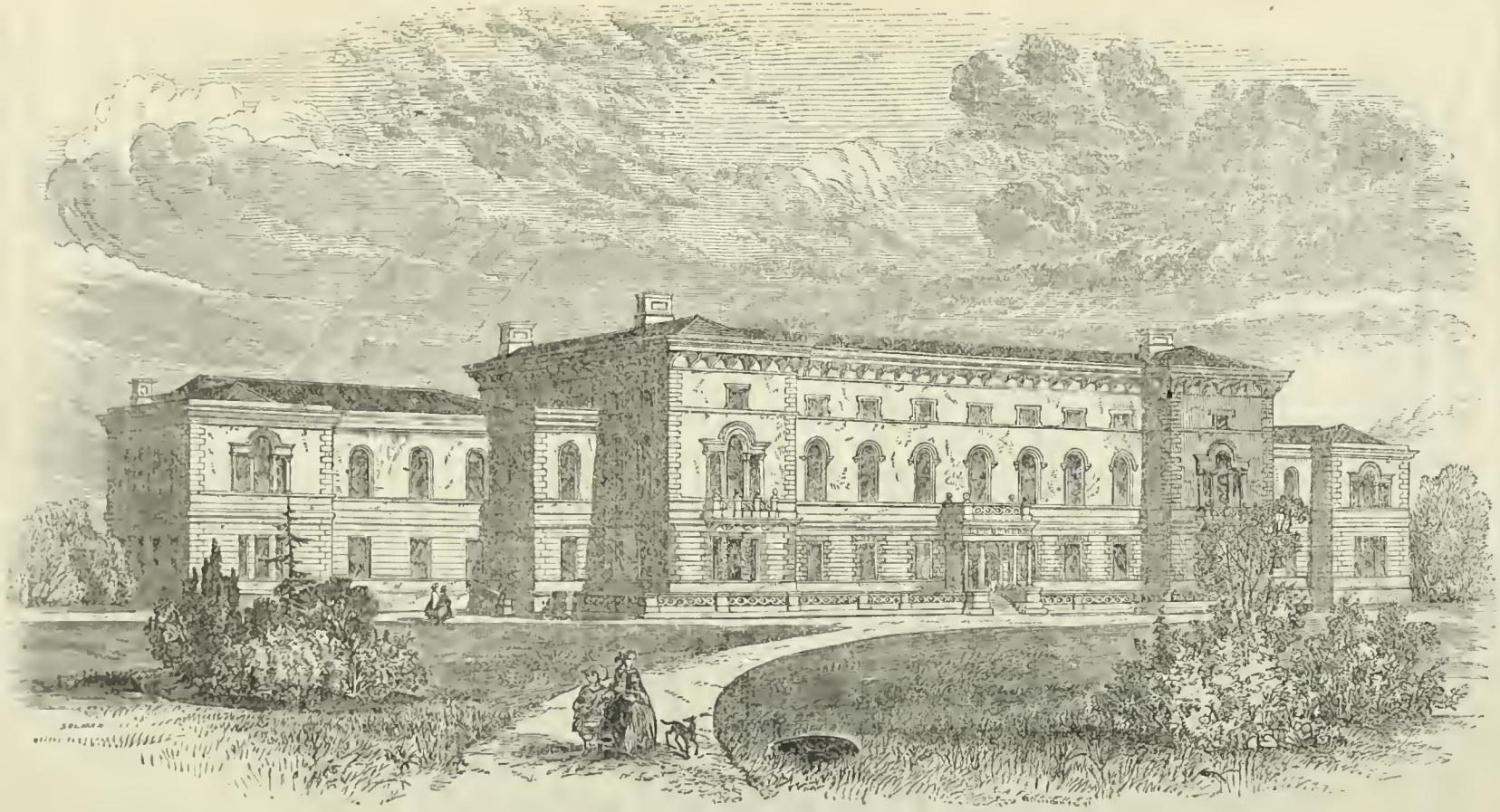
On her sweet pale face the moonbeams shine
Softly; but now 'tis pale no more.
Her timid eyes have fallen, and mine
With their loving looks spread blushes o'er
Her rounded cheek,

As the earliest summer sun-rays streak
The milky clouds with tend'rest rose.
From rapture silent, we cease to speak—
Through our link'd hands the warm blood flows
Our veins along,

Our passion with it. Her sister's song
Wakens to melody the breeze;
Too swiftly we float on the current strong;
There is the cottage embower'd with trees,
Where dwells my love,

And we must part. But bliss above
To-night's will come i' the morn, when I speak,
And fondly and softly as a dove
She cooes to me with her lip on my cheek:
"I 'm thine alone,
"For ever and ever all thine own."

E. Branthwayt.



ORPHAN WORKING SCHOOL, HAVERSTOCK HILL.

THE condition of orphans in this world of ours is not a pleasant one. Their sad state has touched many hearts. Orphan institutions are now the order of the day. There are many such places in London,—in Europe,—in America,—in all parts of the world. I find one of the latest institutions of the kind is that of the Cherokees, who have erected an orphan institution at an expense of 18,000 dollars. Disastrous are the consequences of neglecting orphans. The Rev. Richard Burnet, the Chaplain to the Lewes House of Correction, has made the following statement in reference to the prisoners under his care:—"From my records on the parentage of prisoners since my report of 1839, I find that very *nearly two-thirds* of the prisoners of sixteen years of age, and under, had lost one or both parents by death or desertion." The Rev. Mr. Clay, Chaplain of the Preston House of Correction, in reference to the same painful subject, states: "I have looked over my books for some further statistics in this matter, and I find that of 240 children under seventeen, including 19 girls, 121 had parents

living, 46 had lost their fathers, and 45 had lost their mothers, 28 had lost both parents, and 34, although having parents alive, were deserted by them. Of this large number of young culprits, 115 had been repeatedly committed, and no less than 57 have been eventually transported." In the prison returns laid before Parliament, it appears that there were 13,272 children punished in 1842 for offences against the laws; and it has been stated by competent authority, that there are never less than 12,000 in prison in England and Wales at one time, and of these, as seen in the above statement, one-half or two-thirds are orphans. Most of these children are without friends, and are lamentably ignorant. Can we wonder that the boys in this wretched state of helplessness become criminals, and the girls outcasts? From the returns made in Paris of the "unfortunate females," it appears that more *than one-half are orphans*, and it is believed that in England the returns would not be less appalling if known.

The oldest orphan asylum—the original and parent of the rest—is that, a representation of which we have engraved on the other side. The Orphan Working School was commenced at a small house in Hoxton, in the year 1758, for twenty poor orphan and destitute boys, and was one of the earliest institutions of the kind in the kingdom. Twenty girls were afterwards admitted, making a total of forty children; this number gradually increased, until three houses were full, when the committee felt it to be their duty to seek larger premises. Land was purchased in the City Road (then a suburb of London), where the school building was erected in 1775, and was occupied until 1847.

The premises in the City Road were intended for thirty-five boys and thirty-five girls; but in 1840, that number had increased to 100; and in 1846, to 139. In anticipation of an increased income, it was determined to erect a new building, where 240 children could be accommodated. Haverstock Hill was the spot selected. To this locality the children were removed in 1847, *the one hundred and thirty-nine at that period have become two hundred and sixty, and will be further increased to four hundred, as the committee may be encouraged by public support.* Fifty children are annually elected into the school by the votes of governors and subscribers. Children are admitted between seven and eleven years of age. The boys remain in the school until they are fourteen years of age, when they are placed out as apprentices, if suitable situations offer, with an outfit of the value of five pounds. *Nearly all the girls remain until they are fifteen years of age, and are trained for domestic service.* When they leave the school, situations are usually provided for them, and each girl has an outfit of the value of three guineas. During the seven following years after they leave the school, and to encourage them to persevere in good conduct, the old scholars are rewarded with sums varying from five shillings to one guinea, on producing satisfactory testimonials from their employers. From this school have gone forth many who have attained a respectable position in life. One of the largest retail drapers in the City of London was educated at the Working School. One of the present committee was originally a scholar in the institution. Many a man and woman owe to it their all. May it continue for many an age to shelter the orphan, and to train him aright. For further particulars we refer our readers to the indefatigable Secretary of the Institution, Mr. Joseph Soul.

THE SHADOW IN THE HOUSE.

BY JOHN SAUNDERS.

AUTHOR OF "LOVE'S MARTYRDOM," &c.

[*Continued from p.* 247.]

CHAPTER IV.

MISS ADDERSLEY TAKES UP THE KEYS FOR THE LAST TIME.

YES, Mr. Dell was married. That was the secret that he had come home to tell unto Grace, before bringing the bride; and which he had found it so hard to declare as he saw the welcome that she had prepared for him; as he heard of the success with which she had promoted his ambitious aims; as he learned, through the unexpected revelations of Mrs. Addersley, that Grace really loved him; and, worst of all, as he learned it in Grace's own presence.

Well, the truth was out at last, she knew it now:—he *was* married. The absences from home that had occurred so frequently of late, under the name of sketching tours, were all explained. Yes, there was an end for ever to the day-dreams in which Grace Addersley had for a long time indulged; day-dreams in which she had seen Mr. Dell, her husband, rising, step by step, to high office in the government; animated and sustained by her skill and determination; and, herself, through him, exercising, by virtue of her talent and beauty and position, a political power and a social influence that were not a jot the less sweet to her in idea, that they would not be formally recognised. For the reality of power she cared much; for the semblance very little. But both were gone at a blow! The honoured and brilliant wife of the future minister of England was reduced suddenly to her true self—Grace Addersley. The maiden love that had advanced so far as almost to woo, was rejected. The ambition that was to have mastered the world, had failed miserably in its first attempt to cope with one single unit of it. At the precise moment when she had brought all things to a climax of promise, and waited her reward—he had married another! Grace Addersley heard as one might hear a death-knell. She fell—crushed utterly. Sick in heart;—humiliated to the extremest depths of humiliation by her self-exposures—made so uselessly;—burning with a wild sense of outrage;—shaken by tumultuous throbs of a blind instinct for vengeance;—but, preserving still, characteristically, a kind of tower of outlook in her soul, from whence she could survey the war of her own frenzied passions, and guide them in any direction that might still whisper—hope!

How that next half-hour passed, neither Grace nor Mr. Dell could ever accurately recall. Her silence was terrible. The very air seemed to grow thicker and thicker as Mr. Dell waited; listening for words that came not; for some manifestation of life, that was not vouchsafed to him, by that rigidly-fixed upright form, as it sat in the chair into which it had dropped as the

fatal words were heard. He began to feel suffocated. He tried, himself, to break the silence, but could not. His tongue clove to the roof of his mouth. A butterfly came flickering in through the window—passed between and round them both—settled for a moment on his sleeve—and went off again—and the very fact was almost unknown to him—until it revived in his subsequent recollections, and told him how they had both sat there, under the terrible shadow of that revelation.

But oh—the relief at last when Grace came up to him holding out both her hands;—and, wonderful to say, letting loose her silvery laugh!—rarely heard, but always making a kind of light in the place where it was,—and saying to him:—

"Cousin, why did you not tell me at first? Why not have spared me all this foolish exhibition? But come—we are cousins still, are we not?" Mr. Dell clasped and fervently kissed the delicate long-fingered hand—and felt an almost devout thankfulness that his trouble was over.

"But now, cousin," continued Grace, "one last word. This is not a topic for us ever to speak of again;—ever—if we can help it—think of again. I am but a woman—and have a woman's weakness. You will not let the knowledge of the extent of that weakness pass from you?" There was so much of beauty in the face, music in the tones, and pathetic expression in the manner with which this was said, that Mr. Dell would have given worlds to have assured her that he did not—could not—recognise the "weakness" she spoke of in her love for him—and that he would feel himself the basest of wretches if he ever allowed the faintest suspicion of the fact to reach others; but he was obliged to content himself by showing what he felt in his broken husky voice and eloquent gestures, and by an appeal to her in return:—

"Grace, you will show me that all this is—really ended—as—we both—now—wish it to be, by continuing to look upon this as your home?—unless, indeed, you would for your own happiness' sake, prefer to go away."

"Well—no—cousin—I should not like to acknowledge matters had gone so far—do not be too vain! Enough—we understand each other." Again she held out the fair hand, and again Mr. Dell clasped it in his own.

"Well—now, tell me—your wife—where have you left her?"

"At the little wayside inn at Upper Leatham."

"Make haste then! Leave me to prepare. Be assured she shall not complain of her welcome." She laid one hand on the bell-rope, and took a great bunch of keys from a basket with the other, and as she went out of the door she looked at them with a strange cold smile wreathing her lips.

CHAPTER V.

THE NEW MISTRESS.

It was at twelve, the first morning of the following week, that Mr. Short had promised to bring home the new side-saddle for the mare; and sure enough, just as the old Dutch clock had done striking, he appeared at the kitchen door with it on his arm.

Though the window and the outer door of the dairy were open that kitchen was like an oven just then. Cook, in her apron of office, and with her cap pinned up by the strings in a jaunty way at the top of her head, was surrounded by trays of unbaked pastry, dishes of currants, and little round baskets, some stained and empty, and some still uncovered, with the fruits of various kind appearing through the layers of leaves, just as Proby, the gardener, had brought them in. Meggy, who bore more than one white impression of Cook's floury hand on her back, sat hanging as it were upon her sovereign's dread looks, and buttering the while the patty p ns that were piled up in a heap before her. It was an awful time in the kitchen just then. Rebecca, the pert housemaid, knew it, and did not loiter, when she had occasion to look in—or when, as cook put it, "she must flaunt her red ribbons there to see what was a going forrads."

"Morning, Cook! How do you find yourself after the storm last night?" said Mr. Short with a gracious smile, his lips growing very fresh as he looked round on the unusual display of good things.

"Now then, take this tray,—not you, Meg, you set still if so be it 's possible. Here, you whats-er-name, if you an't afeared o' meltin them wax fingers o' yours—for it 's rather warm—take this tray, and set it down on the stones in the dairy—d'ye hear? What are you gapin at? As if you'd never set eyes on a mortal man afore! Now, John Short, if you'd have the goodness to let the gal go past." And this was the only answer Cook deigned to make to the saddler's greeting.

"Warm here!" he again ventured to observe, putting his saddle and hat down on the chair by the door, and wiping his face with his blue handkerchief spotted with orange; and apparently not otherwise troubling himself about Cook's change of manner.

"What!" cried Cook, turning to Rebecca, "What, a standin playin with them purty fingers agin, are you? Don't you hear the man a spellin for his beer? And can't you get his pot down?"

Mr. Short's pot was a yellow pint mug with a brown rim round it, representing fat little Bacchuses sporting with bundles of grapes, as big as themselves. John's eye twinkled at the remark. He had got to love that mug. So many and many a time had he drank from it, that it had become practically in his eyes a kind of perennial fountain—flowing ever—or, what was the same thing, whenever he wanted it, with John's earthly nectar, good strong ale. Cook now rubbed the clinging paste from her fingers, with a handful of dry flour, snatched the mug from Rebecca's hand, and let herself down the cellar stairs. Then Mr. Short, seeing all fair before him, took up his coat tails, and slowly and cautiously lowered himself into a chair, at his old place at the end of the dresser; and while he looked about him, and sniffed enjoyingly and refreshingly the damp casky smell from the cellar, and looked upon the fresh brown loaf, and the crumbling cheese—richer even than his own imagination painted it, and thought of the long walk he had had through the hot sun, he sighed a sigh of deep anticipatory gratification, while chuckling in his secret thoughts over his own forethought and skill in securing the friendship of the mistress of the hall-kitchen. He didn't mind Cook's

hasty words—or changeable moods—and he did very much approve of her excellent October brewed ale. He turned to look at Meggy, never dreaming it was she who, before his coming, when Cook's back was turned, had made a desperate charge at the dresser drawer, torn out that snowy cloth, and spread it, with shoulders convulsively heaving up and down. She now sat demurely quiet; her red face screwed as far round on her neck as it could well go, to get away from the place where he sat, as though in her crazy imagination she felt his solemn puzzled look fixed upon her all the time.

"Well, I do like a drop of good beer," said John Short, emphatically, as Cook, returning, placed the full mug before him.

Cook smiled a grim smile.

"And I will say there isn't better beer in all the county." And John took hold of the handle.

"Malt and hops, Cook; genuine malt and hops, and plenty of 'em—that 's my motto." He blew aside the froth. "None of your gimcrack drinks for me—your wines, or your foreign and Frenchified liquors, with all sorts of queer names. Good health, Cook, and may you always brew ale like this." He drank—deeply, for John was like a waggon on a slope—that must go some distance when fairly put in position, but he paused with a strong effort, backed himself as it were, set down the mug — rose to his feet, and looking unutterable things at Cook, murmured to himself, "Small beer, by—!" I do not think John was ever so near to an imprecation before; but, let the moral reader be glad, he stopped in time, contenting himself with another long look at Cook, obviously accompanying some internal blessing.

"Tut—tut, man," exclaimed Cook shortly, and plunging the great poker into the fire, with a pang of remorse, "get your bit man—get your bit, yor're welcome. But don't set there speechifying as if you was at a meetin. You loses the only good pint you've got when you finds your tongue." Cook had had her say—she had enjoyed her joke—and felt she had been thoroughly successful in both. But like other and greater potentates, she seemed to find a dash of something unsatisfactory in the flavour of her triumph. John didn't reproach her—didn't quarrel with her—nay, he ate submissively the bread and cheese; and even looked once speculatively into the half-emptied mug—but no—his moral being couldn't stand that—"no more of that!" he said to himself very determinedly, "and now, Missus Cook," said he also to himself, "look out!"

"I say," cried Cook, turning to the girls with the poker in her hand, "have either of you beauties bin to tell your master the saddle 's come? Of course they haven't!" she continued, turning to Mr. Short; "though they know their missus has been trailin about in her ridin gown all the blessed mornin awaiting it." Rebecca jumped up, crammed her red hair into her cap, and hurried off through the passage door.

"But there," said Cook, flinging down the poker, so as to make poor Meggy jump, affrighted, to her feet. "It 's the same with all the gals now-a-days, they think heads is only made to stick fine caps on."

"The new missus has got a sweet tooth, I should say," remarked Mr. Short—feeling it necessary, for about the first time in his life, to say something; and seeing another tray full of delicacies drawn from the oven.

"Lord bless you—they're going a partying it to-night in a small way—before they gives a grand to-do next week," said Cook, sitting down with a snowy round board in her lap, and cutting a number of tiny bars from a thin piece of paste. "I don't say it's any business o' mine," she went on, lowering her voice, "but it wouldn't take a witch to tell what 'll come to the place with a young thing scarce out o' pinafores, a missussing it about. If she'd leave things as she don't understand to them as does, well and good; but, bless you, she's in and out—in and out—like a cat before a shower, from mornin to night. Why, Miss Addersley never showed her face only just to give orders for dinner. And I'll show you what comes o' people interfering where they don't understand. Ha' done, scrunching them cherry-stones, Meg! Be so good as to give her a knock o' the head for me, Mr. Short. My hands itches to do it. Lor! there she is off agin! Did you ever see such a bit of tinder in all your life? With them stones in her mouth too. Plague take the gal—she'll choke herself! Put em out, Meg, dye hear? Put em out, do! There! Don't let me catch you at that fun agin in a hurry—you young hussy—you! Let 's see, what was I a saying? If she ain't enough to aggravate a saint. Oh, about the milk. She—missus I mean—stops at the door there, when they came in from their walk last night; and says she, in a solemn way, as she looked upwards,—Cook, we're going to have a storm. I've seen it hanging about for days. We shall have it in earnest now. You'll have to wait for to-morrow's milk for the junket I fear, but you *may* save this by taking it down below. 'Storm, Maam?' says Proby, 'it's far off yet.' 'Oh,' says Miss Grace, 'Cook understands the dairy.' 'Yes—yes' chimes in master—'leave Cook alone for her junket.' 'Well—we shall see,' says missus, laughing—'only mind, Cook, whoever is right is to have their way next time.' Well, this mornin milk's turned; as o' course it would be after such a night as that, so she got the laugh on her side. But how did she know a storm was coming any more than me or Proby?—why she didn't; she guessed it, as a baby might—and o' course Providence couldn't go out of its way, to show her she were wrong. Why what's the matter with the man—are you struck?

Well, yes; John has even for a moment forgotten the small beer as he listens, with the bit of cheese, stuck on the point of his knife, remaining midway betwixt the plate and the open mouth. And Meggy, too, what is it that makes those little eyes of hers grow bigger than one might have supposed it was possible for them to become? Even Cook, though she does rage inwardly to see Meggy's trembly red hands for a moment doing nothing, cannot find it in her heart to let her own voice jar upon that sweet spring-like, bird-like music, that comes bubbling towards them.

> Sigh'd the snowdrops, "Who will miss us
> When the happy air shall thrill
> At thy presence, pale Narcissus,
> At thy gleam, O Daffodil?"

Like the breaking of a merry little wave among the

rushes, her voice had risen, and then stopped, as the doors opened, and Mrs. Dell came in; and after telling Mr. Short, who stood up with knife, cheese, and mouth all precisely in the same relative attitude to each other as before, to sit still, she paused; with one little foot perched on the fender, looking gravely down upon Meggy; who dithered and fidgetted about, more than ever, as she felt those bright, beautiful, sunny eyes glowing, as it were, upon her red hands and awkward body.

The grey riding-habit fell in small precise folds from the dainty waist. She wore a white linen collar; and a bow of broad rose-coloured ribbon threw a faint vermilion tinge upon the dimpled chin—what a coquettish little chin it was! And what a baby-face altogether it seemed; at least on your first glance, and until you met the direct gaze of those earnest—wonderfully earnest eyes, and felt instinctively the calm strength of the broad, white, beautiful brow above. You found it hard to tell then whether that face had most of the serious woman in it, or of the playful child, that had never yet taken into itself the meaning of the word—care. And as to all that dry, light hair of hers, that went rippling off in tiny waves to the one great swelling billow that rested on the neck, it seemed really to live and breathe and laugh in the sunshine; and to change with every expression of her face. On the whole, in spite of the tiny cluster of almost imperceptible freckles between the nose and the large blue eyes, I suppose the old folks were right in thinking their Winny a beauty. If so, then hers was the mischievous, dimpled, April-morning beauty of the two-year old darling. And somehow the mother had never managed to disentangle her mind from the idea of that infant time; and the little toddling feet, and the tiny red morocco shoes. "How the child grows!" she said then. At sixteen it was still the same, "How the child grows!" And the cosy, indulgent parents petted and scolded her in a breath; and talked proudly and fondly about her when she was away, and repeated her last sayings wonderingly and enjoyingly to each other over the parlour fire, when she had gone to bed: for they would not spoil her by letting her overhear them. No, no; they both agreed they mustn't—wouldn't—spoil her. And the sly puss knew all the while every feeling of their hearts—every thought of their minds. And sometimes, as she dwelled on their little innocent self-deceptions about herself, she would burst out into sudden irrepressible laughter; and sometimes a single tear would tremble long—growing bigger and bigger—in those great blue eyes, till it would fall; and then there would be a look into the faces of the dear old people, that they couldn't all understand, but that nevertheless made them happier than they cared to acknowledge in any other way than by a kindred suffusion over the dull, failing, but still glad eyes. Mr. Dell will never know how he grieved and distressed those simple hearts when he asked their daughter's hand, and owned he had already won her love. They kept to themselves their great trouble. They had known it must come, as one knows in the loveliest weather storms will some day or other break out; but they hadn't attempted to realise the fact till it came upon and overpowered them. They cried, and comforted each other as they best could when alone; and they laughed responsively to all Winny's sallies when with her. But she understood: and it was a hard struggle with her before she could make up her mind to marry Mr. Dell, and to leave them. And if he—divining her feelings—had not convinced her that the old people must come and live near them—even if they would not live with them—he would not have gained her consent that the marriage should be immediate. As the old relations were to be broken up, said he, it was best to do it promptly, that new ones might be established for her and her parents, calculated to secure their comfort and happiness. Of course they gave their consent to the marriage in exactly the same spirit they had always consented to every serious proposition of hers. They had said to the spoilt pet of five years old, "Winny shan't go to school if she don't like;" they said now, "Winny must take him as her husband if she wishes it."

We have kept "Winny"—Winifred Thorn was the maiden name that she had exchanged for that of Mrs. Bletchworth Dell—a long time, resting her little foot on the fender, but she has been busy all the while studying Meggy—to the latter's great discomfort.

"Cook," said she at last, seriously, "what is the matter with Meggy, that she goes on like this? Surely she can't be well?"

"Lor, Ma'am," exclaimed Cook, crossing her tarts with the paste bars that she had cut out, "not well! You should see her eat and drink, Ma'am. Not well indeed! No, no; that 's everybody's cry, but take my word for it, Ma'am, it's nothing to do with her health. Just look at her! how her clothes is flung on her; look at her gown all awry, and her collar pinned anywheres over her shoulder; and her hairs all across and across, and partin nowheres in partikeler. Look at that for a young gal as is got her looks, I may say, as well as most gals now-a-days; for there 's bin a fallin off o' good looks, Ma'am, since my time. Well, see if it isn't true what I 'm always a tellin people, that it lays in her head, Ma'am. She 's willin enough, but her head 's always a gettin the better of her. It goes fast, and don't keep time; it 's just like a clock without a pendelum, but with its weights on, a ticking away in them upper works at a fearful rate, and making you want to bring her to a sudden stop, afore she runs herself down so far you 'll never get her up again. I should like to know what doctor, Ma 'am, 'll cure that?"

"Well, I don't know, Cook," said Mrs. Dell, repressing a half-laugh, that Cook's descriptions and logic had drawn forth; "but don't you think she 's too much in this hot kitchen? My head begins to ache already. What do you feel, Meggy? What makes you behave so strangely?"

Meggy looked shamefaced, and muttered apologetically, as she scraped away at a patty-pan, "It 's only them rompings in my head, again, Ma'am; they 'most mazes me sometimes."

Mrs. Dell laughed, showing all her tiny, glittering teeth, as she said—

"But tell me, what is that, Meggy? What are the rompings in the head?" Then, with one of her sudden fits of gravity, she drew her hand from her white leathern gauntlet, and bending forward laid it gently on the low coarse forehead. "Do you mean it aches? Oh, yes, it 's very hot—burning. I 'm sure you would be better if you went out oftener, Meggy. Cook, let

her go when she has done this morning. Mind you do, Meggy. It 's so nice in the lane leading to the common. I never saw so many flowers in my life as the sun has brought out there this morning after the storm. Come, make haste." And the little fairy hand rose lightly from the tangled hair, with the "partin nowheres in partikeler;" and gathering her long skirt about her, Mrs. Dell went out; tapping with her whip, to Cook's annoyance, as she passed along, the paper bags of dry herbs hanging from the ceiling.

Lanes! Flowers! poor Meggy, what had she in common with such things? To be sure she raced through them with Cook every Sunday evening to Yelverton church, when she would very much rather have stayed at home, and have spelled out a chapter of her old Bible in her bed-room. But now the meaning of those words seemed something as strange and as beautiful to Meggy as the voice that breathed them; and as the cool, soft hand, the touch of which had thrilled through her, and quieted—it really almost seemed so—the terrible rompings in the poor, weary, but ever restless brain.

"Well, are you ready?" cried Mr. Dell, coming in at the passage door, with the pups yelping after him.

Winny was standing just outside the kitchen door, in the court yard, looking down upon the two cats—mother and daughter.

"Hush!" said she to him, as he approached; and then, holding up her finger, "Look! Look!"

If Mr. Dell might have had his own way, he would have preferred looking at the speaker herself—the prettiest picture (he thought) that was ever vouchsafed to artist—or, sweeter still, to husband-eyes; but she had made him very obedient already; so he looked at the cats with due gravity and attention.

The old mother had rolled over in her sleep on her back, and lay with her paws drooping languidly, and nose turned upwards; while the kitten (disturbed by flies) sat looking down on her parent with a staid, elderly air, just as she had seen her mother gaze at her when she had lain exhausted with running after her tail.

Winny's little round shoulders shook with suppressed laughter as she watched them, and made Mr. Dell shut the kitchen door to keep in the pups, who were making friends with Mr. Short.

Presently the kitten, in her sleepy dignity, so far forgot herself as to plant her paw on her mother's breast, and begin, demurely, to lick away some imaginary speck. The offended matron turned on her side, and gave the offending paw a gentle bite. The kitten drew back surprised, and held the silly little paw raised from the ground with a look of grave displeasure. Then following up her maternal part, she stretched it out again, and with her head inclined meditatively to one side, gave her mother several sharp taps in quick succession on the ear, which so completely roused her that she started up with an angry moan; and the kitten, forgetting her dignity, made two or three sideway bounds across the court; dashed round the sun-dial; met her mother coming the other way, and then the two went tearing round and round, till the thoughtful matron, reflecting probably that the mad little minx would dash her brains out against the stone pillar, if she didn't mind, stopped, and went back growling to the step; and there she saw the kitten quiet, and peeping at her in a pretended fright from behind the dial.

"Come, come," said Mr. Dell, laughing heartily at Winny's childlike enjoyment, "Grace is waiting in the lane to see you have your first riding lesson. Mr. Short," he called, looking in at the kitchen door, "will you see the saddle put on the mare, and let George bring her after me?" He then whistled to the pups, who were waiting for the rind of Mr. Short's last bit of cheese; and he and Winny and the pups all crossed the court, and went round toward the lane, followed very quickly by George (the coachman and groom) with the mare. But if anybody cared about the riding lesson, certainly it was not Winny. That lane, with its trees, and flowers, and birds, and delicious and ever-varying wildnesses, perfectly captivated her. It was as evidently impossible for Winny to walk through it like Grace or any other rational being, as it would have been for Grace to have laid her hand on Meggy's head in the manner and feeling I have described. It is true Winny had been long ago shamed out of running after butterflies; but still, when one—a rare and superb fellow, it must be owned—did start from the hedge beside them, she would stop and gaze, shading her eyes with her hand from the sun, wistfully watching him till he was out of sight. If any stray homely scent, such as that of the southernwood, came across them, reminding her of the little garden at Laurel Cottage, where roses and cabbages might often be found growing together, she must needs find out the stunted bush (some castaway from a neighbouring garden), and bury her face in it for an instant, and clasp her arms round it, as heartily and fondly as though it was her own buxom mother, or hale old Thorn himself; and in truth it was of them she thought more than of the flowers that had so vividly recalled them to her heart. It was a perfume of home that then entered into her very soul. Her companions waited, and watched, and said to themselves—Grace impatiently, Mr. Dell delightedly—they never should get her through the lane on to the common, where the lesson was to be given. Every loose wreath of honeysuckle that greedy unkindly hands had loosened from the hedge, as they rifled it of its latest blossoms, and left trailing across the path, must be lifted up, and twined once more tenderly around the supporting boughs. Every hollow tree must be peeped into—oh, they might laugh; but they didn't know what discoveries she had often made in old tree trunks. And then when they came upon the first convolvulus of the season—one solitary and very early flower—that had just opened in all its white, stainless, fragile beauty, in a little nook of green leaves, she stopped, her hands pressed together palm to palm, and heaved a little sigh of pleasure and admiration before they could get her away.

The oddest part of the business was to see her regardlessness, if not her actual unconsciousness, of the presence of her husband and of Grace; so far, at least, as their presence might be supposed to check or in any way control her self-manifestations. She had evidently been so used to express her pleasure and her pain—just as either emotion might rise—that she would have felt that something was wrong in the frame-work of things if she might not continue to do so now: and certainly

the last thought to enter her mind would be that she was thus exciting either surprise or admiration, or any other particular sentiment in those around her. At that moment, however—if never before—there were two persons, whose eyes and thoughts bent towards her in the deepest study of her character;—one of those persons feeling every instant a kind of fresh sense of the wonderful secret he possessed, and might not whisper of to the world—a secret that raised his whole frame, and kindled strange light in his eyes; and gave a softness to his smile when he spake to the humblest person; the secret of a happiness too great for the world to understand; and which he could not talk of even to her who had opened such a heaven unto his soul; the other person measuring, weighing, testing, comparing; asking if this was the being that had destroyed life for her, and, as Grace believed, for him; speculating how long such love might last; what were its conditions, temptations, dangers; and letting the thoughts gloomily stretch on and on, till the vista became too dark, and perplexing, and horrible; and until it was a relief—a sensible relief—to turn suddenly back, and listen once again to the laugh that racked her soul with pain, while her ears confessed the music; and to meet Mr. Dell's eyes, as he glanced towards her, seeking a look of sympathy in answer.

And that look came; though as suddenly and unexpectedly as a beam of light might come from the skies on a dull day. Whatever there might be of effort in its origin was, however, unnoticed—undreamed of by Mr. Dell; and so it gave him a sense of inexpressible gladness; for it said not only that Grace was herself again, but that she and he would be able to resume their old friendship and intellectual relations. In truth, he had had no faith in the reality of Grace's love for him, though he entirely believed in her belief of that love. Then he was too much pre-occupied to think a great deal about Grace or any one person in the whole world just now, except the little enchantress herself, whom he had snatched away from the cottage of the Thornes. And so, what with the thought on the one hand that did actuate him, and what with the excuse for want of thought on the other, he brought himself to believe that the best way to treat his fair cousin would be to forget, or appear to forget, all the recent incidents as rapidly as he could, by displaying his old and natural frankness toward her. And certainly he was thus far right,—that no course could have been so conducive to the comfort and self-respect of a woman, who really desired to dismiss for ever from her own mind the momentary humiliation she had subjected herself to, and whose first concern would be to glide as simply, and so to speak, gracefully, as she might, over the narrow strip of time that intervened between the present transition state of feeling and position to that future one, when the old untroubled, uncompromised peace would be regained. He had asked himself how *he* would like to be treated had he been in Grace's position; and his conduct to her was the cordial honest answer.

"I do not wonder at your admiration—your love—now," said Grace, in low meaning accents. Mr. Dell's reply, after a moment's pause, was to stretch out his hand to Grace, and to clasp hers; and then to turn away, and try unnoticed to brush off the water-drops that were gathering in his eyes. "But you have a responsibility upon you; she is not strong in body, I fear. God has not given her everything. And then, her education—"

"Ah, yes. I want to talk to you, Grace, about that. Her parents—good old people they are, I assure you; you would like them very much—are retired farmers, never themselves knowing much more than to read and write, and to keep the humble accounts of their farm. And though they have proposed to give Winny a good education, and have certainly paid for a fair one, they have utterly spoiled her in that respect. She has, it seems, always disliked school, and formal teaching of every kind; though as you see she has been a tolerably attentive student in the great open-air school of Nature; and has developed to no slight extent, in her desultory way, whatever was most true, or beautiful, or energetic, in her instincts."

"You won't be hurt or offended if I tell you the truth in this matter?"

"My dear Grace! Let me say at once, I thought much of her educational deficiencies before marriage; much more than I do now. Indeed, I believed them then to be more serious than I do now. Acting, therefore, with my eyes open, should I not be a poor creature if I could be hurt in any way to hear the truth from a friend; or should I feel unprepared quietly to do whatever may be requisite to make my wife appear unto the world what she really is?" Grace did not need any addition to the sentence, to tell her in what sort of estimation Mr. Dell held his wife; his tone and manner were sufficiently eloquent. "Yes," he continued, after a pause, "I know what you would say; you have noticed her want of knowledge in matters of history, science, and general literature; and her naïveté in utterly ignoring her ignorance."

Grace nodded, with a smile.

"And you dread for me—"

"And for herself."

"True, I thank you; and for herself—the awkwardness, the gossip, the scandal, the sneer, the malicious laugh. Well, I thought of all that, and I said to myself, 'A little time, and some loving help, will soon set that right; and meanwhile let me never forget that she does not know her deficiency—I do. It is I, therefore, who should suffer, not she.' And that, my dear cousin, is what I want to say to you now. Help me, if you can, and I will be grateful. Let us get over this little difficulty; and meantime let us shield her from feeling, if possible, for one moment, the pain she might so easily be made to suffer. She will see the truth herself but too soon; the instant, in fact, that she attains the first important point of advance; and she will then look back startled, timorous, perhaps unhappy, if she does not see around her on all sides warm, loving, respectful, appreciative friends, as well as something more than all that in her husband."

"Well, cousin, rely upon me. And I thank you—for speaking thus plainly." There was little or nothing in Grace's words, but there was everything in the manner in which they were said. Mr. Dell's previous troubles about Grace disappeared from that moment, and were soon, in effect, forgotten.

Alas! could he have looked into the breast that now received and welcomed so freely—his most secret

thoughts—he would have paused in alarm, and have walked away, a wiser if a sadder man.

"And how," asked the voice, with its music more mechanical than ever, but still it was music, and very pleasant to listen to, "how will you proceed?"

"Why, almost without seeming to proceed at all; and yet there must be no beating about the bush; she'd understand all that, and scatter us and our plots to confusion in an instant." And he laughed, enjoyingly. "No, I shall say just this to her: she doesn't know as much as she ought to know—who does? and she must become a bit of a student. While I study art, she must attain more general knowledge. And then as to the mode: there's Mrs. Cairn, who teaches at the Sunday-school, a lady born, and well educated, and who is at once very poor, and very proud. Her son is educating for the ministry in Scotland. She could in a quiet way find out all the gaps in Winny's attainments, and fill them up very respectably. Perhaps, too, we might arrange by and by for her to attack some foreign language, for at present she knows only her own."

"And, if I understand you rightly, you would like *me* to make these little arrangements, in a quiet, unostentatious manner."

"Exactly: so that it shan't be said in the village—'Mr. Dell's wife is going to school;' and yet, that it shan't be supposed that the very truth it concerns us all to realize—that life is nothing but an ever-open school, is one that we are ashamed of, when it comes to our own practice. A little tact, Grace, in these matters, makes often the entire difference between a man's winning the respect or the derision of his neighbours. And for my wife's sake I am, I own it, very sensitive."

"I will talk with Mrs. Cairn directly, and try to let you see by my success how fully I understand and reciprocate your wishes. But where is Winny all this time?" They had, strange to say, forgotten her;—the person about whom alone their whole souls had been occupied. A bird was at that moment pouring forth a gush of such fresh, exquisite melody, that both listened to it, even while gazing back into the coverts of the lane, to get a glimpse of the wanderer. They could not see her. At last the bird ceased. There was a pause, that seemed to extend through all nature, and suggest how wide an area had been hushed for the moment by the song. The bird did not sing again; and so Winny, who had been rapt, her soul far away, up into the skies with the bird—nay, further still, up right into the heaven beyond, came back again with a sigh to earth, and thought of her companions, and started forth to seek them.

Mr. Dell advanced to meet her; and holding up Winny's riding-whip, which he had taken from her and now carried in his hand, he appeared to threaten her with punishment, while he demanded what had kept her so long. She paused a moment; then, with an air of mock gravity and deprecation, she said, half speaking and half singing:

"I heard a little linnet sing,
Sweet—sweet the note and strong;
She caught the dying words of spring,
And poured them forth in song."

"Winny, I wish you would tell me where you get these snatches of old song, as you call them."

There was just a faint rosy hue perceptible in Winny's cheek as she answered, "Oh, I read, and read, and forget all about the particular books afterward. And I used to hear many little bits sung by the country women, in their cottages, when I roamed about round Fallon, in search of adventures. And as to the tunes—ah, you may laugh! but I really think I got as many from the birds as anywhere."

Mr. Dell shook his head; and then the little feet gave a petulant kick at the skirts of the riding habit to get them out of the way, and then they stamped with a show of indignation, while Mr. Dell was asked, "Do you mean, sir, to doubt my word?"

Well, to own the truth, Mr. Dell had very grave doubts about that word, sweet as it was, and sufficient as it might be for him to stand by and do battle for to the death, in the spirit of an old knight-errant. He had, in fact, formed a theory of his own by putting together minute little facts that he had silently observed. He believed, in a word, these song snatches were her own; she would hear some exquisite line of poetry, perhaps, or some delicious chord in music, and it would haunt her, till she found some wandering fancy or feeling that harmonised with it, and that she could put into simple but expressive words: not imitating the original, her nature was too individual for that, but resting on, working from it. And generally it was the sound, the melody—the tone, the feeling, she cared for, rather than any precise sense or object."

"But, Winny, why do you so constantly dwell on the spring?"

"You an artist, and ask that? Isn't everything in this world that is most beautiful a kind of spring? every fresh song that a bird sings? every new flower that a plant puts forth? every bit of scent in a plant's breath? Smell this sprig of sweet-briar, if your soul is dull just now, and can't understand my wise words without!" She paused, holding up the sprig of briar for him to smell to, and looking long and yearningly in his face. Then she said, very softly, "Our love, is not that too, like them, all spring? I don't want summer. Ah! I have sometimes fancied I shouldn't live to know anything more than my life's spring."

Was it the gathering gloom in the sky that caused such a deep shade to pass over the face of the husband as he listened? There was a great roaring of winds far above in the sky, though felt only below in a slight puff upon the face, and in a gentle lift of the hair; was it they who seemed to open to Mr. Dell, for an instant, a wild and stormy future, that, however, disappeared as rapidly as it came? These drops of rain that begin to fall, is there some secret sympathy betwixt them and the moisture that appears in Mr. Dell's eyes, and then (as Winny watches him) in hers? Suddenly he calls out—

"Quick, Winny, home! A shower threatens. Run on fast! I will warn Grace, and send home the mare, and soon be after you. Nay, go! Never mind the dogs."

She obeyed him, tucking up her riding-dress in prompt fashion, and making a hood of the skirts; and then, looking at Mr. Dell for a moment from within the cosy cell she had erected, with a smile, and then, with a ringing laugh, she turned; and scudded along with a

speed and gracefulness that no fashionable lady could have ventured even to attempt, though she would have certainly envied the power.

"O dear," exclaimed Winny, as she stood in the old porch a few minutes later, divested of her riding-habit, and watching with Grace and Mr. Dell (who were afraid of her running off again) a splendid rainbow, that grew by degrees fainter and fainter in the dull sky; "O dear, the weather 's like a spoilt child to-day, that somebody keeps coaxing to be good before it has had its cry out!" Just then Nero set up such a terrific barking that Winny started.

"O," said Mr. Dell, laughing, "it 's only the postman; Nero has a mortal hatred against the man. I suspect our lame Mercury has been startled by the dog on some occasion, and has revenged himself by a stone or a kick. If not, Nero must think he has evil intentions towards us, concealed in that leathern bag of his." Then they all went into the sitting-room, to wait the appearance of Rebecca with the Bletchworth Hall post-bag.

CHAPTER VI.

JEAN'S LETTER.

Mrs. Dell knocked softly with the back of her hand at Jean's door. There was a step across the room, a quick turn of the handle, and Winny was obliged to shade her eyes from the sudden glare of light that streamed out into the dark corridor as the door was opened, and Jean stood there.

It was a small square room, every corner of which was bared to the strong light let in by the great blindless window. Like Jean herself, it was scrupulously clean and precise, nothing more; and unlike almost all the other rooms in Bletchworth Hall, it contained little or no old furniture. Jean did not like what she termed lumber; and preferred the room to be as Mrs. Dell now beheld it, almost bare of comfort. A narrow iron bedstead, with a narrow strip of carpet on the white boards beside it; two rush-bottomed chairs; a wooden table, covered with white linen, on which stood Jean's work-box and Bible; a wash-hand stand; and a common square looking-glass, hung in a bad light, as though it were little used, and less cared for;—these were nearly all the articles of furniture it contained. You took in the whole at a glance; and saw there was nothing for the eye to rest upon as peculiar unless it were the small oval picture over the mantel-piece, with its face turned to the wall, and its frame thick with dust.

Such was Jean's room, and it told her story—that room of hers. For, like that picture, was the one mystery of her heart turned from the world's gaze; and all else of Jean—was left passionless and bare, numbed to pleasure, and almost to pain.

"A letter for you, Jean," said Mrs. Dell, holding it out. Mrs. Dell had not yet, in her new life, got over the great interest she had always been accustomed to attach to the postman's visit; and that which she felt for herself she presumed for others. So she had herself hurried to Jean with the letter she had found among Mr. Dell's in the little leathern bag.

"For me! I thank you, Ma'am;" and Jean's eyes ran hurriedly along the address, as she took it from her mistress, and closed the door again as the latter went away.

A something in those cold grey eyes as they fell on the letter, sunk into Winny's heart; and she walked slowly along the passage, wondering about Jean, and her room, and her letter. But presently she felt one of the pups pulling at the handkerchief with which she had been teasing him in the garden; so she held it up, and shook it, and worked him into a great ecstacy of rage, and into all sorts of frenzied leaps, and head-over-heels tumbles; and then Winny hung the handkerchief on a nail above his reach on Mrs. Addersley's door, which now attracted her eye in passing. That done, she slipped down two or three stairs, and stood watching and listening in a state of suppressed but wicked enjoyment to Mrs. Addersley's whining "Come in!" which grew more and more petulant at each jump the dog made at the door.

Jean looked long at the letter, sitting stiffly on the edge of one of the rush-bottomed chairs; and the strong afternoon sun blazed in upon her, and for once in her life Jean longed for a dark corner just to open the letter in; she would not have minded coming out again into the light to read it. Suddenly she looked up from it to the picture over the mantel-piece; some strong impulse seized her, she got up, turned the key in the door, and almost before she had drawn three breaths, with one hand pressed tightly to her side, she had stretched up her long close-sleeved arm, and taken down the picture from the rusty nail, propped it against her work-box on the table, and sat down again, as stiffly upright as before, on the chair in front of it, with the letter in her hand, looking from one to the other.

The picture was a little half-finished water-colour painting by Mr. Dell; and had, like many another of that gentleman's productions, been torn from its frame in some mood of dissatisfaction, thrust into the basket under the studio table, and sent away with the waste paper, to be wondered at by Meggy, or to light Cook's fire. How this came to be saved from the general doom, and set in that black frame, only Jean herself could tell. It showed the head of a very young man. The fine blue, straight-forward looking eyes, had more in them of frankness and courage than of thought; yet the face, as a whole, did not give one the idea of a strong face, perhaps from an indescribable something of uncertainty and indefiniteness about the close of the lips.

A strange pain shot through Jean as she looked at it; and she asked herself bitterly why she had done this just now. And then her eye fell on the letter, and with a wild beating at her heart that she thought never again to have experienced she tore it open. Even then before looking at it she drew her hand across her eyes, as for a moment's reflection, and wondered how it would begin. And then she read—

"Dear, dear Jean;" and after that the words seemed to swim and flow into one another, and her brain grew dizzy in the hopeless effort to disentangle them. Perhaps some dust from the picture had got into her eyes. She took up the corner of her apron and rubbed them. Ay, a little dust, Jean, that is all. Did you think that the picture which you have just taken down in your heart, and looked at once again as of old, could hang

THE SLEEP OF ARGYLE.

THE SLEEP OF ARGYLE.

Few incidents in the history of Scotland are more striking than that commemorated by Mr. Ward on the opposite page. It forms one of the eight pictures he was commissioned to paint for the corridor of the new House of Commons. The Argyle here portrayed was Archibald Campbell, eighth Earl, born in 1598. He was sentenced to death at the Restoration, more, we fear, on personal than public grounds. His crimes were, that he submitted to the usurpation of Cromwell, and under Richard sat in Parliament for the county of Aberdeen. Argyle prepared for death, and suffered it, with the utmost composure, courage, and piety. He addressed a letter to the king in his vindication, and in favour of his son; conversed cheerfully with his friends immediately before his execution; protested his innocence; forgave his enemies; deplored the corruption of the times; exhorted the people to suffer rather than sin against the Covenant, which he called "the oath of God, from which it passed the power of all the magistrates under heaven to absolve them," and submitted his head with pious fortitude to the instrument of death called "The Maiden." On the eve of his execution his bitterest enemy, it is said, came to look at him, and found him asleep. Against Argyle the base minions of power—in order to procure his death—charged almost every crime; the accusation against him under two heads, and consisting of about thirty elaborate articles, is one of the most monstrous in the annals of judiciary procedure. Posterity, more just than his accusers, has done ample justice to the man. Argyle was better than most of his time-serving contemporaries. They were troublous times in which he lived, and even a sincere patriot might be well puzzled to know how to act.

there through so long and weary a time, and nothing gather about it? So Jean rubbed her eyes, and, at last, read the letter through without a single stop:—

"Chatham, July 15, 18—.

"Dear, dear Jean,

"I know what you and mother must think of me, and I deserve your worst thoughts. But let this explain why you have not heard from me since I left Scotland. After the affair at St. Andrew's, which I suppose soon reached Yelverton, I was so utterly sick of my life, what with that trouble and exposure, what with the knowledge that my mother's hard-saved little fortune had disappeared in the attempt to make a gentleman of me, before, alas! I had learned to be a man, that I enlisted—in a mad fit—into the army. It was when the Crimean war seemed to open a new chance for men like myself to rise from the ranks; and, for the moment, I deluded myself with the idea I would in a new career yet reëstablish my position with you all at home, and realise some of the kindly dreams with which my future had been invested. Oh, Jean! I could kill myself as I think of my own folly. I am enduring a life of such misery, such grinding humiliation, as you would shudder to see a dog endure. My companions hate me, for what they are pleased to think airs of superiority. My superior officers look upon me with ill-concealed contempt, as upon a man who evidently presumes in thought to belong to their order, and who must be kept down. To keep me down they tread upon me. And I turn; I cannot help it. But my position grows more and more perilous each day. Is there any possibility of procuring my discharge? I write to you, because I do not know—and dread to ask—what mother's present means are. I leave it to you, Jean. If you see any good in telling her, go at once, and break it to her in your own way. If not—well then, God help me, for I will break from my position somehow, before long. I have that to answer for to-morrow that will probably decide me. I hope you will be able to understand what I have written, and which I intended to write very calmly, but I could not.

"Ever sincerely yours,

"Archibald Cairn.

"P. S. Address to the 'Jolly Soldier,' Chatham."

And Jean folded the letter, and stood, sliding it up and down between her fingers, trying vaguely to remember how she felt before she got past those opening words—"Dear, dear Jean;" for she was herself again now, ready for action, and could scarcely realise the fact that she had taken down that picture. But there it was. So she hung it up, with the face to the wall as before, without a quiver of the arm; and the marks of her fingers on the dust of the frame, and the round blistering drop on the letter, were the only visible traces of all that had passed in Jean's heart during the last few minutes. She pinned on her bonnet and shawl at the little glass, then knelt down and unlocked a hair-trunk, from which she drew a purse of wash-leather, counted its contents with an anxious look, then tied it round, and put it in her pocket. Again locking the trunk, she left the room.

She walked with quick steps along the passage, and without looking up, paused, and tapped at Miss Addersley's door.

"Come in, Jean," said Grace; so Jean opened the door, and as she did so a deep rich red stained the polished boards, and a kind of Indian perfume pervaded the passage some minutes after it was closed again. Facing the door was the great window opening to the black cedars, and towards Grey Ghost Walk beyond. The light that entered that way was but of a gloomy, sunless kind. But through the window at the far end of the room the sun shone brilliantly through a curtain of "wine-dark violet" silk, and so made the peculiar rich suffusion that tinged everything in the room.

Grace was dressing with more than usual care that afternoon for the small tea-party of country neighbours that Mr. Dell had invited—quiet, cosy people—by way of preparing his wife for the more formal reception that was to take place in a few days. Her black velvet robe lay on a chair beside her. She was attired in a wrapper of Indian muslin of a pale primrose colour. Before her was the tall glass, by means of which she went on, in Jean's absence, plaiting her hair, and glancing now and then for a moment at "the Times" that lay on a table by her side. She had for months past made it a habit to study "the Times," and it was no wonder, therefore, that when Mr. Dell happened to

speak on polities he always found her, for a woman, unusually well informed.

"Why, Jean," said she, as the spare figure appeared like a shadow on the corner of the mirror, and thus for the first time made its presence known. "dressed at this time, and going out! Have you forgotten me?"

"I beg your pardon," began Jean hurriedly, "but I have just received a letter, and I came to ask you to spare me to-day to go to Mrs. Cairn's."

"Mrs. Cairn's! oh, certainly, certainly. But what is the matter?"

"Her son"—said Jean, while playing nervously with the scanty fringe of her shawl, and trying to shape out words that she could utter—"has written to me, and"—

"Really!" said Grace, turning and looking full at Jean. "So you have heard from him at last. Dear Mrs. Cairn! I am so glad. And he has written to *you*, Jean, how odd! Oh, by the bye, I remember; not so very strange either, is it, Jean?"

"Mr. Archibald has written to me," continued Jean in a dry voice—one in which Grace thought she could perceive some bitterness—"instead of to his mother, because he is in trouble, and would not pain her, if she cannot help him."

"Grace laid down her brush softly, and resting her chin on the back of her hand, remained sunk in deep thought, repeating absently, "Well, Jean?"

Jean hesitated a moment, then drew the letter from her pocket and placed it before Grace. Of the two evils it seemed the least: better at any rate than to stand there, and be cross-questioned on matters which it would be unendurable pain to answer.

Grace read the letter through twice; and instead of rousing her from the reverie she had fallen into, it seemed to become a part of it. "Dear me," she said at last, handing it back to Jean, "how unfortunate! How very sad! But tell me, what does he mean by the affair at the University, Jean?"

It might have been the light, but Grace fancied she saw a faint flush overspread Jean's face, as she answered quickly:

"Oh it's nothing now. It wasn't so bad at the time as he thinks. We—I mean Mrs. Cairn, would have known nothing about it if a friend of hers from Scotland had not told her."

Grace, who had a peculiarly happy way of making much of a little thing, or of making light of a great one, as it might suit her mood and purpose, said in a pressing but seemingly careless tone,—

"But tell me—was it some love affair, or not?"

"Yes, something of that sort," said Jean, manœuvering to get from the side of the glass, in which she had just caught a glimpse of Grace's eye fixed on her. "I think it was with some woman who hadn't a very good name in the place, and Archy didn't know it; and it brought on a deal of talk and scandal against him before he discovered her true character. But it's all ended long ago. And it wasn't so bad as he thinks: nobody knew of it here but us."

For a few seconds Grace remained leaning back in her chair, absorbed in thought. Presently she said to Jean, who stood nervous and anxious to escape,—

"And what will he do when he comes back?"

"Mr. Archy is a great scholar. He can do anything."

"Yes," said Grace smiling, "that's very likely. But great scholars are at a stand-still sometimes. I remember young Cairn now. Your master used, I think, to be very fond of him, before I came here; and had a notion he was very clever and promising. Well, Jean, I have a thought: but before I tell it to you, I must let you into a secret. Mrs. Dell wishes to take some lessons, and I and my cousin have spoken about Mrs. Cairn. I have a very good opinion of her. Let her know that quietly; and that I want to see her about Mrs. Dell. Something may grow out of it for her. Possibly for her son also. Mrs. Dell may wish to learn more than Mrs. Cairn can teach her—a language perhaps. You understand?"

"Oh yes, Ma'am!" said Jean, and so gratefully, that if Grace had showered down all sorts of blessings upon herself, she could scarcely have gone so direct to Jean's heart as by these words. But if this was the first impulse of her feelings, it was very different with her thoughts, when she pictured to herself—*he* here again, seeing her daily—old tones, old habits, old times revived—yet wanting all that they had originally promised. Yes, her thoughts were perplexing—on the whole, sad; but when she came to disentangle them as was her wont, and see what she ought to do, the path seemed clear enough, and the beginning was only what she had grown accustomed to—the treading down those that related to her own heart—down—down relentlessly—under her feet.

"Then, I suppose," continued Grace, "Mrs. Cairn will set off at once to Chatham. Poor old lady, it's a long journey for her to undertake alone. Why don't you go with her? You can if you like."

"Thank you; I will see. Yes, I think I had better go with her, perhaps;" though Jean's heart misgave her at the thought of such a journey, and a meeting that might expose her to such misconception.

Again the red light flushed the passage floor, and again the Indian perfume, unnoticed within, filled its atmosphere, as Jean's footsteps died away on the stairs.

Long after she had gone, Grace remained in her seat before the glass, musing. Once she drew back the hair suddenly from her brow, and bent forward as though grappling with some hostile thought, or perhaps with some more human enemy. And then the sight of her face—undoubtedly a handsome one—caught her own eyes, and was looked at inquiringly by them, as though face and eyes were strangers to each other till now, and as though the new acquaintance were not altogether displeasing. And there was, at times, a pale smile of triumph, just seen growing up, but checked as premature—out of place—by the strong intelligent will; a smile that reminded one of the moonbeams in Grey Ghost Walk. It just played about her colourless face, and died. And thus she sat, till the red light went out of the room, and the rooks began to gather clamorously in the chesnut avenue, and then, with one more faint revival of the meaning smile scarcely rising higher than the thin lips, she rose and finished dressing.

[*To be continued.*]

SUNDOWN.

A NOVEL.

By EDWARD COPPING, Author of "*Aspects of Paris*," &c.

[*Continued from* p. 266.]

CHAPTER XVII.

"WHAT sort of a night has he passed?" said Dr. Lanfrey to Madame Roussell, the nurse, as he entered the sick chamber the morning after that in which he had paid his first visit to Fred.

"Oh, very bad indeed," said the nurse, almost worn out with fatigue, "I never attended upon so restless a patient in all my life. Fifty times at least he wanted to get up, and sometimes I had great difficulty in keeping him in his bed. He 's very weak however now, the poor lad, and could not stand, I fancy, much less walk."

"And did he talk much?" inquired Lanfrey.

"Yes, until a little after three in the morning. Then he beckoned to me to give him some tisane, and after I had handed it to him he immediately left off talking, and sat up in his bed staring at the wall. Do all I could he wouldn 't leave off, and for a whole hour he remained in that position without once moving. But after that he became very fidgetty, turning from side to side, and now and then groaning. He seemed to be troubled by a dreadful dream. You might have supposed by his manner he 'd done something very wrong—committed some horrible crime. At the end he cried out as if in great pain, and then became quite still and peaceful."

"And how is he now?" inquired the doctor.

"Quiet as an angel, sir. I 'm not sure even that he isn't asleep, or at all events dozing."

"The crisis has passed," said Lanfrey as soon as he had seen his patient. "The worst of the fever has gone, and all danger is over. He will be several days however before he recovers consciousness after the delirium of last night."

And so it proved. For a whole week poor Fred remained in a sort of stupor. He was no longer violent or restless. He no longer cried aloud or even talked. Body and mind were alike reposing after the unnatural excitement they had passed through. And meanwhile distinctive consciousness in any way superior to mere instinct seemed to have entirely deserted the sufferer. Poor fellow! He could scarcely have been more kindly tended had he been at Sundown. In the first place, Dr. Lanfrey, although the gayest and most cheerful of men in society—utterly untroubled, as it seemed, by professional cares—was a young practitioner of sterling ability, whose only faults were that he was wanting in patients, and had not been rendered solemn and charlatanical by success. Then, Madame Dufour was almost motherly in her attentions to the young Englishman, of whom she was already fond. And as for Madame Roussell, she was as kind and watchful as a hired nurse could be, and if she sometimes nodded in the early morning she always obeyed the slightest call or movement of the sufferer, with a sort of instinctive perception that never left her even in sleep. But Emile was the most assiduous, the most active, and the most gentle of all the attendants upon Fred. He astonished the whole house by the interest he manifested in the young foreigner. There was nothing he objected to do for him. He sat by his side for hours when Madame Dufour wished to attend to her household affairs; he handed cooling drink or medicine to him with all the gentleness of a woman; he even replaced Madame Roussell two nights running, when that good lady had a violent attack of neuralgia, which compelled her to be her own nurse. Then as to the ordinary duties of the establishment, never had Emile discharged them so well or so rapidly. A floor he was formerly half-an-hour in *frotting* he now finished in twenty minutes. Everybody said, too, it was far brighter than usual; and as for its slipperiness!—a young Englishman newly arrived in Paris, who came to look after lodgings one day, and who passed across the recently polished boards, made such a sprawling slide ending in such an undignified fall, that from pure vexation and shame he left the house without fixing his abode there.

Emile seemed, indeed, as though he must be continually occupied, and the more actively the better. If there was really nothing to do, he would make an excuse for doing something, and fall upon chairs, tables, boots—anything which came within reach and afforded employment for his willing hands.

"*Do* rest yourself, *do*," Madame Dufour would sometimes say to him, almost snappishly, "I 'm sure you 've worked hard enough for one day."

But no! Emile must still be stirring. He would go and see if M. Fred wanted anything; or release Madame Roussell for an hour or so; or run to the Rue de Bac and get Dr. Lanfrey's prescription made up by the apothecary:—anything, anything so that he had but an excuse for unnatural and incessant activity. And in this way did the repentant young fellow endeavour to atone for the negligence of which he had been guilty, and the falsehood he had implicitly told. Fortunately the worst apprehensions that haunted him were never realised; Fred was out of danger as Dr. Lanfrey had declared, and his recovery, though slow, was certain. But it was not until the eighth or ninth day after his illness that he regained perfect consciousness. Even then he had great difficulty in remembering where he was, or by whom surrounded. He seemed at first to have utterly forgotten his departure from Sundown, and continually wondered how his large cheerful bed-room had become so gloomy and small. Several times he was upon the point of asking Madame Dufour, but her look repelled him, and he checked the inquiry while it was yet hovering upon his lips. It was only by slow degrees he recalled all that had occurred since he quitted England. Memory was for the time like a tangled skein, every separate thread of which he had to unravel. The process was long and wearying, but when at length completed the past became comparatively clear. Fred remembered everything now, up to the day succeeding that on which he had been out boating with George. The rest was all a blank. During the ten days through which his illness had extended he had grown weak as a child. To the violence of delirium had succeeded dangerous depression and hysterical sensitiveness. The lightest word or look of kindness from those around him brought tears into his eyes. Madame Dufour was so touched by these displays of feeling, that she repeatedly

said in her little *loge* M. Fred was the best and sweetest young man she had ever waited upon. As Fred recovered, he became day by day more anxious to hear news of Ruth. But her letters to him were all safe in the keeping of Madame Dufour, and Dr. Lanfrey declared that they must remain so a short time longer. M. Fred, he said, was in such a feeble condition of mind that the slightest excitement might bring on a relapse. He must be kept perfectly quiet, and no one was to talk to him unless in reply to questions he might ask. That very day the telegraphic despatch arrived from Sundown, but Dr. Lanfrey would not allow its contents to be communicated to the patient. Poor Fred, to do him justice, did not trouble his attendants with many inquiries. To speak French required such a strong mental effort, that, except for the purpose of obtaining food and medicine, he was unable to construct a phrase in that language. Several times she tried to ask Madame Dufour for news of Ruth, but the task was too much for him; and his inability so distressed him, that the poor fellow would burst into tears and turn away, the unformed sentence still hovering upon his tongue.

"I'm sure he wants to hear news of his sister," said Madame Dufour to Emile, one day when Fred had made an ineffectual attempt to speak; "her name is *Ruth*, and that is the only word he seems to utter, though he pronounces it so strangely that I can't quite understand him. It's very strange she does not come."

Emile turned from pale to red, and then from red to pale, as he listened to these words. Ah! that accursed letter! Was it for ever to haunt him in this manner? He wished himself dead for the thousandth time, sighing with contrition as the desire crossed his mind. Fortunately Madame Dufour was too much occupied with her own speculations to heed the guilty agitation of her assistant. As the days wore on Fred began to fret and pine for news of his sister. Often and often the tears would roll down his eyes as he thought of her. Why did she not come to him? It was cruel to let him lie there among strangers. Could she have forgotten him in so short a time? So agitated did he soon become by the passionate longing of his heart, that recovery, which had hitherto gone on slowly but surely, now came to a full stop. Dr. Lanfrey was excessively annoyed when he saw that Fred was losing ground rather than advancing: that the little appetite he had regained was now almost gone, and that from some inexplicable cause he was more and more prostrated day by day. The young medical man redoubled his injunctions to Madame Dufour, to see that the patient was kept perfectly quiet: he would not hear a word of letters or messages yet being delivered to him; M. Fred's mind was still too much agitated, he said, to bear with impunity the slightest emotion. The good doctor! Had he been capable of interpreting the desires of the fever-stricken sufferer, he would soon have discovered where a cure was to be found for him.

One day—it was the third after that on which the telegraphic message had been received—Dr. Lanfrey turned from the sick chamber, unusually annoyed with himself at the unfavourable state of his patient. Fred seemed every day to be growing more and more feeble, attenuated, and languid. He scarcely opened his eyes when saluted, wept like a little child, and sighed so heavily that it seemed as though his very soul would pass away in those deep-toned exhalations.

"He must have something on his mind," said Dr. Lanfrey to himself. "What a pity I don't know his language, so that I might speak to him: but it is so disagreeable and barbarous."

He passed out of the room as he uttered this philological criticism, and halted pensively upon the landing-place to try and recollect if he had any English friend to whom he might appeal for assistance in this predicament. As he stood thus musing outside the half-open door, and resting upon the banisters, Madame Dufour appeared low down upon the staircase, followed by a young girl in travelling costume. The doctor, who, like most Frenchmen, considered himself under a sort of moral obligation to criticise and scan the features of every woman he saw, could not repress an exclamation of delight as he gazed at the advancing form.

"How beautiful she is," he said to himself, though half aloud; "who can she be, I wonder?"

He was soon put at rest upon this point, for a moment afterwards Madame Dufour introduced the young girl to him as the sister of M. Frederick Selwin. At once the gallant doctor was all smiles and politeness, bowing with the grace and ease of a well-educated Frenchman, as though no care-cloud had ever passed across his mind.

"I may see my brother, may I not, Sir?" said Ruth, for it was indeed she; "I *must* see him," she added almost imploringly, speaking French with a pretty foreign accent, and a bashful hesitation, that at once fascinated the ever-susceptible Frenchman.

"Mademoiselle," he replied, "it gives me great pain to add to the grief I see you are suffering; but your poor brother is in so precarious a state, that I should fear the effect upon him of an interview with you at this moment."

"Oh *do* let me see him, Sir, if only for a moment. I cannot go away without looking upon him."

The doctor still hesitated, and might perhaps have persisted in his refusal; but Fred meanwhile had heard the magic voice, and the life-blood was already returning in full force to his heart.

"Come in, come in, dear Ruth," he cried in feeble tones, in which however joy was audibly vibrating.

It was impossible to stop her after this. Hurrying past the doctor, Ruth rushed into the sick chamber, and threw herself into her brother's arms.

"Oh Fred, Fred, Fred," were all the words she could utter.

But there was a wondrous charm in them and in her fond embraces, such as the physician with all his skill could never have exercised.

Fred was quite well now.

CHAPTER XVIII.

"And now I must scold you, dear Fred," said Ruth to her brother, when the first rapture of greeting had passed away.

"Scold me, darling!" he replied, with his cheek resting against hers; "and why?"

"Because you have been a very wicked, cruel, unkind, and naughty brother," she answered, kissing him

at each adjective she employed, as if to show in what sense she meant these words to be interpreted.

"Is it a very dreadful offence to fall ill then, Ruth?"

"Not to fall ill; but to say nothing of your illness. Oh Fred, if you only knew what Aunt and I suffered at Sundown as day after day passed by without any tidings from you or George!"

"George!" exclaimed he, for the first time recollecting his cousin, so completely had his mind been absorbed in the longing to see Ruth. "Ah! I had forgotten George. Now I recollect, he has not been here since I recovered my reason. Where can he have gone?"

Madame Dufour was at once summoned to the bedside to solve this mystery, for Ruth was beginning to pass a very severe judgment indeed upon the absent cousin. But when the honest old concierge explained upon what a sad errand George had gone to Switzerland, that judgment was at once recalled.

"Still he might have written before his departure to tell me of my brother's illness."

"Oh, he did, Mademoiselle!" and Madame Dufour explained under what circumstances.

"And the letter was sent to the post?"

"Oh, yes; Emile took it there. Emile," she cried to the attendant, who chanced to be just outside, "you remember the letter you took to the post about a fortnight ago?"

"Oh, yes, perfectly," he replied, with rapid eagerness.

"And you put it into the box with your own hands?" inquired Ruth.

This was a direct question for which Emile was scarcely prepared, coming, too, from a fair young girl with the traces of sorrow still on her cheeks—sorrow that his negligence had doubtless heightened. It embarrassed and pained the young fellow beyond measure. For a moment he seemed on the point of repeating the falsehood he had previously maintained: but something in the sweet anxiety of Ruth touched his heart, and vibrated through all the better feelings of his nature. With a sudden movement—dramatic in its form and rapidity—he advanced towards the young girl, with his hands clasped, as though in supplication, and exclaimed with much natural emotion, blended with a little that was theatrical:

"*Grace! grace!* Mademoiselle; I lost the letter."

"Lost it!" cried Madame Dufour, who now had the key to that marvellous activity Emile had displayed during the last fortnight. "Lost it! you good-for-nothing, careless, inattentive fellow; and never to say a word to me. Get out of my sight, do!"

"Don't scold him any more," said Ruth, softly, for she was touched by the lad's penitent air; "it is all over now. He is very sorry for the unhappiness he has caused us; but that has passed away. I forgive you," she added, addressing the guilty one: "let us say no more of the matter."

Poor Emile, terribly cast down and abashed, hastened from the room without a word, and continued his work. But during the whole of that day and of several successive days he was so tame, spiritless, and taciturn, that he scarcely seemed the same lithesome individual who just before had astonished the whole house by his cheerful alacrity.

Ruth spoke truly when she said that her unhappiness had all passed away. With it, too, had passed away the torturing anxiety that had racked her heart during the last fortnight. Her spirit was hushed to rest as though by a sweet lullaby; a delicious feeling of langour had succeeded to the feverish excitement of suspense; and as she sat in a reclining posture by the bedside, one arm round her brother's neck, and her cheek against his cheek, she felt so happy—so utterly free from all disturbing influence and sorrowful thought—that her eyes closed of themselves, and she seemed to sink, as it were, into a day-dream of unsullied ecstasy.

For many minutes after Madame Dufour and Emile had left the room the brother and sister remained thus, clasped in each other's embrace, not a word, not a whisper escaping from their lips; only their hushed breathing disturbing the tranquillity of mutual joy. A knock at the door aroused them at last, however, from their happy calm.

"I beg pardon, Miss," said a rough voice, in reply to Ruth's "Come in;" "but might I make so bold as to see Master Fred jist for a minute?"

"Why, it 's old John Plumber!" exclaimed Fred, starting up with delight. "Come in, John; come in at once. Why, you did not tell me, Ruth, you had brought John with you."

Ruth had, indeed, quite forgotten the two domestics she had left below on entering the house.

"Why, John," said Fred, quite gaily, for he was really delighted to see the faithful old man; "why, who would have thought of seeing you in Paris? The idea of your coming abroad! At your time of life, too! Give me your hand, old fellow; give me your hand."

John Plumber took his young master's hand, and kissed it with affectionate reverence; but he could not reply to the salutation he had received, he was too much overpowered by the warm, kindly words with which Fred had greeted him. A tear started to his eyes, and he turned aside to let it fall unperceived.

"God bless you, Master Fred," he said at length; "it do me good to see you agin. I 've thought a' you many a time since you left Sundown. But I never dreamt I should see you like this."

Fred again shook the worthy old fellow by the hand, a tear standing in his own eye as he noticed the look of anxious solicitude in John's face. At this moment a sob, which evidently came from the feminine bosom, was distinctly audible.

"Why, who is that just outside the door?" inquired Fred. "I declare it 's Mary Trueman. So she has come all the way to Paris also. Come in, Mary, and let me shake hands with you. Don't be afraid."

But Mary, who was sobbing in the door-way as though all the joys of earth had for ever been snatched from her grasp, hesitated, and seemed too timid to obey. It was not until Ruth had gone out and exhorted her to comply with Fred's invitation, that the weeping handmaid consented to enter the chamber. Alas! poor Mary! Almost from the moment she quitted Sundown her troubles had commenced.

To begin with:—upon arriving at the Rosefield Station she discovered she had left behind a small pink band-box, ornamented with sprigs of fuschia, bound with a blue border, stamped on the lid with the royal

arms, and tied up with a piece of black galloon (for with this painful minuteness did she describe her property), and as it contained her best bonnet, and a number of little articles without which a Sunday toilette would be utterly impossible, frenziedly did Mary declare she could not go on to Paris until the missing box was in her hands. She *must* send for it. Bill could easily run back and get it, if he made haste.

Ruth was obliged to speak almost sharply to the girl to convince her there was no time for what she proposed; and while Mary was still discussing this point the train arrived, and she was compelled to jump in and depart, without the goods and chattels upon which she had set her heart. Then at Swindon, after partaking of some coffee, containing so much compressed steam that it almost blew the roof off her mouth, she lost sight of Ruth and John, and getting bewildered in her search for them, passed to the wrong platform, obeyed the stern injunctions of a guard, who told her to "jump in at once if she was going on," and so, in a few minutes, was on her way back to Gloucester. Thereupon, arriving at the station, one of the Company's policemen came to the door of the carriage, examined her features so closely, scrutinised her dress so carefully, and asked her so many leading questions, that all the other passengers set her down as a shop-lifter, or a female member of the swell-mob at the least; and this conviction was completely confirmed when the official announced to the terrified and humiliated girl that a telegraphic message had been sent after her, and that she must return by the next train to Swindon. When Mary was safely brought back to that station, she was scolded naturally enough by Ruth for her silly mistake and careless disregard of orders. It had caused a delay of three hours, she said, and there was every probability they would miss the boat upon arriving at Folkestone. At this the poor girl, just then in an exceedingly susceptible and hysterical state, burst into such a paroxysm of tears, that her young mistress was at once compelled to pour balm upon the wounds she had inflicted. Even then she had the greatest difficulty in consoling the grief-stricken servant. Mary, in fact, had become mentally prostrated; first, from the excitement consequent upon undertaking a foreign journey; secondly, from the fear and annoyance her mistake had occasioned her; and until they reached the coast her mind was in such a lachrymose condition, and tears fell so rapidly from her eyes, that Ruth wished over and over again she had been left behind at Sundown. Honest John was quite sufficient as a protector. Fortunately Ruth was compelled to give up so much of her attention to Mary that her mind was kept comparatively free from more painful occupation. She could only think of Fred at intervals; and whenever fears for his safety rose spectre-like before her, some fresh complaint or some new lamentation from the maid-servant dispersed them into air.

On board the boat the girl was not ill, though Ruth and John suffered exceedingly; but immediately she set foot upon French soil her trials re-commenced. All her English spirit was aroused by the indignities heaped upon her in less than ten minutes by the civil and military authorities. First, a sentinel upon the quay ordered her to move from a particular spot in a tone of such ferocious command, that her blood boiled within her. "The blustering brute," she exclaimed, "to speak to a young person like that!" Next, at the Custom House, the douanier treated her with such marked and cold neglect, because she did not at once open her boxes when requested, that her mental feathers were again most terribly ruffled. Then when, in obedience to Ruth's instructions, she had unfastened and unlocked to the extent required, Mary actually quivered with rage as she saw all her effects roughly turned over by the scrutinising official, her caps crumpled, her dresses disarranged, and some of the more recondite articles of her apparel pitilessly exposed to the grinning gaze of "a parcel of nasty Frenchmen," as she indignantly designated the Government servants before her. In fact, the man, seeing her rage, took special delight in adding to it, and laid bare all the mysteries of the girl's wardrobe with exasperating maliciousness. Mary could have wept with shame and passion as she saw her attire thus publicly outraged. During all the way to Paris, indeed, the circumstance preyed painfully upon her mind, and now that she was at her journey's end, free from the annoyance of sentinels, douaniers, and all such people, fatigue, bewilderment, nervousness, and uncertainty as to the fate in store for her, acted so powerfully upon her heart, that tears and sobs were again her only relief.

"Come, come, Mary, you must not cry so," said Fred very kindly; "I'm quite well again now, and very glad to see you. There! there! dry your eyes, and then go down-stairs with John, and rest yourself. You will be very comfortable here, and Madame Dufour will pay you every attention. Dry your eyes, like a good girl, and look exactly as you used to look at Sundown."

Mary did her best to smile a feeble smile, and left the room with old Plumber, her resignation of demeanour much like that of a new Madame Roland or Charlotte Corday about to walk to the scaffold. And now Fred and Ruth, once more alone, began to talk of Sundown, of Aunt Susan, of Dr. Carter, of Bill, of Tom, and of all things associated with the dear home to which their affections clung so fondly. But by and bye Dr. Lanfrey came and broke in upon this sweet converse. Exerting his authority as medical man, he declared that the interview must come to an end. Fred was already very much excited and fatigued, he said, and ought to be left quiet for a few hours. Ruth was reluctantly compelled to obey, and so, after a few last loving words with her brother, she descended to Madame Dufour.

That good lady was already regaling John and Mary with some excellent mutton chops, which, to the surprise of the two servants, not only looked but tasted exactly like those eaten in England. She had supplied them, also, with a bottle of very fair Macon, and though neither liked its flavour both soon found that its effects upon the inner economy were far from disagreeable. Now the hearty old concierge, who had taken a great liking at first sight to Ruth, sent out in quest of a more delicate meal for that little lady, and in the mean time placed at her disposal a suite of furnished apartments just below Fred's bed-chamber.

Ruth was terribly fatigued, for she had not slept now for many nights, but before commencing her repast she sat down and wrote a long letter to Aunt Susan, announcing Fred's complete recovery and her own safe arrival in Paris. She explained, also, the sad cause of

George's departure to Switzerland, adding several details furnished to her by Dr. Lanfrey at the moment of writing. Uncle Radcliffe was out of danger, but the fit he had been attacked by had very much weakened his intelligence, and his bodily energy. George did not yet know when he should be able to come to Paris. Directly Ruth had finished this letter she would have commenced another; but Madame Dufour at that instant brought in the déjeuner, and sternly told her she *must* eat. Nay, in order to prevent the young girl from continuing her correspondence she seized upon pens, ink, and paper, and bore them off in triumph, so that Ruth, in spite of herself, was forced to sit down to table. Very strange was a real French breakfast to her, ranging, as it did, from oysters with lemon-juice to milkless black coffee, dashed with Cognac. But Ruth was no chameleon—young girls with healthy minds never are—and as anxiety had driven away appetite for so many days, it was natural now anxiety was banished in its turn, that appetite should return to the realm it legitimately governed.

Later in the day she took up her pen again, and wrote a long letter to cousin George, announcing, as she had announced to Aunt Susan, her arrival in Paris, and Fred's restoration to health. She made many inquiries after "Uncle Radcliffe," and hoped to hear that his health would soon be completely reëstablished. She sent her *dear love* to Cousin Hester, and trusted they would soon meet.

"I do *so* long to see your charming sister," she added, "for I 'm sure we shall be such *good friends*. I wonder whether she is very much like you. I can fancy I see her sometimes, tall and stately as a queen, and yet sweet and simple as a village maid; and then, at other times, I strive in vain to form a distinctive idea of her appearance. I have quite made up my mind, however, that she *must be* very beautiful. Perhaps she will think me a very silly girl, dear George, for writing like this, but my heart is so full that I cannot check its overflow.

* * *

"You cannot think how happy I am to be once again by the side of dear Fred. And oh! he has become so pale and worn, although I did not notice it at first, for his face was flushed with surprise upon seeing me. But I have just crept up to his bed-room to look at him in his sleep, and I was quite *shocked* to notice the terrible traces illness had left upon his face. He is very gentle and affectionate; and when I first saw him he sobbed and wept like a little child as he kissed me. I shall never forget how tenderly he called out before I entered, 'Come in, Ruth, come in!' Dear, dear old Fred! He is the best—the very best brother in the whole world: that he is, cousin. And everybody is so kind to me here! Madame Dufour treats me like a mother, though she has only known me a few hours; and she laughs so merrily at my broken French, that I feel inclined to kiss the good old soul for very joy. And then your gentlemanly young friend the Doctor, what a nice pleasant fellow *he* is! He has been very kind and attentive to dear Fred, Madame Dufour says. Three and four times a day he used to call in sometimes before the fever had quite gone; and then how he speaks of *you!* I should make you vain were I to tell you half the fine things he has said of *ce cher M. Georges!* To say the truth, I could not understand them all, for Dr. Lanfrey speaks a little less distinctly than the other French persons I have conversed with. All the Vosges people are the same, Madame Dufour says in explanation. But I understand enough to feel certain that Dr. Lanfrey has the highest opinion of you, and that he thinks you a *very clever young man*. He says you are sure to make your *chemin*, and that you have talents of the *premier ordre*. There, Cousin! is not that praise for so youthful an artist? I already like Dr. Lanfrey because he speaks so well of you, and because he has been so kind to Fred; and here I am at the bottom of the page, without room for more than half a dozen more words. So good-bye, dear George. I hope you will return to Paris *before* I go back to Sundown. Let us hear from you soon."

Ruth had never written so fast or so well as she wrote to-day, and yet never had she made less effort. It was easy to explain this. She had but to hold the pen; her heart moved it.

How happy she felt! It seemed as though sorrow or pain could never again enter her bosom; and so she surrendered herself, without reservation or restraint, to the sweet emotion of those blessed hours. Sometimes, even, she wept and laughed together from mere excess of heart.

And when the night came, what a deep refreshing sleep was that which stole over her. She had once again crept softly up to her brother; she had said "good night;" she had kissed him, and felt the warm pressure of his loving embrace; and then she returned to her chamber, and fell upon her knees, and clasped her hands as a suppliant before the all-wise and all-powerful Ruler of Earth and Heaven.

But it was not now with a broken voice and a wan cheek that she lifted up her eyes in entreaty, and her voice in prayer. Her heart was full of gratitude—of deep thankfulness—of holy joy; and as she poured it forth in a swelling stream of praise, she blessed God for the great mercies He had shown her that day.

As she spoke a soft light streaming from her eyes illuminated their glances with the halo of sanctified devotion; and even when she had shut out the world from her gaze a soft radiance still seemed to hover round her pillow, like a good angel watching over and protecting her wandering spirit, as it tripped lightly away amid the bowers and glades of happy dreamland.

CHAPTER XIX.

With Ruth by his side to cheer and invigorate him, Fred no longer needed Dr. Lanfrey's attention or remedies. His bodily illness had, indeed, been cured before her arrival, but it had been succeeded by what might almost be considered a mental malady. Exiles droop and languish from nostalgia. Poor Fred was wasting away by a moral sickness quite as devastating in his weak state—the desire to see a much-loved sister once again.

There was something exceedingly touching in the affection of the two young relatives; and upon French observers—with whom family love sometimes assumes

almost a morbid intensity—it made a deep and wide impression. All Madame Dufour's household soon knew the personal history of Ruth and Fred; that they had been orphans ever since the age of childhood, had never once separated until the brother quitted England for Paris a few months before. These unpretending details repeated from mouth to mouth, received, of course, embellishments as they passed along, but retained enough of their original simplicity to throw almost a poetic halo around the young couple. Dr. Lanfrey, in particular, was much interested in the love of the brother and sister. It was almost a study to him for some few days. But Ruth was the principal object of his attention. He had never met with a young girl at once so modest and so frank; so childlike in her simplicity, and yet so womanly in her demeanour and her ideas. With what innocent freedom she talked! There was no simpering hesitation in her speech: her vocabulary was not limited to a score of monosyllables; she spoke out without affectation or restraint, and yet with feminine measure and dignity. How were all these incongruous phenomena to be explained?

"Our young girls," said Dr. Lanfrey to himself, "are all confusion and blushes if a word is addressed to them by a stranger; timidity seems to lock up their emotions, and to tie fast their tongues; at the least embarrassment they fly to the protection of mamma, as a young dove flies homeward from a hawk. Here, on the contrary, is a girl who, although only just about of age, evidently thinks and acts for herself; who passes at a bound from the buoyant liveliness of blushing youth to the steady composure of mature age, and who yet, when occasion requires, assumes all the earnest gravity and anxious care of a mother. It's very strange."

The young doctor could not understand it. Ruth by no means came up to his idea of what a young girl should be. Her manners, on the whole, were by far too English for that. Girls before marriage ought not, he thought, to be so animated and free-spoken. And yet he could not find fault with Ruth for these defects. Nay, they gave a certain charm to her he had never found before in any other woman. Perhaps it was her fresh complexion; perhaps it was her winning smile; perhaps it was her musical and sympathetic voice; or, stay! perhaps it was the pretty manner in which she pronounced a language to which she was unaccustomed, and the charming confusion her mistakes occasioned her.

Poor Lanfrey! Like all his countrymen, he must needs have a theory for everything, and in his search after this Will-o'-the-Wisp he was passing over the most dangerous ground. He would have done better, now that there was no further need of his professional attendance, to plunge deep into his medical studies instead of visiting day after day at the Rue Buonaparte as the guest of Fred and Ruth. But how could he refuse the warm and pressing invitations they both urged upon him?

"You must not desert my brother because he is well again," said Ruth. "Come and see him as his friend, now that you have ceased to be his physician. I am sure no one can better merit both titles than yourself; for is it not to your skill and kindness my brother owes his life?"

Thus the doctor was won over by fair words and kind looks, like many a stronger man before him, and every day he passed several hours in the society of his young English friends. Fred was soon able to get about again now. Indeed, on the very day after Ruth's arrival he came down-stairs, and on the following day he went out for a drive in the charming Bois, under the guard of his sister and the doctor. A short time after, he was able to take short strolls upon the Quais, where the fresh breeze from the river soon brought the colour back again into his cheeks, and gave him his old energy. In little more than a week he was able to act as Ruth's guide—sharing that office, however, with the young doctor—and in this capacity took her first to the Salon Carré of the Louvre, and then to the long gallery, where they passed many delightful hours. He even took her to Versailles on an early day, and walked through the whole of that palace-museum without feeling much fatigued, having the doctor on one side and Ruth on the other to rest upon.

[*To be continued.*]

WALLER'S OAK.

The fame of Edmund Waller rests more on his love for Sacharissa, and for the plot which bears his name, and out of which he did not extricate himself very triumphantly, and on his ready wit and repartee more than on his poetry. Waller had little to complain of. He was a rich man, and a jolly one, and lived to a ripe old age in consequence of his abstemious habits. The Sacharissa for whom he pined was Lady Dorothea Sidney, eldest daughter of the Earl of Leicester. The lady would not have him, and the poet very wisely did not break his heart. Dr. Johnson tells us when he had lost all hopes of Sacharissa he looked round him for an easier conquest, and gained a lady of the family of Bresse or Breaix. The time of his marriage is not exactly known. It has not been discovered that his wife was won by his poetry, nor is anything told of her but that she brought him many children. He doubtless praised some whom he would have been afraid to marry, and, perhaps, married one whom he would have been ashamed to praise. Many qualities contribute to domestic happiness upon which poetry has no colours to bestow, and many airs and sallies may delight the imagination which he who flatters them can never even improve. There are charms made only for distant admiration. No spectacle is nobler than a blaze. Of this wife his biographers have recorded that she gave him five sons and eight daughters. One instance of Waller's repartee we must quote. In her old age Sacharissa met Waller, and asked him when he would again write such verses on her? "When you are as young, madam, and as handsome as you were then." The family of the poet possessed the whole manor of Beaconsfield, which at one time belonged to Burnham Abbey. Waller himself built on the grounds a seat called Hall Barn, since the residence of Sir G. Ouseley, Bart., and now in the possession of John Hargreaves, Esq., of Broad Oak, Lancashire. This estate

WALLER'S OAK.

Burke bought, and there he lived. The oak we give a view of was a favourite of the poet. Here, under its genial shade, he loved to sit. It is now in a very dilapidated condition—a mere trunk, which the March winds may blow down and utterly destroy. It is a brave old oak no more. It could tell us much we would like to know of Waller and Burke, and the great men from London who came down to Beaconsfield for a change of scene, and for a little fresh country air. Sacharissa, and poet, and orator are gone ; but the oak still remains. Let us hope the woodman will not forget the popular air, and that he will spare that tree.

THE NEW PEOPLE'S PALACE.

Why should not the people have a palace at Muswell Hill? Because they have one at Norwood, says a shareholder in the earlier concern. Not at all, my dear sir. The writer of this article is, in his small way, a shareholder in the Crystal Palace at Norwood—considers it an ornament to the country—is always delighted to run down, and recommends his friends to do the same—above all things, desires its prosperity both now and in time to come—yet does not see why London and the country cannot support a new palace of glass at Muswell Hill.

In the first place, as regards exhibitions, like every thing else the supply creates the demand. People get a taste for seeing what is worth seeing. The frequenters of the Crystal Palace at Norwood will be the first to recognise the attractions of the one on Muswell Hill. They will not go to the old one the less, but to the new one more. But, secondly, on local grounds a great deal may be said on behalf of Muswell Hill. The first fine day you have to spare get on the top of a Favorite omnibus, and ride the whole way to Highgate or Hornsey ; you will be astonished at the teeming population on every side ; Clerkenwell—Islington—are choked up with houses ; Highbury, in spite of its park, is getting into a similar condition ; all along Holloway streets and squares arise as if by magic ; Hornsey and Highgate are getting to be respectable towns, and will, in the Reform Bill after this, undoubtedly be claiming to return a representative to the Imperial Parliament. Then watch the line of the Great Northern as it speeds past Muswell Hill, and see what towns are springing up around its stations, and then consider when that line is extended into the city, how dense will be the population to whom the new palace will be rendered remarkably easy of access. In fact, the preponderance of the London population lies on the north, and to such the people's palace will be an immense boon ; passengers arriving by the London and North Western, Midland, Great Western, and Eastern Counties Railways, will reach the palace without traversing the streets of London, and the trains of the Blackwall, North London, and Metropolitan Railways will convey visitors every quarter of an hour from Fenchurch-street, Farringdon-street, Paddington, and the intermediate stations. We are getting a denser population every day ; we are, if we may believe Mr. Gladstone, about materially to increase our wealth. Surely, then, north London can support a palace at Muswell Hill, whilst the other will continue to flourish. We require such places for the delight and instruction of our countrymen and countrywomen. Londoners especially cannot have too many inducements presented to them to get out of the smoke, and fog, and filth of London. It can never do them harm to study the beautiful in nature and art, and the palace at Muswell Hill will comply with both conditions. The estate which has been secured for the purposes of the company, comprising about 450 acres, is one of the finest in the county of Middlesex, well supplied with water and wood ; 150 acres will be supplied for the use of the palace, 30 will be appropriated to benevolent institutions connected with art, science, literature, music, horticulture, and the railway interest. The remainder of the estate, 270 acres, will be devoted to the erection of suburban villas, and a profit of £200,000 is expected from this source alone. View the land well—we believe a fairer spot it is scarcely possible to find. As regards health and beauty it is all that man can desire ; but a distinctive feature of the proposed institution will be its educational character, under the presidency of that veteran advocate of education, Lord Brougham. English history, geography, astronomy, geology, mineralogy, and mining will be illustrated in a systematic manner, and horticulture, economic botany, and ornamental planting will be practically taught and illustrated on a large scale. Special advantages will be offered to colleges, schools, and mechanics' institutes throughout the kingdom, and meetings of such bodies as may become permanently associated with the undertaking will be held in the palace at convenient periods. The proposed palace will not be a mere speculation, aiming only at dividends for the shareholders. It starts with noble intentions, under happy auspices, and it fairly deserves to be supported by the press and the public at large.

Let us now say something of the building: according to the proposed plans it will be one of really architectural beauty. Mr. Owen Jones, in designing it, has endeavoured to secure some important additional attractions over its predecessors in Hyde Park and Sydenham. A large dome, visible from all parts of the building, will contain a winter garden, in which a proper heat will be maintained, without inconvenience, or injury to the rest of the palace. Semi-circular colonnades at each end of the nave will be devoted to refreshment courts. A spacious concert-room, or lecture theatre, surrounded by corridors, projects from the centre of the building on the north side. This theatre will contain many thousand persons comfortably, and the corridors will enable them to take their seats and to disperse with facility. Beneath the platform on which the concert-room stands, is the railway station, where passengers will at once enter the building, under cover, without the fatigue of a long ascent, only 20 feet instead of the long inclined plane at Sydenham. Visitors by carriages and on horseback will alight under a glazed corridor. In arranging the plan of the grounds, Mr. John Spencer, of Bowood, has endeavoured not only to make them objects of beauty and interest, but to furnish instructive examples of gardening. Ample space is provided for out-door amusements, including archery, cricket, and riding ; and, by means of a carriage drive, which will be carried round the grounds, invalids and equestrians

will be able to witness these sports, and to enjoy the beauties of the scenery without alighting. Well, if the palace be all that it aims to be, we cannot but wish it success. Such an institution is needed for the north of London, and on the north a better spot could not be selected than that of the vicinity of Muswell Hill. Winter and summer we know the locality well, and can vouch for its eligibility on sanitary and picturesque grounds. The population that will plant itself on the ground devoted by the company to building purposes, will tend very materially to make the concern profitable to the shareholders. On the north of London the country still looks like the country; woods, and green lanes, and grass-lands abound. Poets and painters have sung and displayed the charms of Highgate and Hampstead times without number. Leigh Hunt revels in his description of the Southgate where his early youth was passed. Well, on Muswell Hill a similar scenery prevails, and when the new palace is erected there, and the railway runs straight from there to the city, we may be very sure that the population will soon thicken, and that the land will prove very valuable to the shareholders. Each year will add to the commercial value of the People's Palace, Muswell Hill. The directors estimate the profits of investors at 10 per cent.

We have said, considering the enormous population to which it will be more particularly a boon—considering the addition to our wealth and luxury, we may anticipate from the new treaty with France, the new palace comes before the public at a favourable time. It has also one great advantage; it has the benefit of the experience of the Norwood Palace. We know on that a great deal of money has been lost: it was an experiment, and, in many respects, an unfortunate one. Some of the plans turned out failures, and in many of the operations there was a frightful waste and loss, and in consequence, the five-pound shares became depreciated, and the company earns but a very poor dividend. Made wise by the experience of the old company, the directors of the new anticipate a great saving; a much smaller capital will be required for the Muswell Hill Palace. Though eight miles on the south side of London, and, consequently, difficult of access to the immense majority of the London population, it appears by the last report no less than 1,384,163 persons visited the Crystal Palace at Sydenham in the year ending October, 1859, and the net profit realised during the same period amounted to £45,315 10s. 8d., equivalent to 7½ per cent. on £600,000—the sum which the new company requires—a sum which, we trust, will be raised speedily, inasmuch as the investment promises to be highly remunerative, and at the same time offers to more than half the population of London an institution which will combine, in no ordinary degree, attractions to male and female, to the tradesman and merchant, to the student—to the trifler—to the refined—to rich and poor—to old and young.

LITERATURE.

"*Social Religion Exemplified, in an Account of the First Settlement of Christianity in the City of Carleon*," by the Rev. Matthias Maurice. Seventh edition; with Notes and Biographical Sketch by Rev. T. Nicholas, Professor of Theology and Church History at Carmarthen College (London: Ward and Co.). Mr. Maurice was a sturdy nonconforming minister in Wales, in the times of Watts and Doddridge. "He was," says the editor, "a man of new and searching mind, of clear thought, and some literary culture. His line of study had been well-nigh entirely theological. Here and there, however, he displays an almost poetic love of nature, and, not unfrequently, an enlarged and lofty conception of the Divine benevolence, as illustrated in the order and happiness of creation." In social religion the writer aimed to create a simple framework on which to suspend ecclesiastical and theological teaching. This is the merit of the book. As an attempt at a picture it lacks much; the writer is singularly negligent of the rules of art; but as a compendium of theology, and as an advocate of Congregationalism, the book has genuine worth and utility. We are not surprised to find such a book a favourite with the Welsh. All who know Wales know how theological are the commonest people, and Social Religion is a book after their own heart. The editor has done his duty to his author, and the book is printed in a form which must, in some quarters, add considerably to its popularity.

Harry Birkett: the Story of a Man who Helped Himself. By the Author of "Town Life," &c. London: W. Tweedie. We do fear that men who help themselves are scarce in this country. When you see a man determined to do this, you see a man who is sure to get on in life. So universally in this the case, that we believe we may state it as a fact. Rogues and rascals may occasionally succeed in life; a great many decent, honest people do undoubtedly go to the wall; but the men who help themselves, who put their shoulders to the wheel, who have the courage to withstand the ridicule and to avoid the follies of their fellows, are sure, in the long run, to be more or less successful. Dr. Smiles has written a book called "Self Help," and its sum and substance is what we have said. There is no novelty in the idea. Sit down and think for a moment who are the men who have made England what she is, who have created her railways, who have hollowed her docks, who have reared her warehouses, who have sent fleets laden with the products of her mechanism and ingenuity and skill to the remotest corners of the world, who have taught mighty continents to speak the Anglo-Saxon tongue, and to glory in Anglo-Saxon blood. Come into the House of Commons, where England's chief men assemble. Ask the member for Oldham his history. He will tell you he was a Norwich weaver-boy. See the member for Sunderland. He was, when a lad, in such poverty and wretchedness that he begged for his bread, and was thankful for a barn or shed in which to sleep. Last year we saw as Lord Mayor of London the man who, when a lad, swept the floor of the firm of which he is now the head. Enter the palaces of Cheapside and Cannon-street, and you will hear the architects of those great businesses came to London some thirty or forty years ago with nothing to recommend them but their honest determination to rise. Enter the House of Lords, and there are those yet living who can tell you

that the illustrious president of that illustrious assembly years and years back was a reporter for the daily press. These men, in common with thousands of successful men we could name, helped themselves instead of waiting to be helped. It was so in ancient times. Horace represents a poor trifler sitting on the river's bank waiting for it to become dry ere he crosses. That was a true representation of the man who did not understand self-help. It is the great merit of "Harry Birkett" that it inculcates this lesson vigorously. There is a stern reality about the writer which makes us feel that he has mastered the lesson himself, and wants to teach it to his readers. He is a man who writes because he has something true and real to say. The book reads like a real history. We see the home at Poebeck, and the clever father, led away till that home is darkened with shame and sorrow; we recognise the fidelity of the sketch of the mother. Old Brill is a photograph from life, and so is the Ranter parson; and Mark Gibson rises just as steady working men do rise; and as to Harry himself, we watch with interest his struggles, and are glad to leave him in the fair road to prosperity at last. This is a working man's tale, with very little chartism, or socialism, or philosophy; it is not such a tale as Lytton, or Disraeli, or Kingsley would have written; but it has this advantage over theirs, that the story is natural, and the characters life-like. If we add that it is a Temperance tale, we do not see why we should offend the most fastidious critic. No tale of a working-man's life can be genuine that is not a Temperance tale. Intemperance is the one great enemy of the working-man. It is that which drags him down and keeps him down: it is that which breaks up his home, sends him into the workhouse, and drives his children on the streets. The writer does not go out of his way to drag Temperance into the tale. It suggests itself as the natural remedy for the evils portrayed. The reader who objects to it must object to the commonest revelations of every-day life. It is not a question of taste or fancy, but of bitter, naked fact. We believe Temperance writers no more than other people delight to dwell on such painful themes; but necessity, stern and unrelenting, is laid upon them, and they must not and dare not be dumb.

Mr. Cayley, B.A., forwards us specimens of a "Metrical Version of the Psalms." He says, "I have endeavoured to adapt my metres to the structure of the original, preserving the natural divisions of each psalm, and marking the parallelisms by a distinct cadence, while aiming at a more concise and severe style of diction than is attainable where simple verses are indiscriminately expanded into quatrains." The book is to be published by subscription.

"Notes from the Life of Antonio Amenny, the Syrian," published by A. W. Barnet, Bishopsgate Without, is really a little book well worth reading. Mr. Amenny is an ardent admirer of England, and has a wish to see her extend her influence all over Syria. Mr. Amenny desires to establish a monthly journal in English, to be called "The Syrian Messenger," and by the establishment of another printed in Arabic, for circulation in the East, he hopes to bring the people of the East and West into closer and more friendly intimacy. We trust Mr. Amenny may be able successfully to carry out his plans.

The British public has not yet lost all interest in Japan. It is true some of our traders have behaved rascally, but let us hope that the intercourse so recently opened up may continue and flourish nevertheless; and if it does, books about Japan will be useful and acceptable. Mr. Kemish, in his "Japanese Empire—its Physical, Political, and Social Condition and History" (London: S. T. Partridge, Paternoster Row), has published a concise and carefully-written account of that hitherto *terra incognita*, which, as a work of reference, deserves high praise. Of course it is a compilation, but it is brought down to the present time, and includes details of the late American and British expeditions. A great mass of information is here condensed into little space.

PROGRESS OF SCIENCE.

The first and foremost place is due to the British Association for the Advancement of Science. We learn that the thirtieth annual meeting of this association will take place at Oxford. The first general meeting will be held in the Sheldonian Theatre, at three o'clock, on Wednesday, July 27, when it is expected that his Royal Highness the Prince Consort will resign the presidency, and Lord Wrottesley, M.A., of All Souls' College, V.P.R.S., F.R.A.S., the president elect, will take the chair and deliver an address. The meeting, under the direction of the noble president and the following distinguished vice-presidents and officers, is expected to be a most brilliant one:—The Earl of Derby, K.G., P.C., D.C.L., Chancellor of the University; the Rev. F. Jeune, D.C.L., vice-chancellor; the Duke of Marlborough, D.C.L., lord-lieutenant of Oxfordshire; the Earl of Rosse, K.P., M.A., F.R.S., F.R.A.S.; the Lord Bishop of Oxford, D.D., F.R.S.; the Very Rev. H. G. Liddell, D.D., Dean of Christ Church; Charles G. B. Daubeny, M.D., LL.D., F.R.S., F.L.S., F.G.S., professor of botany: Henry W. Acland, M.D., F.R.S., regius professor of medicine; William F. Donkin, Esq., M.A., F.R.S., F.R.A.S., Savilian professor of astronomy. General Secretary: The Rev. Robert Walker, M.A., F.R.S., professor of experimental philosophy. Assistant-General Secretary: John Philips, Esq., M.A., LL.D., F.R.S., F.G.S., retary professor of geology. General Treasurer: John Taylor, Esq., F.R.S. Local Secretaries: George Rolleston, M.D., F.L.S., Lee's reader in anatomy, Christ Church; Henry J. S. Smith, M.A., F.C.S., Fellow of Baliol College; George Griffith, Esq., M.A., F.C.S., Jesus College. Local Treasurers; Rev. Richard Gresswell, B.D., F.R.S., Worcester College; Rev. Edward Hill, M.A., F.G.S., Christ Church, and Shecring Rectory, Harlow Essex.

The convenience of a good steady light has been obtained in some of the first-class carriages on the East Lancashire Railway by the use of gas. The meter from which the gas is supplied is contained in the guard's van. It is conveyed to the roofs of the carriages and through the usual lamp holes. There is one light in each carriage, which is sufficient to illuminate the compartment thoroughly, so that the smallest print can be read. The taps are on the roof, and cannot, therefore, be tampered with by the passengers. An iron gas pipe passes along the roof of each carriage so lighted, and the junction between the carriages is by means of a flexible tube, with a little slack to allow of vibration in the coupling and vibration from propulsion. The contrivance is very simple, and could easily be extended to a whole train. The improvement is at present introduced into only two

first-class carriages on the East Lancashire line, which are used in the 4.40 express train from Colne, and it has been in operation about a fortnight—sufficiently long to prove its perfect feasibility.

Colonel Colt and Sir W. Armstrong are, it seems, to be left far behind by the new Whitworth gun, which has been fully tested at Stockport. A correspondent who attended the experiments writes to us: "All the impartial military men whom I saw declared the results of the new gun to be extraordinary, and beyond any that have been brought out. There were on the ground Russian, French, German, Swiss, and other officers. Both from the French and Spanish Governments Mr. Whitworth has received pressing offers for his cannon as well as his rifles." In briefly explaining the principle of the guns to those who were assembled, Mr. Whitworth referred to a statement that had been published, that they were intended for a long range alone. This, he said, was wholly a mistake. That he could with them attain long ranges he hoped he had shown, and could show more conclusively, and he trusted that he might say the same with regard to precision. But the guns would throw, and were meant to throw, shells as well as shot. As there was no interior chamber to decide the length of the projectile and the quantity of powder that could be used, it was simply a question of what was required to be done under particular circumstances—whether there was fired from any of his guns a very long shell, which would be most destructive, or a smaller shell; whether the charge of powder was light, throwing the projectile a short distance, or heavy, so as to gain a long range. Nor was he tied to the weight of the shot used with any of his guns; although he might think that he knew what could be most effectively employed. Further, he was independent of the form of the projectile. Thus some military men still believed that a spherical shot was much the best where a ricochet was desired: and he had rifled the surface of such shot and used them. But experience showed that the long conical shot would ricochet very well; better by far than military authorities had believed; and in other respects it was greatly superior to the spherical.

The Atlantic Telegraphic is still a dormant enterprise, but the directors forbear to dissolve the company, believing that a time must come when their privileges will prove available. The endeavours made some months back to raise the necessary additional capital resulted only in subscriptions to the amount of £72,000. The Board, however, are disposed to defray from their own means the expenses of keeping the company in existence for a further period. A committee was constituted by the Board of Trade some time back to report on deep sea telegraphs, and the conclusions arrived at will shortly be laid before Parliament. The chairman and officers of the Atlantic Company were among its members, and the belief is that the information acquired is such as to demonstrate that works of this character are "much easier of accomplishment than the most sanguine have hitherto supposed them to be." The Board have likewise been encouraged by these investigations to attempt the recovery of the old cable and its restoration to working order; £20,000 will be required for the purpose, but in the worst event a considerable portion of this amount will be repaid by the sale of the quantity of cable picked up. It is accordingly proposed to offer the £20 shares remaining unissued, giving to the subscribers a lien upon the proceeds of all the cable that may be saved, and the privilege in case of success of receiving gratuitously another £20 share fully paid up. The balance-sheet of the company shows the funds in hand to be only £393. The total expenditure has been £466,685.

Professor Ansted writes:—"The annual consumption of coal at present in England cannot be less than 80,000,000 tons, so that we are now exhausting about 16 square miles of our coal lands each year. Estimating the area of coal lands at 6000 square miles, this would give a duration of rather more than 350 years. It may be observed that the usual estimate of coal lands in England is 12,000 square miles, and that in the smaller area I have taken an allowance is made for the unproductive portions. The coal area in Belgium and Rhenish Prussia together is not more than one-eight part, and in all France not one-fifth part that of England and Scotland; the average thickness of coal is smaller, and the position of those coal is generally less favourable in the former district for extraction, and in the latter for transport to the sea. The quantity of coal known to exist in North America, both in the United States and British possessions, is so large that for all practicable purposes it may be regarded as inexhaustible. Coal is also abundant in India, China, Borneo, Eastern Australia, and South Africa. Owing to the advanced position of England in practical mining operations, and the facility and economy with which she can place her large supplies in the markets of the world, at a cost so low at present as to exclude competition, her coal will no doubt be extracted very rapidly for years to come. But should the advancing industry of other countries reduce the price below that at which profit is secured by our colliers, or should the cost of extraction increase with us out of proportion to the rest of the world, the demand for exportation would be at once checked, and the drain upon our resources would diminish. That this must happen very long before any approach to exhaustion could be experienced may be regarded as certain."

Lately an experiment was made under the great Clock Tower, Westminster, for the purpose of testing the strength, by hydraulic pressure, of a novel description of tubing, composed of bitumenised paper, invented by M. Jalourcau, of Paris. M. Jalourcau is a contractor for paving Paris, and other large towns in France, with bituminous concrete. In the course of his experiments some paper which had been coated with bitumen was laid aside in a coiled form, and after some time it assumed a very stiff and solid shape. Pursuing the idea which accident thus developed, M. Jalourcau put several layers of bitumenised paper round a cylinder, and submitting them to internal pressure, he found that a tube a quarter-inch in thickness was capable of resisting a pressure of 250 lbs. to the square inch. The lightness of these tubes, their portability, their cheapness, and their non-liability to oxidation, induced the municipal authorities of Paris to try them for the conveyance of gas, and on the occasion to which we refer, a piece of tube was produced, which, though stated to have been under-ground in Paris as a gas pipe for twelve months, had the appearance of being a perfectly new pipe. The tubes subjected to the pressure of the hydraulic pump bore a strain of 250 lbs. to the square inch without bursting, which is more than they would be ever called on to bear in ordinary use, being equal to 550 feet head of water. One of the tubes, half-an-inch thick, and with a bore of two inches, was also tested by weight, and it only gave way to a pressure of 428 lbs., the bearings being three feet apart. Mr. Smith, Mr. Hughes, Mr. Dingler, Mr. Braithwaite, Mr. Dennis, and other engineers, who were present, expressed themselves entirely satisfied with the experiments, and considered that they might be substituted with advantage in many cases where iron tubes were now used. As to their capability of resisting heat, it was stated that they might be submitted to a temperature of 160 degrees of Fahrenheit without any deterioration of the material. Of course the economical consideration of price is a main ingredient in the practical value of all these inventions; and in this view we understand the new tubing has a decided superiority, as its cost is not one-half that of the ordinary iron piping. Messrs. Paul Foske and Alexander Young are the patentees of the invention in this country.

END OF VOLUME SEVEN.

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